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A large, ornate, symmetrical decorative frame with flowing, scroll-like lines. It encloses the title and the volume information. The frame has a central vertical axis and symmetrical flourishes on either side.

IN HIS NAME

VOL. I

"IN HIS NAME"

(POETRY AND PROSE)

"Dea-fabente, iuvante, volente."

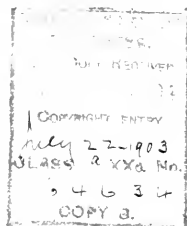
BY

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City, N. Y.*



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INTRODUCTION.

The writer in presenting the public with this literary souvenir deems it unnecessary to make any apology for its appearance so long as the hope can be reasonably entertained that the labor and time to please and instruct will not be wholly unsuccessful—trusting that a liberal public will look upon it with a favorable eye, and that it will be cherished and admired. Literary merit is the standard by which every piece in it has been prepared, and the reader, it is believed, will not be disappointed in respect to the degree of interest which the titles with their composition will inspire. They are written with a purpose and a blessing, and their apropos personal will leave a vivid impression of their character, scenery and morals on the reader's mind. It is commended to the attention of the old and young, as a substantial, unvarnished exertion of real life, and demonstrating by facts and illustrations how much can be accomplished, directed by wisdom and sanctified by true religion, which is the great sentiment of the soul. Under these circumstances the writer feels that this offering can be presented to a discerning public with confidence, and with that cheerfulness which is inspired by the consciousness of successful effort—a work of sterling and permanent value as a contribution to American literature. The religious teachings of the book are excellent, impressive and penetrating. The tone of the book is pure and healthful; the style easy and graceful, and the incidents are such as to give pleasure without at all kindling the passion for exciting fiction among the young people of our day. No better gift could be made to one who has experienced some of life's sorrows—and who has not?

It is believed that this is a most conspicuous time for a publication of this character, and is one on the right ground of penetrating interior and substance. It treats its subjects from the standpoint of facts, uncolored by popular misconception, or by religious exclusiveness for the educated, the cultured and the unlearned. The whole end is in this matter to commend Christianity in a courteous and conciliatory manner, rather than winged imagery. It is the true soul of poetry, becoming the true teacher and preacher of his time. The little poems, too, are full of tenderness and gentleness in their rhythmic beauty, their soft and gentle cadence; they are music, and none the less so for the lack of notation; they awaken interest, giving pleasure and delight. Poetry has come out into

the world and filled its high-ways and by-ways like the minnesingers of old, and the world is the brighter and better for the sweet songs of the singers, of their father's house, Heaven. It involves rest, recognition and tranquility and abundance of everlasting celestial joys, and truest of happiness that is to come where there are crowns and palms and harps. Crowns mean activity: palms mean victory: harps mean song, song of the redeemed in Heaven. What more can we hope for or have? For such things we can afford to wait, and meanwhile work with all our might while the day lasts. We may lift up our heads for our heritage is secure and our salvation draweth nigh.

This book is printed by request of many. I trust it may prove a mighty factor in the religious world.

CAROLINE E. LAWRENCE INGERSOLL.

IN HIS NAME.

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He;
Know His love in full completeness,
Feel the measure of thy weakness,
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
"In His name,"
Leave whatever things thou canst not
Understand!
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace, thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest,
Thou canst stand,
Child-like, proudly pushing back
The proffered hand.
Courage soon is changed to fear;
Strength doth feebleness appear;
"In His Name," if thou abide,
He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
Though the clouds in silvery mist around thee gather,
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken.
Always hath He comfort spoken.
Better hath He been for years,
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
 Night or day,
 Know His love for thee provideth
 Good alway,
 Crown of sorrows gladly take,
 Grateful wear it for His sake,
 Sweetly bending to His will--
 Saying still.

To His own the Saviour giveth
 Daily strength.
 To each troubled soul that boweth,
 Peace at length.
 Weakest lambs have largest share
 Of the tender Shepherd's care,
 Ask Him not then—When? or How?
 Only bow.

Jesus! Jesus! In Thy matchless name,
 Thy grace shall fail us never;
 Thou art the same yesterday, today,
 Thou art the same forever.

MY TRIBUTE TO JESUS.

The fairest flower that ever bloomed,
 Opened on Calvary's tree;
 There Jesus' blood in rivers flowed,
 For love of worthless me.

Its deepest shade, its brightest hue,
 No mortal can compare;
 Nor can the tongue of angels tell
 How bright its colors are.

And soon on yonder banks above,
 Shall every blossom here,
 Appear a full-blown flower of love,
 Like Jesus transplanted there.

Jesus, the balm of life, the cure of woe,
 Our security and pledge of love;

The sinner's refuge here on earth,
The angels' theme in heaven.

May we blest Jesus' image wear,
When from the tomb our flesh shall rise,
And on the Fairest of the fair,
Forever fix our eyes.

Jesus, Oh, perfect peace,
The world could ne'er bestow;
The Holy, Beautiful, Undefined—
Relic of heaven—still lingering here below.

The lily blooms beside Thee in the wild,
Yet, cannot match her coronal of snow
With thy unsullied vesture's spotless white,
Washed in the dews of heaven, that usher in the Light.

We love to sing around our King,
And praise Him, blessed Jesus;
For there is "no word ear ever heard"
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.

And when our Jesus hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name (Jesus) above Him,
That all might know the reason we
Forevermore must love Him.

Our God has done far more for us,
That can be e'er repaid;
His only Son on Calvary,
For us atonement made.

This history seems to us a "glass,"
In which we can our Saviour see;
As Moses reared that form of "brass,"
So Jesus was lifted on the tree.

He saw—He pitied—and He bore
Our sins upon the stained-ed tree,
He bade us look, that evermore
From sin and death we might be free.

There shines in heaven a fairer light,
Than this earth could e'er afford;
Can the sun be counted bright,
When compared with Jesus, our Lord?

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ears;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his tears."

Dear name, the Rock on which we build,
Our shield and resting place;
O may the music of Thy name,
Refresh our souls in death.

O fairer than the sons of men,
O fairest of the host above;
What tongue can tell, what eye hath seen,
The glories of our Jesus we love?

Jesus is more lovely far,
Than aught on earth can be;
He is brighter than the "morning star,"
Jesus died for you—for me.

What inestimable love we should show,
To His most blessed name;
How great our wonder then will be,
When Jesus' bright face in Heaven we see!

A few more years suffering past,
Our souls shall reach that heavenly shore;
Our bodies at the trumpet's blast
Shall rise to die no more.

Thus while Jesus' death our sins display,
In all its sombrous hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals our pardon too.

"Were the whole realm of nature ours,
That were a tribute far too small;
Jesus, so loving, so divine,
Demands our life—our soul—our all."

And know that all is right,
 It is enough for me, by faith to stay,
 My hidden life on Thee,
 And in the secret of Thy covenant, to rest implicitly.

I know that thou art gone to beautify a place in Heaven for me,
 And when Thou comest to take Thy children home, I shall be
 like to Thee.
 Then shall I wake and see Thee, whom now, unseen, I love,
 Faith's daily visioned-glass, exchanged at last, for rapturous
 sights above.

O then with me give thanks to God,
 Who still does gracious prove;
 And let the tribute of our praise
 Be endless as His love.
 May the Amen from so many lips be the utterance of a prophesy.

MOTHER.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed."

Those who obey the Master and live the "child-life," die the "child-death." It matters not how massive may have been the Christian's intellect, or great his achievements, he breathes out his spirit as he prattled his prayer at his mother's knee in childhood, sustained by a child's faith. One of our senior Presidents of bygone days, John Adams, once said that among all his petitions and supplications presented to his Heavenly Father, he never at night failed to repeat the little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," taught to him by his valued mother when he was a child.

What a great gift is bestowed upon us by God in giving us a praying mother, who not only teaches us to commit little prayers to "Our Father," but her's also are wafted on angel wings to heaven for our salvation and protection.

Mother, the fountain of pious and gracious influence within her breast there is something hidden, unknown, mysterious, sum of all the moral and religious power demonstrated and though myriads of mother's prayers may not even be as loud as a whisper, our good Heavenly Father hears them as plainly as a vocalization; that silence of supplication is hemispheric and perpetual; it ascends with velocity, and its majesty and multipotence speaks words into the ears of everlasting remembrance, and on the other side of all

eternities, they will be heard when she solves life's wonderful lesson. A great lantern of cloud hangs over this chasm, between the two walls.

The door of that lantern is opened toward the heaven ahead, and the back of the lantern toward the earth with "storm-trials," charged and surcharged with tribulation, brightened, refreshed and lightened by patience, and the gentle loveliness of a noble Christian life, whose Teacher is the meek and lowly One, beyond the heavenly portals, where she will, peerless in His love, evermore abide. Above earth's shallow bliss, the dew-drops linger quivering like fairy-bells of light, not a cloud in its firmament. Not a surge is on its deep, for the glassy sea lay breathing in an unimpassioned sleep; no canker in the blossom of the paleless flowers; no blight upon the trees; no bar to joyousness—in that sunny dome aloft the "Paradise of God" with prophets and promises such as these.

It is spiritually blessed to linger at the shrine,—or the tomb of the true,—of the mother who has un murmuringly borne the burden in the "heat of the day;" who amid great tribulations and trials, has been "weighed in the balance" and "not found wanting." With some exceptions, if we trace closely the early history of eminent and distinguished men of piety, we shall ascertain that they possessed a "mother in Israel" for their maternal parent.

The power of a pious mother is exemplified by the fact that the majority of candidates for the ministry have been borne to their sacred calling by a mother's prayers and directed by a mother's counsel to the Saviour.

The faithful watchfulness and sincere earnest prayer of parents, particularly a mother's, may in instances seem for a time to be fruitless, but, in the education of children, experience usually verifies the statement that the holy impressions made in childhood are seldom erased.

These impressions by awakening in their minds the idea and love of goodness and the strength of will to repel temptations, and by preparing them to profit by the conflicts of life, surpass in influence a Napoleon breaking the world to his sway.

Although we will not claim that none are converted in old age—those for instance, who have been neglectful, or not disciplined in wisdom's ways of pleasantness and peace by ungodly parents to "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," or that solemn and eternally momentous question asked, "What must I do to be saved?" Still those in the evening of life are few and far between, like the scattered grapes on the outmost

branches after the vintage is gathered. Thus it is with the conversion of the aged.

Paternal prayer is desirable, indeed, and a mother's sacred, prayerful breathings yield the budding love of amaranthine bloom and holiness, blooming unto her children piety in their youth, growing in grace as their years increase, and making them heirs of eternal life.

If life during mortal existence be prolonged to an advanced age, they will be useful in their several spheres and callings, respected, valued, honored and beloved, on account of their Christian character, which they owe to their mothers' God for bequeathing so valuable a legacy.

Mother! The name is conspicuous at the present day, and has been from the foundation of the world, and will continue and remain so forever at the home fireside circle, in pastoral poetry, in heaven.

Mother! The name returns with the seasons—with the violets, the lilies, the roses, the birds, and when these go, the sweet name of mother goes with them but to return with the beautiful works of God's hand in nature.

Mother! The name the vaulted blue sky of April recalls—the meadow brook, the early lilacs, the lark and the thrush.

Mother! The name to which the pure lillies of the valley bow their heads in reverence and softly lisp to the grass beneath—which partly conceals their purity and loveliness—that the world is better for her being.

Mother! The name contains a little world in itself, and in that world, one light—clear and transparent. It is placed in the window of the mother soul of her self-sacrificing heart, and it is lighted with trust in God and simple faith, secured in His promise and sealed in the Lamb's book of life.

Mother! The name amid the darkest years of her life—if such God might have chosen for His follower and child in Christ, to refine her in the furnace of affliction—even then, the torch of life burns brilliantly with transparency and translucence, with an everlasting light that never dies out, but is only rendered more touching and inspirational, confirming before angels and men that God has not lighted it in vain.

Mother! The name in its perfection breathes above: her grain then is all winnowed, and her gold refined, purified, completed. She has no sorrows there, nor doubts, nor tears, her full fruition bears in Heaven where the angels ever sing "Alleluia," she strikes her harp of gold. In that fair land of eternal loveliness, the happy

bask in glorious sunlight and zephyrs from the throne of God are borne on fragrant showers.

"There the rainbow never pales, and the ones that we so fondly loved on earth, who have passed from us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever."

CHERRY RIPE.

"Hold me closer, mamma, closer,

Put your arms around me tight;
For I'm cold and tired, mamma,

And I feel so strange to-night,
Something hurts me here, dear mamma,

Like a stone upon my breast,
And I wonder, wonder, mamma,

Why it is I cannot rest.

"All the day while you were busy,

As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said.

Then before the lamps were lighted,
Just before the children came,
When my room was very quiet
I heard one call my name.

"Come up here, my little Cherry Ripe.

Come up here and live with me,
Where no children ever suffer
Through a long eternity."

Oh, I wondered, wondered, mamma,

Who so bright upon me smiled,
But I knew it must be Jesus,
When he whispered, 'Come, my child.'

"Oh, at first, I felt so sorry to leave you, mamma.

He had called and I must go,
Go to sleep, no more to suffer,
Mamma, don't be crying so;
All at once the window opened,
In the fields were lambs and sheep,
Some from out the brook were drinking,
Others lying fast asleep.

"There were little children singing,
Sweeter songs I never heard;
They were sweeter, mamma, sweeter,
Than the sweetest singing bird.
Hold me closer, closer, mamma,
Put your arms around me tight;
Oh, how much I love you mamma,
And I feel so strange to-night."

Then her mother held her darling closer,
To her ever burning breast,
On her heart that near was breaking
Lay the curly head so near at rest.
In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the silence calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little "Cherry Ripe" fell asleep.

In the quiet little churchyard,
There is now a new made mound,
And the little form that was so cherished,
Has been tenderly laid beneath the ground.
But up yonder in the portals,
That are shining very fair,
Little "Cherry Ripe" now is sheltered
By our Saviour's loving care.

OUR SWEET LITTLE TILLIE.

(A Child of Heaven.)

"God needed one more jewel for His crown and He took our sweet little Tillie tenderly away."

"At times it seems thou art just away, and the land must be so very fair is why you linger there. Thou wast lovely, sweet and gentle as a summer breeze, and pleasant as the air of heaven as it floats among the trees. Yet again we hope to meet thee, when the day of life is fled, then in Heaven with joy to greet thee where no heart-breaking tear is shed."

Another link is broken,
In our household band;
But a chain is forming
In a better land.

'Tis hard to break the tender cord,
 When love has bound the heart;
 'Tis hard, so hard to speak the word,
 We must on earth now part.

We mourn our sweet little Tillie from our home,
 We mourn thee from thy place;
 A shadow o'er our life is cast,
 We mourn thy sunshine face.

We mourn thy kind and loving hands
 Thy fond and earnest care;
 Our once happy home is dark and drear without thee,
 We mourn thee everywhere.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

After the raging storm of earth's separation, comes the calm sunshine of heaven's reunion and the chorus of birds burst forth. Here and there a gold cloud in the sky, a golden memory of faith and love to cheer us to the end. There is no fear of death for souls that soar in faith above this world's incarcerating bars, and so, by inner sight, behold that "Land of Light," whose glory dims the splendor of the stars.

Anchored! At rest with Jesus.
 One less at home, the charmed circle broken, a sacred mother's face
 Missed day by day from its usual place, but cleansed, saved and
 Perfected by grace, one more in Heaven.

One less on earth: its pains, its sorrows, its toils, to share,
 One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear, one more the
 "Crown of the blessed" to wear, at home in Heaven.
 Anchored! At rest with Jesus.

My children, would thou have me linger,
 Ever by thy cherished side;
 To cheer thee on life's journey,
 To love, to succor, ne'er to chide?

Life is but a changeful season,
 Interspersed with hope and fears;

First we hear sweet songs of gladness,
Then the tones of grief and tears.

But beyond the heavenly portal,
Peerless in our Saviour's love,
Dwell the happy of God's chosen,
Never, never more to rove.

No more partings, separations or broken hearts there to grieve thee,
No more chastening, no more scourging of the rod;
My children, wilt thou strive to meet me
In the Paradise of God?

SILVER LININGS.

The things we love may die,
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Shine on its grave, as once upon its birth.

The things we love may change,
The rosy lips may cease to smile anew;
The kindly genial eye in its beam grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

The things we love may pale,
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers,
Things are made to fade and fade away
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.

AS GOD HATH PROSPERED.

A beneficent person is like a fountain watering the earth and spreading fertility, while others are so covetous as if they were to live forever, and benevolence could not receive for obedience from them but a cold glitter and rigid expression regarding its compliances. Generous intentions should be developed methodically in practical use. Merely talking of doing, and never accomplished, is of no substantial or permanent foundation; but rather a composition of surface with no depth of substance. How much preferable to be chosen is the bouyancy and suavity of disposition of true devotion and self-sacrifice. We should heed the jeweled lesson taught us

by our great Teacher, God, who has given to all what He considers just, of this world's wealth—to some ten talents, to others one; even if we have little given, give a small portion of that. The cruse of oil shall never fail; give to the Lord, make some returns unto Him. The gold and silver are His. He giveth unto us and we should in grateful thankfulness return tithes unto Him of that which He hath given to us in kindness, we who are so unworthy to be the recipients thereof. He looks down from heaven and says to the rich, All this I hath given thee, what hast thou given Me? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Where are the proofs of our stewardship? Why cannot the rich feel for others heart-pains that are real? Why may they not like sweet ministering spirits of charity and mercy relieve them? "Bis dat qui cito, dat." Be ye warmed and clothed, uttered in careless passing words, with unconcerned indifference, satisfieth not the body requirements or the necessities for raiment. "And one of you say unto them, depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding, ye give them not those things which are needed to the body, what doth it profit?" James 2:15. Prayer is very needful, it is the key that unlocks the word of God, but it answers in part for the famishing, it has to be accompanied with food, or the means to purchase bread for the hungry, who require both spiritual and earthly provision for sustenance to retain their soul and hold life's small mortal compass of existence together. The Christian poor are God's dear children, and they heroically sustain their part in the conflict of mortality, which is a furnace of fire in which He tests their faith, trust and affection for Him, bringing them forth refined, purified, exalted. Both consoled and rewarded they enter into mansions of inconceivable untold glory. The precious secure resting place given only to the real child of His Father. Tribulations have made them beautiful for Heaven and theirs is joy and light of the Infinite. At last, by their perseverance, through the struggle clouds they won the goal.

The rich should always tender sympathies regard for the less favored than themselves, and if they would give the tenth of their increase unto God, how it would benefit the poor, and many a frail tenement of toil would be found, their head resting on a softer pillow, and their feebleness strengthened. Why cannot the rich possess warmer hearts? Who can resist Thy gentle call, appealing to every generous heart and grateful feeling? Who can hear the accents of acquisition, and never love Thee? God loveth a cheerful giver. How bountiful the blessed Master gave unto mankind, over-

flowing measure. "Don't look for a bright penny for church collection; give as God hath prospered of your gold or silver. Ought not His stewards follow the example He set for them to practice until they render their final account of stewardship entrusted with Thee in the end? The poor of this world may yet be heirs and joint-heirs of a Heavenly King in the world to come. The sweetest music is not in the oratoria, but in the human voice, when it speaks in tones of tenderness, truth and encouragement. When we reach Heaven we will never regret having done too much. If we entertain any past grievance it will most assuredly be that we had done so little. Monuments of man's beneficence are evidences of his tokens of generosity, and gifts of his wealth offerings of love. Gifts are relieving the poor, donating towards churches, etc.,—firstly to his Master, and secondly to his fellow-men. "God loveth the gates of Zion better than the dwellings of Jacob." "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase." Proverbs 3:9. "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." Proverbs 3:10. How preferable to be engaged in well-doing, rather than self-accumulation. Could we be on the Lord's side and be known and recognized in the latter? Kinder hearts may never beat than those within the bosom of some of God's poor, under their coarse outer guise; right impulses and true principles flourish just as well, and sometimes better, than beneath the polished exterior of more cultured and enlightened and classic mortals. The true man is that which exists under what is called real manhood. "Well done" is certainly a most happy actionable of a man's life. Kind words bring so much sunshine with them and tart ones leave such a dreary, dreary blank. How diversified are the dispositions of mankind, under the firmament the one dome of the world—the majestic crown of the most storied city of men, but is not the sympathetic soft voice in spoken accentuations of gentleness, and the Christ-like disposition and angel foot-steps tread on its errands of loving deeds for the needy, to be observed with gladness as a city set on a hill, whose light cannot be hid, but shineth more and more unto the perfect day of God's revelation, who saith: "I know thy works and charity and service and faith, and thy patience and thy works, and the last to be more than the first." Revelations 2:19. Breathe a holy thanksgiving to Him whose self-sacrifice has perfected our own complete happiness and the eternal refuge of our soul's redemption and confirmed salvation.

A reminiscence is related of passing a plate in church, comprising a very large congregation, and the clergyman observing that

there was only one alms dish, made signs to a rustic usher from the chancel entrance to come to him, and bade him to go into the rectory garden, through a glass door into the dining room, where their had been a slight reflection before the service, bring a dish from the table, take it down one side of the north aisle, and up the other and bring it to the rector at the place from which he started. The usher disappeared, reappeared with the dish, took it as he was ordered and presented it to the people on either side of the aisle and then approaching the rector, whispered, "I have done as yer told me, sir. I've taken it down yon side of the aisle and up t'other, they'll none of 'em 'ave any." No order had been given to empty the dish and it was full of biscuit which cause ascertained why the rustic usher had received in the dish no contributions.

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me. But ye say, wherein have we robbed Thee in tithes and offerings." Surely men should treat their Maker, the only good and great God, as well as they treat each other, and exceedingly greater and far more reverently before and toward the Almighty Jehovah, whom no man can look upon and live, and it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, who is a consuming fire. No man can cavalierly excuse himself. The feeling that the range of our obligations rise no higher and take in no more than our duties to our fellows; but notwithstanding there remains the whole grand and solemn realm of our duties God-ward and faithfulness to the lower, can not excuse unfaithfulness and lethargic interest to the Higher. It is a searching question for us—men ought to halt and ask, is this right in the sight of God? Have we obeyed God first in all things? God is not mocked, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We are required to give a tenth, "as God hath prospered," if a little, give a tenth of that little; if abundantly, a tenth accordingly. God is not unrighteous that He will forget your cheerful giving, requisition, rectitude, and you will receive your reward. God does not give just to the top of the vessel. He giveth pressed down and running over. Your tenth, however small, will be accepted by God as well as the tenth of the magnate's millions. Every man shall give as he is able. It is not the amount that God looks at, it is the act and the self-sacrifice, to His honor and glory. Remember the widow's mite. Some suggest and acknowledge that they want all for themselves, but who gave them that all in trust for themselves? Was it not God, and their life, health and daily existence? Self must fall to possess Christ all in all.

We have not rendered unto God the things that are God's, who

gave His only Son for our sakes, to be bound upon the accursed tree, By the drooping death-dewed brow, Son of Man, 'Tis Thou, 'Tis Thou. By the last and bitter cry, sad and dying, who is He, Son of Man, 'Tis Thou, 'Tis Thou. By the lifeless body, the bones of the crucified Jesus in the chamber of the dead, Son of Man, 'Tis Thou, 'Tis Thou. By the souls he died to save, and the saints before His Throne, and the rainbow round His brow, Son of God, 'Tis Thou, 'Tis Thou. Go to dark Gethsamane, ye that feel the coveting tempter's power, follow to the judgment hall, view the Lord of Life arraigned. "It is finished," hear our dying Saviour cry. "Jesus Christ gave Himself for us to die."

What language shall I borrow to thank Thee, truest, dearest Friend, for this, thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end? Lord may I never never outlive my love and gifts wholly for Thee, dying safely through Thy love, believing in Him who maketh me wholly Thine forever—heirs to an unending life, and He gave his life to obtain and purchase our salvation. "All this I have done for thee, what hast thou done for Me?" Most certainly those who refuse God a tenth of what He gives them, would decidedly not have done so for Him. Then if we serve Him not on earth as He commandeth us to do, can we expect to reign and live with Him in heaven?

We must not keep back any part of our tenth. We have an instance of Annanias and Sapphira, Acts 5:2, 5, 10. Some may say, "We who teach should teach ourselves, and we who set at guiding others should be especially anxious that some of the mud of unfaithfulness and inconsistency do not spatter and smutch our garments." By each man's "faith and works ye shall know them. God knoweth the heart, the purpose," and "he that layeth up treasures for himself and is not rich toward God." "Christ warneth to beware of covetousness." A man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

Ah, not like erring man is God,

That men to answer Him should dare;

Condemn'd and into silence awed.

They helpless stand before his bar.

Wouldst't thou one day be spoken of to the King? Would He know you then?

"So is he that layeth up treasures for himself and is not rich toward God." Luke 12:16-21.

Art thou the cheerful giver God loveth, 2 Cor. 9:7. Never give grudge-way-like and unwilling, to be acceptable to God. "Bis dat qui, cito dat." "Them that honor Me, I will honor—and they that

despise Me, I will lightly esteem." "If then I be a Father where is Mine honor? And if I be a Master, where is My fear? saith the Lord of hosts unto you." "For, from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto My name, and a pure offering; for My name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts."

A misspent, covetous, unprofitable life has all the springs of past given chances buried with it, like the consolation of one who dares not look back and who has nothing to expect.

There are various varieties of givers—the penny giver, the shilling giver and the dollar giver, and the fat giver and the lean giver and the non-giver. Reader, which class do you come under? If Christians gave "as God hath prospered" them, how affluently full would be God's treasures. Nothing for Jesus; how unjust for the great salvation He hath procured and purchased for us. Is there not a great deal of robbing God, and even by those of most scrupulous honesty as towards their fellow men? "Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Keep your heart whole towards God. Have we treated God as well as we have our fellow men? To say nothing of the better and more reverent treatment God's character demands.

The bubbles that float on the whirlpool of fashionable and ungodly existence, will they ever stop to inquire into or bemoan its vanishment?

It is the true philosophy to not let the wheels of time roll by without bearing choice fruit and tithes for the Master and His cause. "If thou be righteous what givest thou Him or what receiveth He of thine hand?" Job 35:7-8. "The tenth shall be holy unto to Lord," Leviticus 27:32. "And of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee," Genesis 28:22. "For all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee," 1 Chronicles 29:14.

People generally do not recognize that "God hath prospered" them, and so they do not think to render to Him accordingly as they have received. God giveth the power to get riches, and He requirith the tenth of those riches. He can raise the poor and sink the monarch as he pleases. The indictment of the Lord against His ancient people might be laid against many of His churches in these days. "She did not know that I gave her corn and wine and oil and multiplied her silver and gold." The world needs that

the believers halt and ask the question, "Is this right in the sight of God?"

Alas, few now recognize that it is because "God hath prospered them that things are so well with them and neglecting to acknowledge the Source of their blessings—their kind and great Benefactor—they do not consecrate their wealth to "Our Father who art in Heaven." "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." How good, He is the Giver. There is none good but One, that is God," St. Matthew, 19:17.

The very law of offerings to the Lord settles as a primary fact the matter to be an accomplished, settled thing; that everything that is given to Him becomes by the very act something holy, set apart from all other things, and cannot without sacrilege be put to any other uses. Notwithstanding, no devoted thing that a man shall devote unto the Lord of all that he hath, both of man and beast, and of the field of his possession, shall be sold or redeemed. Every devoted thing is most holy unto the Lord. Having once given it to the Lord, the devoted thing henceforth was reckoned by all Israel as being the Lord's and no one dared to stretch forth a hand to retake it. The giver might have made his offering very grudgingly and half-heartedly, but having made it, the matter was taken out of his hands altogether, and the devoted thing by God's own law became most holy unto the Lord. It was not the intention of the giver that made it holy, but the holiness of the receiver. "The altar sanctifies the gift." And an offering once laid upon the altar from that moment belonged to the Lord. As to how you gave your offering, or what were your motives in giving it, I do not know. The facts are that you did give it, and that it is the Lord's, for every devoted thing is most holy unto Him. It is too late to recall the transaction now. And would we not be aghast at the man, who, having once given his offering, should have reached out his hand to take it back? Because God is not visibly present to thee, it is difficult to feel that a transaction with Him is real, when we made our acts of consecration and realize we have given our word to Him and could not dare to take it back, no matter how much we might wish to do so. Such a transaction would have to us the binding power that a spoken promise to an earthly friend always has to a man of honor. Thus it is when we surrender ourselves to the Lord, according to His own command, by the One who has commanded the gift. He does then and there receive us and from that moment we are His. A real transaction has taken place, which cannot be violated without dishonor on our part, and

which we know will not be violated by Him. This has always been His principle of working and it continues to be so.

It would be a sad circumstance if the possessions of the wealth of this world should so entangle us, to possess our entire hearts, proving by our misusages of it the loss of our souls. The "followers of Christ," and sweet charity are the Kingdom of Heaven, adorned in robes of His sanctification; they heeded His word and worked while the day lasted, before the night cometh, and our earth mission is fulfilled and we shall go to live forever where the pure, happy angels dwell, and be saved. There is all peace and joy and love. They climbed the steep ascent to Heaven through peril, toil and pain. May our dear Father, by our faith and works, give us grace to follow in their train, and at last rise triumphant in our glorious ascension above the clouds of night to the Lamb of Calvary, ransomed souls.

"No arm so weak but may do service here,
By feeblest agents can our God fulfill
His righteous will.

"We give Thee but Thine own, a trust our Lord, from Thee.
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
'Servants, well done.' "

In 2 Chronicles, 21 chapter, 5, 6, 7, 8-10, 11-12, 13, King Hezekiah appointed Azariah the ruler of the house of God, and a number of overseers, for the great store of tithes and offerings brought in abundantly unto their God, and laid them by heaps. His people Israel, confirming the people's forwardness in bringing in first fruits and tithes. King Hezekiah's sincerity of heart appointeth officers to dispose of those offerings. The former days testify to "as please God." Why can not this twentieth century become equivalent to the same well doing, to their Maker—"As God hath Prospered."

THE RAREST OF PRECIOUS STONES.

One of the rarest and most precious stones is the carbuncle. It has been called the most precious of all rare stones ever discovered or unearthed by the geologist. It is sometimes confounded with the ruby, from which it differs by the intensity of its fires, produced by an internal lustre of gold, while under the purple of the ruby there only appears dottings of azure or lacquer. Ethiopia produced the most precious ancient carbuncles. The Chaldeans regarded this

stone of great value as a powerful talisman. Legend makes the eyes of the dragons out of carbuncles.

Garcias ab Horto, physician of one of the viceroys of India, speaks of carbuncles which he saw in the palace of that prince, which were so extraordinary in their brilliancy that they seemed like red hot coals in the midst of darkness.

Louis Vertoman reports that the King of Pegu wore an enormous one which at night appeared to be lighted up with sunbeams.

It is considered a fortunate stone and good luck. The virtues of the carbuncle are resistance to fire, preservation of the eyes, promotion of pleasant dreams, creation of happy illusion, and an antidote against impure air.

OUR LITTLE TILLIE'S KNITTING LESSON.

A Dutiful Daughter.

One day, one summer, mamma called her four little daughters to her and said, "I am going to teach you to knit. I will give you a reward for the first pair of socks you knit for papa, and how delightful it will be for him to wear them." Then she gave Gladys, Gail, Emmie and little Tillie each a great ball of pretty blue colored yarn because it was a true color, and a set of shining knitting needles, and she patiently spent a great deal of time in showing them how to set up a sock on three needles, and how to hold it and how to use the fourth needle to really knit. Then Catharine, the housekeeper, and nurse to the little ones, was to show them how to shape the heel and toe, and narrow and bind off, as mamma herself was to be away for several weeks at grandma's. It was something not to be done in a day. Their little fingers had to learn to "labor and to wait." So every day each little girl took her ball and needles and went away to her own favorite nook in the fairy-like flower garden, with its very lovely roses and various shrubs, trees and beautiful flowers, blooming in their beauty and scattering their sweet fragrance, while the happy little birds sing sweetly in the trees above the floral surroundings, and every thing seemed like fairy-land as the four little fairies began in child-like earnestness as becomes natural with children, and for some time a very lively race went on for the prize.

For at least nearly a fortnight the little girls knitted industriously; then Gladys began to weary even before one sock was completed, and Gail's and Emmie's socks grew very slowly, though the knitting always seemed to show even and smooth. But how little Tillie did try to do her very, very best, and a model of a

daughter she proved of the child-band of household rosebuds. She was called by her papa his dutiful little Tillie, while he called their mamma his big Tillie.

How little Tillie's tiny fingers fairly flew as she sat upon one of the piano stools she had brought into the sitting room, while her little white, fleecy pet lamb, "Little Beauty," nibbled at the ball of yarn and wondered why Tillie did not have a word to say to it as it lay on the open door-sill, leading out on the veranda. Another day she took her little stool out into the grape arbor and diligently knit away, through the merry voices, and diligently indeed, while her other sisters had gone down to the brook-side at the end of their garden, and she could distinguish distinctly each sisterly voice. "I will finish first," says one. "I will." "I will win the prize, I know I can."

After a very long time to Tillie, and a surprisingly short time to her sisters, Tillie announced, and it was on the day of mamma's return home, that her socks were finished, and first of all, for Gladly had not quite all done, and Emmie's and Gail's needed yet some finishing. Little Tillie laid her pair of socks on mamma's lap for inspection with a triumphant sunbeam of a smile. The socks were very pretty and even and rounded or binded off and knitted. Then the four little girls hovered near, while mamma slipped one of the socks over her hand. And what do you think? There were about a dozen little stitches, where Tillie in her limited time to get them done for papa, had dropped. "Oh, well," said mamma, "you did your very best, my little daughter, for mamma and papa, too, as you always do, my darling child. Of your precious one it is said, 'she hath done what she could,' and our little Tillie is nicer than any one. Mamma will put a dozen or more darning stitches in them before papa can wear them. Gladly laughed quite merrily, but Emmie and Gail put their child-arms around their sweet little sister, whose tear drops, with theirs mingled, were falling softly on her snow-white embroidered child-apron. "Never mind, sweetness," said mamma, "you will get the prize yet, after all for you did knit the first pair of socks." Mamma then said she would give all a prize for learning to knit, a little work box each, with needles, tiny scissors, thread, and a child's gold thimble with their names engraved in initials. "Our little Tillie has done her part, too," so says papa, as mamma stooped to kiss the tear stained and ever so sorry (beautiful as a picture) little face, then she gave Tillie her work box, a pretty blue and gold one, with tiny gold thimble, needles, scissors and thread, with a lock and key, and she said in a whisper, "You won the first prize for papa's socks darling, and your little fingers faithfully did

the very best they knew how or could do." And the lesson little Tillie learned along with her knitting she will never forget. She was always child-like and so sweet and loved, possessing nothing of the manœuvring or selfish nature disposed, but exquisitely loveable, in disposition and characteristic of loveliness. Without imagination or exaggeration, of her it can be truly said, "The heirs of heaven are such as these, for such as these I came."

When a child "has done what she could" in trying to please you, even if there are knots suspended, dropped stitches and tangled threads, have patience—its tiny fingers could do no better, and do not discourage it by jerking away the article or piece of material, or laughing at its infantile ways. It is only a beginning and those are its first endeavoring efforts, remember. You have learned, it has yet to learn; therefore praise rather than fault-finding showing you to be of an irritable disposition and causing the little one to become abashed and non-progressive. Don't do it. As teachers we ourselves must not be at the out-set unsatisfied if all is not just as you want it to result. Mothers, of all, especially should learn patience for industry's little fingers. In our grandmother's day, little girls were taught ever so many useful indoor domestic duties, in a clever, natural way, and economy as well as religious and moral habits, instructed and impressed. It is probable that all the doll clothes of those days must have been well-made, because the "little mothers" were given every day a lesson in sewing, crocheting and knitting as soon as they were old enough to learn.

The day lays open that my hand

May write eternal records hour by hour;

From the rich moments of the present winning,

The golden trove that is the future's dower.

On this white virgin page all ideal beauty,

Must be inscribed to make my day more fair;

And like some precious gem bright illumined,

With many a child-like deed and holy little prayer.

Sacred tear-drops shed for another little sister's sorrow,

A smile of sweet patience, a song of cheer;

With here and there the golden-hearted blossom

Of a pure joy by sharing with each other made more dear.

Thus would I write my life's little day, O tender Father,

If it be so that Thou my hand will guide;

Help me to make of Thy good gift a blessing

From "silver morn to purple eventide."

THAT WAY.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Believe, only believe.

A Book of Remembrance.

"What," said the unbeliever, "do you mean to tell me that I can choose to believe in 'that way,' when nothing seems true to me, and will that kind of believing be true and real?" "Yes," is the believer's answer, "your part is only this—to put your will over on God's side in this matter of believing and when you do this in 'that way,' God immediately takes possession of it, and works in you to will of His good pleasure and you will soon find in 'that way' He has brought all the rest of your nature into subjection to Himself." "Well," was the unbeliever's answer, "I can do this. I cannot control my emotions, but I can control my will, and the new life begins to look possible to me, if it is only my will that needs to be set straight in the matter. I can give my will to God and I do." From that moment, disregarding all the pitiful clamoring of his emotions, which continually accused him of being a hypocrite, this unbeliever held on steadily to the decision of his will, now answering every accusation with the continued assertion that "he chose to believe, he meant to believe, he did believe," and at the end of several days he found himself triumphant, with every emotion that previously had vexed him and every idea of unbelieving now brought into captivity to the mighty power of the blessed Spirit of God, who had taken possession of the will in "that way," thus put into His hands.

The unbelieving, now believer, held fast to the profession of his faith without wavering, although it had seemed to him "that way," as to real faith itself, he had none to hold fast. At times it had drained all the will power he possessed to his lips, to say he believed and acknowledged its truthfulness, and its existence from the beginning, so contrary it had been to all the evidences of his senses or his senses and his emotion. But now he had caught the true idea, that his will was, after all, himself, and that if he kept "that way" on God's side, he was doing all he could do, and that was all required of him and that God alone could change "as please God" his emotions or control his being. The result proving one, the principle one of the grandest of Christians, who is a whole Christian's life in its marvelous simplicity, directness and power over sin; his former idea had terminated in a myth; he had been building down-

ward on a foundation of sand, now he had been lifted up on the foundation rock, the Rock of Christ.

Our will, which is the spring of all our actions, is in our natural state under the control of self, and self in us has been working in us not in "that way" but in "the other way," to our utter ruin and destructional havoc. Now God says, "Yield yourselves up to Me, as those that are alive from the dead, and I will work in you to will and to do of My good pleasure." And the moment we yield ourselves, He, of course, takes possession of us, and does work in us that which is well pleasing in His name and in His sight, through Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord and Saviour for time and eternity, giving us that mind that was in Christ Jesus, and transforming us into his image. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and being formed in fashion as a man, he humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him and given Him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth. And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Philippians 2: 2, 5, 11.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Believe, only believe. Jesus is the Way, the Truth, the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but through Him. Jesus saith, I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me though he were dead, yet shall he live. Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believeth thou this? Yea, Lord, I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world. That whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life. For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already because he has not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that Light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil, for every one that doeth evil, hateth the light, lest his deeds should be re-proved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light that his

deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God. He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true. For He whom God hath sent speaketh the Word of God, for God giveth not the spirit by measure unto Him. The Father loveth the Son and hath given all things into His hands. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed. Take heed therefore that the light which is in thee be not darkness. If the whole body therefore be full of light having no part dark, the whole shall be full of light, as when the bright shining of a candle, doth give thee light. Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. And seek not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; neither be ye of doubtful mind, but rather seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you. Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, when He will return from the wedding, that when He cometh and knocketh they may open unto Him immediately. Behold I will send My messenger and He shall prepare the way before Me. And the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in. Behold! He shall come, saith the Lord of hosts. But who may abide the day of His coming? And who shall stand when he appeareth? For he is like a refiner's fire and like fuller's soap, and He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver and He shall purify the sons of Levi and purge them as silver and gold that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. Then shall they that feared the Lord, speak often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance before Him of them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not.

If Satan be the father of our will, our will is the mother and sin is the sting of issue of both. He could not make our sin without ourselves. It was the charge of the Apostle that we should not give place to Satan.

Do your part in life, as walking with God. Find your niche, and fill it. If it be ever so little and insignificant in man's sight, if it is to be only a hewer of wood, or drawer of water, do something in this great battle of life for God and truth, and let honesty be

your best policy, with sterling habits of honor and combined with uprightness. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, walking in "the way." His footsteps trod on earth as a monument-example for us to follow during life. Then shalt thou reach the point of happiness and independence, and clear-consciousness shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shalt thy soul walk upright; nor stoop to the unbeliever, because he hath earthly riches, nor pocket a dishonesty from a receiver because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds. Better is a little obtained honestly than great wrong-gotten gains. Peace is far better, the efforts of nature, as that of the human heart ever is to return to its repose in God for peace, for there is no peace, saith God, for the wicked. When science fails to agree with the Bible, there need be no doubtings, no conflicts or wonderings as to the result. Again and again the seeming differences which have arisen have vanished, and transient in the light at last of a fuller knowledge of the doctrine of psychology. So it will be as we continue to learn life's lesson in "that way." We shall stand more in awe and admiration of that infinite wisdom which is above all knowledge as the heaven is high above the earth. If we live in the dark cellar of our nature, we will grow more and more feeble, until spiritual death succeeds spiritual life, and its long absence and power. Our life needs light, both sunshine and of the Holy Spirit. If we live in the shadows of doubts in the gloomy vales of misanthropy in the dark closets of selfishness and vexations we will lose all the light and joy and finally the very life of the true believer, in "that way," that is found at God's right hand. Therefore come out into God's sweet sunshine, eat of the divine manna as given in the Divine Book, exercise all the spiritual sympathies, emotions, will, and "that way" by following Christ "who went about doing good."

Dark was the night of life, oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white: the Christian mariners trembled,
For peril was night. Then saith the God of God, "Peace, it is I."

Ridge of the mountain-wave lower thy crest;
Wail of the tempest-wind be thou at rest,
Where saith the Light of light, "Peace, it is I."

Jesus, Jesus, come Thou to me; smooth Thou my voyage in "that
way" over life's sea,
Then when the storm of death roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth, "Peace, it is I."

With a child-like trust I give my hand to the mighty Guide at
my side,
And the only thing I say to Him as He takes it is, "Hold it fast,"
Suffer me not to lose "that way," and lead me home at last.

AH, YESTERDAY.

The stars are still as bright,
The rose is just as sweet to-night,
The wind that bloweth from the dark blue sea,
Bringeth as sweet a fragrance yet to me,
Then why feel grief, but joy it be,
Ah, yesterday.

Last night a shadow fell, all smiles and joys are vain,
Nothing henceforth can lull the careless pain;
Hark to the nightengale, whose throat
Expands to let the cadence float,
I hear no longer its fuller, sweeter notes,
Ah, yesterday.

Why doth my heart in sorrow beat,
When all around seems fair?
My deep-hid asperite pain,
It comes again, and yet again,
Ah, yesterday.

My eyes with saddened tears grow dim,
Joyless now to me is the bird's sweet hymn.
I sigh at sight of heaven's starry floor.
It breathes of days that are no more,
I wish and long for the noble life that's gone before,
Ah, yesterday.

Of the loved one gone, the shadow haunts my dreams,
From out the bosom of the past,
I cannot now rejoice—the treasure could not last,
And because I weep like this,
 Oft-times it is my fullest bliss,
Ah, yesterday.

My angel mother's soul my soul doth pulsate,
With the sweet music that vibrates

Down to the pure white lily at my feet;
The flower droopeth from access of sweet,
And so doth my heart with sweet sadness beat,
 Ah, yesterday.

There never here can be perfect joy for me,
A sorrow falling like soft rain,
It faintly glides into my heart then deeply rest in pain,
And a sacred gift that dwells in heaven, in my bosom reigns,
Lies deep, too deep for aught but tears,
 Ah, yesterday.

Joy sweeping o'er life's harp her wing,
Doth oft-time strike some minor string;
And sweetness swells the melody that sadness brings,
The stars look down with tearful cast,
My fair, fond mother, ne'er can come again, forever gone the past,
 Ah, yesterday.

BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

The wind rumbled loud as it passed over the cold pavement. There was a clear, bright look, and a bold, bracing feeling in the air. A keen north-west wind, that quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along, a poor, ill-clad child. Her clothes were scant and threadbare; she had no cloak or shawl and her small, uncovered feet looked red and suffering. She carried a bundle in her tiny hands. Poor shivering child, could not some one do more than merely pity? Ah, she has fallen; with a cry of pain she holds tightly the burden in her delicate hands, and jumped up, and although she limped sadly, attempted to run as before. "Stop, little one, stop," said a sweet voice, and a lady came out of a store, near by. "Dear child," she said, "are you hurt; sit down on these steps and tell me?" "Oh, I cannot," replied the child, "I cannot wait. I am in such a hurry. I have been to the store to get sewing for mamma, and she has to have it finished to-night or else they will not let her have any more to sew." "To-night," said the beautiful lady, to-night?" "Yes," answered the fragile child, for the stranger's kind manners made her feel less timid. The lady took the package from the little girl's trembling hand and unrolled it; her face flushed and turned pale, as she pictured to her mind her own station in life, of affluence, and God's worthy child

of humanity by her side, with the small parcel of contents, that required rapid completion, or the stern refusal by the employer of further work, accompanied with dismissal.

"And where does your mamma live, little girl?" persisted the lady; so the child told her where, and that her mother sewed for a living, that they were often very cold and hungry, and her mother sometimes cried, because she had no money to buy any thing to eat, until her work, which would often take all day to finish off, beside the making, and possibly then she would not always be certain of receiving her honest hard-earned dues, when she delivered it, but rather, "come to-morrow; too busy."

The rich cannot well sympathize with the sad poor, for they never mayhap have felt their experiences: but, they nevertheless can relieve them a hundred fold, in many instances if they will, if not for them, do it for our Jesus' sake. He left the poor with us always, but Him we have not. He has ascended to His Father and He looks down, and beholds His earthly creatures. Do it for Him, do it in His name, do it for the Perfected One, the only Son of a loving Father, who laid down His precious life for us that through Him we shall be saved. Can we not give back to Him some returns of what He hath given for us, who are more favored and alleviate the suffering destitute? Would it not be a token of gratefulness to God, "Better than Diamonds."

The lady's eyes were filled with tears, and she rolled up the bundle quickly and gave it back to the little girl, but she gave her nothing else, and turning away, adding to the child, "go home directly, dear, to your mother," and stepping into a carriage with the assistance of the coachman, rolled off. The little girl in the near distance eagerly looked after her several moments, then with her tender little feet, colder than before, ran swiftly towards her home. She hastened along until she came to a narrow, damp street, and soon passed into a dilapidated sort of a dwelling, where anxiously awaited her mother, her sad faded mother, but with a face so sweet, so patient. The bundle was again unfolded, a dim lamp helped her with her work, for though it was not night yet, her diminutive room was very dark, but the light of our blessed Jesus shone brightly in her heart as she wandered to the far away land where none will ever hunger or thirst, and the good God shall wipe the tears from their eyes. Oh, what a blessed comfort and consolation it is for the worthy poor that something glorious awaits them in the future still to come. Dear to God are the prayers of His poor. He stills the sighing orphan's moans and dries the widow's tears. Armed by faith and winged by prayer, think what spirit dwells

within thee, and what Father's smiles are thine and that Jesus died to win us. God of wisdom, love and might, our portion evermore. He helps the widow and the fatherless, like some bright dream that peacefully comes, when slumber o'er us rolls. To tenderly care for the needy and the orphan is angel-work below, it is a Christ-like thing. In each sad accent of distress, Thy pleading voice is heard in our behalf. His love is the golden chain that binds our happy souls the heirs of heaven. By faith, His children's right we claim, and call upon our Father's name. How many chosen poor will be joyfully welcomed into the Celestial City and be robed in Christ's righteousness, and how many a rich man who trusted in his riches will be left standing outside the gate.

The little girl's mother kissed softly her dearly prized child, and bade it warm its chilled feet over the embers' fire, in the grate, and gave her a small piece of bread, for she had no more, and then she heard its evening prayer, and folding it tenderly to her breast, blessed it, and that dear Jesus would charge His angels to take care of her while she slept. The tired child, on its hard bed and scanty coverlet, was soon asleep, and it dreamed of warm stockings and new shoes, and nice clothes, and a plenteous spread table, but the mother sewed on alone. When she recalled to mind her child's bare cold feet, and the trifling morsel of stale bread that had not satisfied its hunger, there came no visions of a bright room, gorgeous clothes, and a table loaded with all that is tempting and delicious, one little portion of which spared to them, would send warmth and comfort to their humble home. The lone widow clasped her hands, and her head bowed low in silent prayer. She finished her petitions by offering up a number of fervent requests to the Great Giver of all blessings, the One in whom she trusted. "Christ in God is all in all. He will His pity-aid bestow, for He felt on earth severer woe; at once betrayed, denied, or fled by those who shared His daily bread." Then she read a portion of the Scriptures, (the Book divine by inspiration given). How pure is every page, the bright lamp to lead us on our way, through all springs of life, the guide of day and night, till we behold the clearer light of an eternal day. She sought the bedside of her sleeping child, and by its side was soon also slumbering. Early the next morning the duties of the day were as usual resumed and the child was sent with the completed articles sewed the night before. A gentle knock was heard at the widow's door, which she opened, and the same beautiful lady who had met her little daughter, and made inquiries of interest in its behalf and kindly welfare, entered, followed by a boy carryiny a large filled basket of substantial eatables which he deposited upon an empty

table, standing near. The lady took the widow's hand, desired her to be seated, and drawing a chair close by, sat down and related, explaining how she made the new acquaintance of the little girl who told her as explicitly as possible, its history, and of its hard toiling mother, and how she had sought them out, and found them, and come to relieve their necessities. The boy was sent for much-needed fuel and at the same time to cancel the month's rent due. Arrangements were considered, and made for a more comfortable home and well-paid, regular, permanent work for the widow, while her child was to be sent to a healthful nice boarding school to be educated. And rising, she noiselessly moving before the widow, placed in her hand a small purse of gold, saying in a voice like music, "Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow." And as she went out, whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver lute, she said, "Better than diamonds, better than diamonds." She moved as one that treadeth upon the air to be known and seen by an influence Divine. 'Twas scarcely sound; but like the fall of angel foot-steps gathering round, then whispering soft, then silence all as though 'twere hallowed ground. And the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her lovely face, that the widow realized joy as she gazed upon her with streaming eyes of gratitude, as she blessed God who had sent indeed one of His ministering angels of His earthly kingdom to sustain and enrich both mother and child. She had trusted in her Lord, who defendeth and provideth for the fatherless children and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed and he succored, helped and comforted her; so in due time she enjoyed His favor and the kindly fruits of the earth.

Ruthlessly crowds surge to and fro,
With life's conflicting tumults and strife;
Merrily others come and go,
In all the revels of life,
While here and there perchance you meet,
Noiselessly moving, angel feet.

Heavily trample steeds of war,
That shake the earth with their tread;
Marshaling troops are heard afar,
And fill the nation with dread;
But through the narrow path, swift and fleet,
Noiselessly moving, angel feet.

They may not move in stately hall,
With gilded adornings around;

Nor yet in mansions great and tall,
Where wealth and luxury abound,
More oft we find with the fatherless and God's poor,
Noiselessly moving, angel feet.

All the way they've walked beside us,
Ever near us, though unseen;
Hidden from our blinded vision,
By the veil that fell between,
Whispering tender accents of love and cheer through life's battle fleet,
Noiselessly moving, angel feet.

Quiet as cometh the morning light,
That bringeth the fair, beautiful day;
Softly as falls the serene shades of night,
Our tears to vanish away.
So comes mayhaps, to the lone widow's retreat,
Noiselessly moving, angel feet.

Lightly the angels maketh no display,
No sound of trumpet they bring;
Velvet-tread are their footfalls, be their mission what it may;
Burdens to them are as wings.
Heaven and earth unite to greet
Noiselessly moving, angel feet.

If the rich would each relieve one poor, worthy person, would it not be a glorious action in their lives, that would shine far more brilliant in heaven than any earthly diamonds of the first water? The cheerful, benevolent deeds of the rich to their Master, to aid his suffering, needy children, are recorded by Him in Heaven, to their credit. It does not make us poor to give, but rich. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself. He that giveth unto the poor, shall not lack. It is best if the gift be large, so that it may, if possible, be a self-denial, or a self-sacrifice. Must we not carry the cross to wear the crown, or would any stars of any degree of magnitude sparkle in their diadem? What if they have lost their crown by their heedlessness and it be given unto him that bestoweth tender mercy? Can the rich who shut themselves from compassion's voice expect to receive any crown? What pleasure it gives to the real Christian of joy to observe the face of the poor brighten up when we seek to relieve their wants and satisfy their hunger. Ah! what is a happier task, or giveth greater gladness, or leaveth a purer conscience than aiding Christ's poor. It is "Better Than Diamonds."

MY BIRTHDAY GIFT.

By May Schieffelin Ingersoll.

"Mens conscia, recti, memorabilia."

Another birthday, Lord, I see,
How very thankful I should be;
I thank thee for each mercy shown
Throughout the year that now has flown.

A birthday gift I humbly claim,
I ask it in my Saviour's name;
Thy Holy Spirit let it be,
O may it now descend on me.

Fill my young heart with light and love,
Fixing my hopes on things above;
And on this birthday visit me,
That I may give myself to Thee.

"From all that dwell below the skies
Let our Creator's praise arise;
Let our Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

"Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truths attend Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise to set no more.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Of Him and through Him and to Him are all things to whom
be glory forever. Amen.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your
children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the
Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

MARY.

Mary Newbold L.

Mary is a gentle name,
And they alone should bear it,
Whose gentle mind and kindly deeds,
Proclaim them meet to wear it.
Mary, the first of whom we read,
Is in the Sacred Word;
The blessed virgin undefiled
The mother of our Lord.

Mary to the Saviour knelt,
And washed his feet with tears;
Sincere repentance then she felt
For sins of other years.
With pity touched, the Saviour said,
"Thy sins be all forgiven."
And she who knelt a sinner, rose,
Mary, a child of Heaven.

Martha, we learn, remained at home,
"Troubled with many things;"
While Mary ran in haste to meet,
Her Lord, the King of kings;
And he who truly read each heart,
Jesus of her did say,
Mary hath chosen that good part,
Which shall not pass away.

Mary sought at early dawn
The tomb from which He brake,
And her's the first recorded name
The risen Saviour spake;
And when the Lord of Heaven became
The lowly crucified,
Three Marys stood around the cross,
And wept when Jesus died.

Mary, let it be your aim
To keep these still in view,
And as you bear their gentle name,

Possess their graces too,
 Be meek and lowly, pure in heart,
 By every sin abhorred;
 Like Mary, chose the better part,
 And early seek the Lord.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

On Her Marriage Day.

Mary Newbold L.

They tell me, gentle lady, that they decked thee for a bride,
 That the wreath was woven for thy hair; the bridegroom by thy side;
 And methinks I hear thy father's sign, and thy mother's softer tone,
 As they gave thee to another, their beautiful, their own.

And when they recall how often they have seen thee with thy mild
 And lovely look, fair girl, and bearing like a child;
 I would that as my heart dictates, just such might be my lay,
 And my voice should be the sound of joy, as music like the May.

A voice is floating round me, and it tells me in my rest,
 That sunshine shall illumine thy path, that joy shall be thy guest,
 That thy life shall be a summer day, whose evening shall go down,
 Like the evening in the eastern clime, that never knows a frown.

When thy foot was at the altar, when the ring hath pressed thy hand,
 When those thou lov'st, and those that love thee, round thee stand,
 May the verse that "Friendship" weaves, like a spirit of the air,
 Be o'er thee at that moment, for a blessing and a prayer.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

Few but the poor feel for the poor, but God.

The rich know not how hard
 It is to be of needful food
 And needful rest debarred.

The rich dwell in paths of plenteousness,

They sleep on silk and down;
 And never care how heavily
 The weary head lies down.

The rich know not the scanty meal,
The poor with pale face sit around;
No fire upon the cold, damp hearth,
When snow is on the ground.

They ever by the window of their poor homes lean,
And see the rich pass by;
Then take their weary task again,
But with a sadder eye.

Oh, never turn away from the destitute and poor,
Never add a single burden to the sorrows they endure;
Never seek but the light, ever shunning sin's dark night,
Always thanking God in heaven daily for his blessings given.

Never add a blight to our precious Saviour's name,
Never seek by word or action to rob philanthropy of its fame;
Never do but what is right, help the poor, and do no wrong,
That at last when done with earth we'll sing the angel's song.

The poor's "mite" is the produce of slumberless hours,
While the rich are locked in sleep;
When sighing round their thin thatched roof,
The air-storms of winter creep.

It is the produce of berry days,
Spent in a dreary room;
While the rich have gone to taste
Summer resort's balmy bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store and self-denied, although it is given,
'Tis given, for the claims of mother-earth are less than Jesus' heaven;
His throne is with the orphans and the poor, he counts the good we
do herein,
And meek obedience too is light, and following that is finding Him.

When the reaping angels bring wheat and tares before the King,
Jesus, may the rich and poor gathered be in the heavenly barn
with Thee,
Thy home is with the humble, Lord, the simply innocent are the blest,
Thy lodgings are in child-like hearts, Thou makest there Thy rest.

SOWING THE SEED BY THE WAYSIDE.

I dropped a seed by the wayside, in a path,
 And went on my busy way,
 Till chance or fate, I say not which,
 Lead me one summer day,

Along the self-same path, and lo,
 A flower blooming there,
 As fair as eye has looked upon,
 And sweet as it was fair.

I dropped a seed by the wayside, a sympathetic word,
 Nor stayed to watch it grow;
 For little tendings needed when
 The seed is good we sow.

But once I met the man again,
 And by the gladsome way,
 He clasped my hand I knew I sowed
 The best of seed that day.

The doubtful seed we have sown,
 Shall well disprove a cold, uncertain rootage,
 And vindicate the hope we now disown,
 By fairest fruitage.

TILLIE AND CARRIE.

Twin Sisters.

Meum et tuum. Inuncta in uno.

Exquisitely beautiful! Sweet pair, either apart
 Might win a monarch's undivided heart,
 Like two rays of one celestial flame,
 Two virgin lilies, leaf for leaf the same.
 Two snow-white little birds, two chords of equal tone,
 They beam, they blush, look, breathing unison,
 Nature hath designed their co-equal beauty,
 To place our hearts with choice, non-plus'd twixt love and duty.

Had some sweet discord marr'd their mutual grace,
 Had manners varied, though still like in face,

Had any change but marked a single feature,
To alterant the countenance, would it have been kind of Nature?
Having once beheld the twain together,
Our hearts must long for both, or fix on neither;
Nature hath designed their co-equal beauty,
To place our hearts with choice, non-plus'd twixt love and duty.

And as we gaze on the beautiful pair,
The roses bloom on their fair cheeks and then it is flown,
Like the flush of a sunny day's first new dawn;
Their smiles toss the gentle breeze 'mid the garden rays,
From spray to spray their hearts beat love in their innocent plays,
No purer pearls are the tears that shine in their dreamy eyes;
Nature hath designed their co-equal beauty,
To place our hearts with choice, non-plus'd twixt love and duty.

Beneath the trees together they wander'd hand in hand,
It was summer weather, and joy was in the land;
Their hearts were light, heart bound to heart, faithful and true,
The sun shone bright and as they went along
Their clear chorus voices mingled across the grassy lawn,
And floated in our ears like the mocking bird's sweet song;
Nature hath designed their co-equal beauty,
To place our hearts with choice, non-plus'd twixt love and duty.

Forget me not, sweet darling sister,
Though I've gone far, far away—
Up in yonder ethereal azure splendor, I remember you today,
And I'll love and watch and wait for thee in Heaven's gateway.

It seems as if we do not fully appreciate true worth until death makes a void and we then realize rightly what our precious darling's life, her sweet, patient spirit meant, and faithful until death and through all eternity—Tillie and Carrie. But the smile that played about her angel sweet face, her lovely eyes, big and brown, smiling one minute and grave the next, and pretty dimpled cheeks, will live always in our memory. Her pure life is marked with honesty of purpose and highest aspirations. Beyond endurance the crown is waiting. Forever we shall endure the life and Light of the Eternal City. Forever our cherished precious darlings who rest above with Jesus, in his love. Her favored soul He, our Heavenly Father, with love, bore, and with our blessed Lord Jesus and yon bright angel-forms, "She lives to die no more."

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

There'll be light at eventide.

The day has been, oh, so dreary,
With its tempests, winds and rain;
I had longed for one ray of sunshine,
But all day long in vain.

And the night was closing around me,
Lonely and cold, without one sunny ray;
As I sat by the side-window watching,
The death of the dreary day.

I opened my Mother's Bible,
And on its sacred page I read,
What one of the grand old prophets,
In time of trouble said.

The sweet and comforting promise
That bids us in faith abide,
When the day is dark with tempest,
"There'll be light at eventide."

Lo, as I read the chapter,
Dear to each trusting heart,
The clouds above the billows
Suddenly broke apart.

Bright with unearthly beauty,
The valley stretched away;
And God's sunshine was all about me,
At the close of the dreary day.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

My first essay and what came of it? "A life that is told."

An invalid was in conversation with an always welcome friend, who had frequently visited her during her sickness. The visitor spoke to her of the strength and comfort she received from her beautiful patience under affliction and agonizing pain. Tears filled the partly closed eyes of the sufferer and she was silent for a few

moments; then she said, "Ah, my child, before you came in I was thinking of the story of the broken pitcher. The poor little pitcher lamented that its life's little day of usefulness was past, yet in an emergency it was the means of carrying a life-draught of water to one in sore need, and I wondered, 'Is my work for my Master in this world at an end?' or may I, like the broken pitcher, yet carry for Him the living water to refresh some way-faring child. And if I have helped you, have brought a draught of the water to you, who will carry it so gladly to the refreshment of others, I am more than thankful. I rejoice that I may suffer for His sake."

SPRING.

Welcome, happy Spring, again thou bringest
Flowers fair and odors sweet,
While the song birds are singing
Thy return with joy to greet.
All the beauty that lay buried,
Bound by Winter's icy chain,
All the joys that might have perished
Thou hast brought to us again.

No, not all. My restless spirit
From thy presence sadly turns,
And for one thou canst not bring me,
With a weary longing yearns.
Oh, my heart, my heart is buried
Where the weeping trees softly wave;
Spring, thy purest flowers are lying,
Sacred upon my mother's grave.

At thy presence Nature smileth
Bright from every flower and tree,
But 'tis not the smile of lovingness,
That my mother had for me.
Thou hast taught the merry warblers
At thy coming to rejoice;
But they bring me not the music
Of my mother's gentle voice.

Spring had the earth enshrouded,
In a snowy winding sheet;

When the angels came to bear her,
To her home with noiseless feet.
Then the sun seemed out in heaven,
While my heart grew faint and chill,
And though all around be brightness,
Winter rests upon it still.

Midnight darkness gathered o'er me
As I passed that last "good-night;"
I to tread this world of sorrow,
She to walk the halls of light.
And 'tis only when in slumber,
Cheered my spirit soars above,
That she walks again beside me,
With my mother's smile of love.

And in dreamland I often, often,
Roam amid the woodland wild;
Heedless of the world around me,
In her arms again, a child.
Or beside the placid bay,
Wander when the day is o'er,
Listening as the mimic billows,
Play against the pebble shore.

And I wonder when the angels,
Shall come to bear me on,
O'er that dark and foaming river,
To the land where she is gone.
For the fragrance of the flowers,
Morning zephyrs oft-times bring,
And I almost catch the music,
From that land of endless spring.

God's comfort, oh, how tender, loving,
Softly as the quivering dew drop it glides into my breast,
Like the soothing chorus of happy angels,
Lulling a sad spirit to rest.
By His grace He will safely lead me,
Gently through sorrow's dark night,
And my soul, chastened, but peaceful,
Strengthened, will walk in His light.

As sorrows crushed are heavenly sweet,
As petals of the flowers
Waft fragrance on the breeze,
That o'er it harshly blows;
So perfume from a lily low bent,
Ascends upon the air,
So from its chastened soul doth rise
Incense of voice and prayer.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

When I entered the churchyard it was on the Sabbath morning, a morning one of the most serene and sweetest of the season. Summer had robbed the earth in luxuriant beauty save a few fleecy cloudlets far on the ethereal depths. The whole bosom of the sky was blue and beautiful, and nature with a silent rejoicing, seemed to bask in the warmth of the genial sun. All around was tranquil. The hum of busy life outside was hushed, and even inanimate nature seemed to feel and own the presence of the Deity's appointed Sabbath. And the lovely birds that nestled in the branches of the lofty trees above the tufted grass at my feet, caroling fitfully as they fluttered and soared, all appeared in the ear of imagination to hasten its gay lyric notes to something of a sad, sweet melody, beneath the willows and the green sward.

And in the center of the irregular inclosure, ornamented by grand old willows, stands the picturesque edifice of antiquity, an impressive, preserved landmark of its city. A curious feature of the exterior is the "clock tower" with spires, which altogether closely resemble the pedestal and shaft of the Worth monument. A broad portico ushers its followers into an attractive and very ancient auditorium. The ceiling is arched, and the gallery pillars, extending up to help support the roof, giving the galleries a quaint-like appearance. Sitting within the sacred church, endeared edifice, and under the influence of the venerable and stately interior, dream of Christian worship in a previous century, till the splendid singing of the quartette, and the eloquent clergyman's vigorous preaching on the religious and secular topics of the day dispel the sweet illusion.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Children we of mortal birth,
Of the earth created, must before a glorious life arise,
Back return again to earth.

Rich or poor, or high or low,
 Learned or unlearned, wise or not,
 To this end, alike they go;
 All must share the common lot.

Not with the bustling noise and din,
 With which our living homes we rear;
 To-day are we assembled in
 This sacred place to feelings dear.
 For is it not a hallowed spot,
 This place where we shall ask to lie,
 With those we love? Oh, to me is it not
 The holiest spot beneath the sky?

Here where swells yon fair blue sky above,
 And spreads this rich green sward beneath,
 We set apart for those we love,
 A fit abode in gentle death;
 That not as with the sadden gloom,
 Of cloistered cell, mausoleum, crypt and time-worn tower,
 We link the memories of the tomb,
 But with the sunshine and the flowers.

Why should the memories of the dead,
 Be ever those of gloom and sadness?
 Why should their dwellings not be made of floral gladness?
 With heart ever yearning to them we are turning in rapture
 our eyes,
 Calm be their pillow,
 Beneath the green willow;
 Joyful their welcome
 On Heaven's bright shore.

When dearest ones by death's cold hand bereft us,
 In the beautiful churchyard are laid;
 When sweetest ties are riven,
 We check the murmuring sigh;
 The lost will back be given,
 Where they no more can die;
 The parted meet in Heaven,
 The land beyond the sky.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
 Earth when those we love shall leave,

For their ashes, sacred trust,
 Thus we consecrate the grave.
 O'er their lifeless forms, we gently place the sod,
 Rear the sad sepulchral urn,
 While their glorious spirit to the good God,
 That bestowed them first, return.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
 Children we of mortal birth,
 Of the earth created, must before a glorious life arise,
 Back return again to earth.
 Rich or poor, or high or low,
 Learned or unlearned, wise or not,
 To this end alike they go,
 All must share the common lot.

MY LITTLE TRUNDLE BED.

Our Home Farm.

Childhood days. Ah, they are gone as happy and balmy days do,
 'ere their value we knew. A queen once offered millions on a dying
 bed for an inch of time. Offer no reward for Father Time is gone
 into eternity. Our life is but diamond sparks that glitter as they
 pass, tending upward to the great beyond. Life is a vapor; man's a
 flower; he dies; alas, how soon he dies. "It is not time that flies;
 'tis we, 'tis we, are flying. It is not time that dies; 'tis we, 'tis we,
 are dying."

As I wandered 'round our home farm,
 Many a dear familiar oft-remembered, though now sequestered spot,
 Brought within my recollections,
 Scenes I'd seemingly forgot.
 There the orchard, the meadow, the bottom yonder,
 Here the deep crystal spring and spring-house I know so well.
 With its old moss-covered sand-stones and buckets,
 Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.

Though the house is now held by kindly strangers,
 All remains the same within;
 Just as when we children rambled,
 Up and down and out and in.

To the garret dark and steep, ascending,
Once a source of childish dread,
Peering at the little sparrow's bird nests, and through the misty
cobwebs,
Lo, I saw my little tundle bed.

Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
Covered o'er with dust up there so long,
When behold, I heard as in infancy,
Strains of one familiar oft-sung song.
Often sung by my sweet mother
To me in my little trundle bed,
Hush, my darling, lay still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.

While I listened to the enchanting music,
Wafting on in gentle, silvery strains,
I am carried back to childhood,
I am now a little child again.
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusk of eventime,
Nearby my little trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As in yore by mamma's side.

Her hands are on my little head of gold so loving,
As they were in childhood days;
I with earnest tones am trying
To repeat the words she says.
'Tis a prayer in language simple,
As a mother's lips alone can frame,
"Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name."

Prayer is over, to my tiny pillow,
With a good-night kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep;"
And mamma o'er me bending,
Prays in sincerest words, but mild,
"Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Bless, O bless my darling child."

Yet I am but only dreaming,
Ne'er I'll be a child again;

Many years have my sweet mother,
 In that very beautiful graveyard lain,
 But her blessed angel spirit,
 Daily hovers o'er my head,
 Calling me from earth to heaven,
 Even from my trundle bed.

O'er me spirits in the air silent vigils seem to keep,
 As I breathe my childhood prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."
 Sadly sings the whip-poor-will, in bough of yonder tree a midnight
 melody,
 Beneath the twinkling stars on high, gazing through the shades
 of night.
 Low I breathe in Jesus' ear, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep."
 In those starry stars one face I see, above the canyon dark and deep;
 One the Saviour took away, my precious mother,
 Who taught my baby lips to say,
 "If I should die before I wake
 I pray the Lord my soul to take," above this
 Lonely mountain brake, "And this I ask for Jesus sake,"
 Whose tender love will ne'er forsake. Amen.

Unerring thanks to "our Father which art in heaven" for a religion that can carry to the great beyond brightness into the depths of darkness, that can cause broken hearts and hand clasps to realize that the ties which bind heart to heart and knit life to life on earth, will become stronger and sweeter as our love is purified and exalted in the home of the soul. A sympathizing God, who had promised never to turn away, hears the morning cry, and the sunlight of Divine love shines in on their hearts, upward lifting them in hope of a blessed immortality in the land of joy and song, with their loved ones redeemed.

"One less at home, one less on earth,

"One more in heaven at home with God."

GODS BIRTHDAY AND OUR BIRTHDAY.

My birthday. How that word to mind recalls the time my boyish
 sense,
 First swelled with fancies scarce defined, of coming manhood, ages
 thence.

Alas, the change, now, that which seemed before me spread, an age's space.

Looked back upon is scarcely deemed a hurried heat in life's short race.

My birthday. Yet another, still they swell like wave on ocean wave :
And I shall soon have climbed that hill, whose sole descent is to the grave.

Another mile-stone have I passed upon this toilsome road of strife.
And it perchance may stand the last to mark my journey's end in life.

My birthday. Shall I live to see another? I have elsewhere asked.
And there have many been like me, with this same question themselves have tasked :

Yet cui bono? Still like me, no wiser they, than e'en before,
For that which is to be will be, thus much we know and can no more.

The return of a birthday is a signal for gratitude. Those near and dear to us wish us many happy returns of the same, mingled with joy's greetings. On each approaching anniversary, often is added many tokens of loving remembrance, tendered souvenirs of love and friendship's regard. But what is joy? Is it only a holiday? But what is a birthday? Is it only a game of play? rambling, chattering, merry-making, feast-keeping? Is this all the joy of a birthday? Away, far away, be all such feeble interpretations of the word. Then, what is birthday joy? Is it not the joy of parents, when they see their children growing up in the fear of the Lord, and in the practice of holiness each advancing year? Is it not the joy of the husbandman when he sees his crop ripe and plentiful and offering the promise of harvest? Is it not the joy of the gardner when he perceives his young trees thrive and blossom and bear fruit? Is it not the joy of the mother-bird, when, after all her watchings and tremblings and flutterings over the nest, she sees her little ones begin to fly and become capable of answering the end of divine Providence in their creation? Is it not the joy of the minister, when after hours, days, months and years spent in admonitional sermons, warnings, teachings, guidings and prayers, praying for, and affectionately like a tender shepherd superintending his flock's best interests, that each one in his fold may prove a living commentary on the precepts received, sees the young increasing in grace, love and humility, and fruitful in acts of obedience and activity, as buds of promise, cheering the heart of their instructor, surrounding relatives and friends, with bright prospects of usefulness through life

in all its relating circumstances? If such be the ingredients of birthday joys when duly estimated, may they always be received welcome as a gratification in expressing joy when they return, and can be participated in and worthily appreciated. God bless our birthdays. Time flies, opportunity flies, childhood, youth and manhood fly. Onward, onward, all birthdays are hastening to a grand consummation. What a solemn consideration. Birthdays are days which should remind us of the importance of time, and the swift approaching eternity. A birthday bids us "remember our Creator in the days of our youth." Have we done so aright? Have we been conscientious in all things? When some of the family circle are absent at our birthday celebration, may love, memory and imagination bring them all together, and half fill the vacant chairs, which they used to occupy. If God were to see good to bring us to a bed of death ere another of our birthday festivals come around, do we possess the evidence that we are really His child? And are we ready as a pardoned sinner, resigned to His just will in His own time, be it life or death? May we ever conceive all our birthdays to the glory of God, may everlasting consolation and the blessed Christ become our gracious Saviour, received, loved and honored by us throughout eternity's birthdays. Events are uncertain, providence, health and life are transient and unstable. How can we better contemplate the real worth of life, the vanity of the world, the worth of a soul, and the need of a Saviour, than when the lapse of time brings 'round the anniversary of our birth? It seems to concentrate all the experience, feeling of past days and to unite them with the anticipation of those which are yet to come. If God wills may they bloom and bear fruit, and speak to youth and old age alike, and summon both to prayer and meditation. Eternity overwhelms all the concerns of time and anniversaries, but will infallibly take its character from them. Infancy, childhood, youth and manhood, how briefly they all pass forever. Every day is God's thanksgiving day, but the Sabbath is God's birthday. And he gives us the opportunity of celebrating it to His honor and glory by keeping it sacredly reserved for Him, and He rewards us with a smiling countenance of His well pleased favor. Our earliest impressions should be so associated that God's tenderness to us is an expression of love towards us. His reproofs are not willingly afflicted by Him, and He desires them to work out for us a far more exceeding weight of glory; spiritually and eternally. He returns His smile that was withdrawn, and gains an ascendancy over our feelings and affections, causing us to regard that smile as a rich reward. How beauteous are they whose childish hearts with influence sweet are unward

drawn to God, and whose infant feet are found within our Father's shrine; those early feet the path of peace have trod, and their birthday years with changeless virtue crowned were all alike divine. Let us, dependant on His bounties breath, seek His grace alone, and in infancy, childhood, manhood, age and death, keep us still Thine own. Anniversaries of our birthdays are seasons of festivity, and we awake on the morn of our anniversary's birth with God's congratulations and blessings. We cannot love Jesus too affectionately, or trust in His blood and righteousness too firmly. We should be monuments of mercy, believing, loving, praying. Both in childhood and youth every innocent pleasure resorted to in varied exercises and instructions are commendable, spiritual and temporal. Jesus is the sun of our little system, and from Him we derive the light and glow of domestic and heavenly happiness; and He teaches us more effectually by sympathy than precept, unfolding religion to us in its most attractive forms. Gloom and melancholy are exempt and we thus live a life of cheerfulness and resignation to our Heavenly Father's will, cherished and comforted of God. There is, we believe, something about a birthday which makes men stop and think, whether they choose to or not. Some realization of the significance attaching to each such anniversary and inseparable from it, must perforce be born into the mind and inner-consciousness of even the most indifferent observer. The unsatisfied race goes on forever and forever, longing for that which has thus far eluded their eager grasp, or else deploring the loss of vanished good, but forgetting continually to be fittingly mindful of the goodness of God, for an additional added birthday, and life-sustaining food and raiment, provided and furnished through His merciful kindness and tender care. Let us trustingly enter into the festivities of the glad birthday, sending up a prayer of praise and gratitude for all the good vouchsafed and hoping still for more. Birthdays, how memory flows with lava-tide. Every birthday is a proof in an unspoken voice and silent warning that one more year has been deducted from the number allotted to us from the beginning. We spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are three-score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is there strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." The total of our birthdays is at best a short, passing pilgrimage. Spring's bubbling brooklets purled, then shone summer's sun, the teeming autumn's prime, and the snowy crown of lurid winter. Then the spirit's pinions were unfurled in a glorious flight for that eternal clime, who thus in dying, but begins to live. From a world of sin.

sorrow, care and woe, to a realm where sin may not enter in, and where sorrow they never know; from a clime where by cold and heat, our spirits are ever tried, to that perfect world where the just shall meet; from earth's dross, all purified. What a word, what a reflection is eternity, what prospects does it set before us. What inconceivable mysteries are involved in it. How it makes the things of time, honor, wealth, position, dwindle into insignificance; there none can penetrate the veil which separates them from heavenly joys, which only belong to everlasting peace. It is only the intercessory prayer of Christ that can render our prayers and petitions acceptable and efficacious and it is only by a lively faith in the great Intercessor that we can obtain a heart to pray. How many look more to the vessel than to the excellency of the treasure contained in it. May it be not so with our birthdays. May each returning one bring us nearer to God and Christ. When Goethe, of Berlin, celebrated his anniversary birthday, it had long been a privilege of a great public school there that the four best girls were allowed to congratulate him. They went in their best white dresses, adorned with flowers, each bearing a plate with a heap of the loveliest flowers artistically piled around a lemon. The valet received and announced them. Then Goethe came, accepted the flower heaps, one by one, heard each child recite a little poem, and shook hands and talked with them, inquiring about this and that. The flowers were shaken into a basket, and the lemons were collected on a plate. The children's plates were returned to them. At last Goethe beckoned to the valet, who laid half a head piece, an old Austrian coin, on each child's plate. This meant that the audience was ended.

Always honor on thy birthday, next to thy Creator, thy mother with some appropriate gift on thy birthday; for instance a handsome surprise. Morris chair, the largest you can find, as large as your heart is extended wide; or present her with a crisp treasury note; let it not be a single dollar, but be liberal, double the one twenty times, it is for mother, remember then make it a \$20. You will never regret it, it will return to you again a hundred fold. It may not be in thy way, it may not be in my way, but it will be in His way, as pleases God. Your reward shall be great, in years after when mother has passed away. Millions will not buy her. Then show her that you honor and love her before it is too late.

“Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate;
But show her that you honor and love her,
Before it is too late.”

Give your father also a birthday gift. He is assuredly worthy of his share, too, and his silence speaks more impressively than words—"Forget me not." "What is home without a mother?" Yes, that is all right, but "What is home without a father?" "God Bless Our Home" is mayhaps the motto picture hanging on the wall of your home dwelling, and the letters worked beautifully in silk floss, an exquisite piece of domestic handiwork. Does that mean father and mother too? It is our heavenly Father's command (and the first with promise):—"Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Father gets up early in the morning and lights the fire for preparing breakfast, and wipes off the "dew of the dawn" with his boots. While mother is sleeping he makes the little handouts for the family at the store, etc., and his little pile of bills is greatly less in an hour. Father read a portion of the Scripture to us night and morning and lead us in prayer; he pronounces the table blessing. Father stands off the bailiff, and keeps the rent paid up. Father is the first one that gallops off on horseback for us when we are sick, for a doctor, and if he is absent, visiting patients, father hastens almost breathlessly for another physician. Father is the first one to waken if a noise occurs during the night, as our protecting defense, and battle with those who belong to Satan, the house-breaker-in, the murderer, those enemies of God and the people of God, the workers and evil doers of iniquity whom God declareth in His recompensing vengeance, that they shall not enter into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Mother darns our stockings neatly for us. Father gave the money for them and the yarn and needles afterwards. Mother does up the fruit, father bought it all, and the sugar and glass cans. "What is home without mother?" Yes, that is all right, but "What is home without a father?" Ten chances to one it means a boarding house, father is under the sod, and mother, the proprietress, is a widow. Dear father we will deeply mourn for your return when you are gone, remembered for what you have done. May we at the present remember you with filial affection, as becoming thy child, before it is too late.

What an inexpressable, enjoyable affair is a birthday. What a thankful blessing it is to greet father, mother, sisters and brothers and joyfully exclaim, "We are all here." What a blessed, happy group of weight in gold. Could you, reader, say the same? Not all can, by tens of thousands, and if you humbly dwell in a log cabin, a family entire, never yet separated by the hand of death, mayhaps the inmates of a bereaved household of a palace would gladly ex-

change positions to be, "We are all here, exchanging their sorrow's grief for your blessing undivided. Cluster of loved our own, that can join hand in hand and heart with heart 'round our happy home family altar and fireside's charmed circle, for you possess, although you may be incomprehensive of it, what millions or billions could not replace or restore, and what the magnet could not purchase nor grasp when once flown, and some, no doubt, would sacrifice fortune and resort to laboring with their willing hands for the staff of life, if they could regain their lifeless treasures they no longer behold. At the present time being we do not appreciate worth, our priceless jewels, until God hath removed and taken them to adorn the gold in His heavenly mansions, far beyond our view and reach, and we are left to mourn in sack cloth and ashes. It has to come home to ourselves, the break, the vacant chair, the longed-for familiar absent face of loveliness, that no one on earth can compare with for us, before we fully and truly realize what under the green sward means, and its depths that rhetoric cannot define, only God can, and His sympathy comes wafting to us from His throne, or we would collapse under its poignancy. He counts our griefs and our sorrows as His own, and notes our every tear with His blessing in disguise. There is nothing always perfect here below, we must look upwards for perfection, where there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. It is very lovely to receive a gift on our birthday from either paternal or maternal parent, or to present them with one on their respective birthdays. It is a choice expression of faithful and true love, and of high honor and promise, it matters immaterially how simple the present, it is not the price nor the value, but the act and the motive, and more appreciated given at or from home, sweet home, than a costly diadem or tiara from a monarch. It is rather to be exceedingly more to be prized than a finger gold-circle, with a sapphire set in gold four-leaved clover, or better, a solitaire, set in the same way, coming to us from a nobility of power. It is the act, and those the nearest and most precious by ties of kindredship and the purity and innocence of the donor, to be considered. An enemy or friend in wolf's clothing might present us with a present where death was lurking within a basket of flowers or various harmfulness, while a little child would gleefully hand or bring us a tiny blossom, in its pure little hand that knows no guile, and of whom our heavenly Father saith we must become likewise to inherit the kingdom of God and to enter therein. The life-understanding acknowledges that truest happiness and solidity of pleasure is derived from the heart, when it comes from a Christian home, for it is symbolical of our home in heaven, and where mother's

face looks only the brighter and the sweeter from the daily trials and tribulations she has passed through and laid them at the foot of the cross, on the Rock of Ages, while father rejoices in God, who worketh all things to His will and good pleasure to them who can say with Joshua of old, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." And no better day could we invoke the gifts of the Holy Spirit, and give ourselves to Thee than on our birthday.

THE HOLY LAND.

Palestine, or the Holy Land, occupies the southeastermost part of Syria. It is illustrious for being the scene of most of the events recorded in the sacred Scriptures. The surface is diversified with mountains and valleys. Of the former, Lebanon has long been noted for its cedars; Tabor for the transfiguration of Christ, and the Mount of Olives as the scene of His ascension to heaven. Jerusalem was in ancient time the capital of the Jewish nation, and frequently the resort of Jesus and His disciples. It lies thirty miles east of the Mediterranean Sea, and bears a gloomy aspect on account of being more secludedly governed by Jews, Christians and Mahomedans, and the veneration held by them which still procures it the visit of many pious pilgrims. Bethlehem, six miles south of Jerusalem, is remarkable as the birth-place of our Saviour. Nazareth, where He resided until He commenced His ministry, is next to Jerusalem, the most holy place in Palestine. Acre, noted for its sieges. Gaza and Joppa are the principal towns on the coasts. No country was in ancient times more celebrated than Syria. In the southwest was the land of Israel, the birthplace of the Jewish and Christian religion. Tyre and Sidon are renowned for their commerce. Baabbee and Palmyra, once splendid cities, are now in ruins. Damascus, the capital, was an important city four thousand years ago. It is situated on a beautiful plain and noted for its fine gardens. Aleppo was the largest city in Syria. In 1822 it was almost destroyed by an earthquake; but it is slowly reviving. On the Euphrates at Hillah, in Asia, are the ruins of Babylon, the most elegant city of ancient times. The remains of Nineveh, the once renowned capital of the Assyrian empire, are on the Tigris River below Mosul. Asia is the largest of the great divisions of the globe. It was the seat of some of the most powerful empires of ancient times and the theatre of many interesting facts and events, recorded in history. Here our first parents were created and from hence the

descendants of Noah peopled the world, after the flood. It was also the birth-place of our blessed Saviour; the scene of His miracles and death, and the field on which the apostles first published salvation to man. A large amount of this vast multitude is involved in heathen darkness, but the exertion of Christians, missionaries and the distribution of the Holy Scriptures in various Asiatic languages, will in time enlighten the nations and lead to the spiritual redemption of this continent which comprise a greater variety of races than other quarters of the world. Cana was a thriving village on the highway through the hills west of Gallilee. From the main road a number of narrow, irregular streets wind up and along a low hillside, and were bordered by houses that were built mostly of stone. The inhabitants had need for thrift and industry, if it were only because of the tax gatherers, for Herod Antipas was building palaces, fortresses and cities. He was living in magnificence, as were his many officers. All the people of his dominions paid taxes and bribes to him and them. While the consequences were often painful enough, there were no signs of actual poverty in the vicinity of the "well." It stood several paces in front of a dwelling, two stories in height, which seemed somewhat better than its neighbors. The porch along its lower story was thickly clad with vines, and from under these the girl had come to bring her jar to the well. A Jewish maiden of nearly fifteen was accounted a full grown woman, and the slightness of her graceful figure did not interfere with an air of maturity which her present state of mind much increased. Her simple dress that became her so well, was of good material. Ranged on either side of the well were six large, umbrous looking water-pots of stone were partly filled for the convenience of any person wishing to perform the foot or hand ablutions required by the exacting ceremonial laws of the Jews. The vine-clad porch was a pleasant place. It was provided with wooden benches, and on one sat a man who seemed to consider himself a person of importance. Every movement and even his attitude when sitting still, might be said to accord with a conviction that he, Rabbi Isaac Ben Nassur, was the wisest, the most learned man in Cana. He was very tall, as well as broad and heavy, and his thick gray beard came down to the voluminous sash that was folded around his waist. His eye brows were black and projecting, his nose was prominent, his black eyes piercing. He was dressed as became a Rabbi, or any other highly respectable Jew, in a long linen tunic with sleeves that were belted by the sash. Over this he wore a long, loosely flowing robe called an abba, also of linen. Around his shoulders, with the ends falling in front, was a

broad, white woolen scarf, with narrow bars of red and purple and blue, and with the blue tassels at the corners of each of the two ends. This was the "tallith," and was worn as a reminder that the wearer must remember all the commandments of the law and faithfully perform them.

Close to Jerusalem, almost one of its suburbs, was the little town of Bethany, where Jesus rested before entering into the Holy City. But though so near to Jerusalem, Bethany was yet a quiet spot, owing to its retired position on the eastern side of Mount Olivet. In this mountain village from which could be seen on one side the valley of the Jordan terminating in the Dead Sea, and on the other the mountains of Moab, about twenty-five miles distant, Our Lord spent some restful and happy hours with the little family, Martha, Mary and their brother Lazarus. Tradition tells us that Martha was the wife or widow of Simon, the leper, and that Lazarus was the gentle and holy rabbi of that name that is spoken of in the Talmud. However this may be, it is evident that the little family held a good social position in the town, and were far above want. How it was that our Lord came to be a guest in this family, whether they had been among those who listened to His teachings in Jerusalem, or whether Martha had offered Him her hospitality through some of the Seventy, who had been sent forth to announce His coming, we are not told, but that he was a welcome as well as an honored guest we cannot doubt. How best to do Him honor seems to have been the thought of both sisters when on the eve of the Feast of the Dedication the Master came to them for a passing visit and in one or two of St. Luke's graphic touches the difference in their characters is clearly depicted. Martha, the eager, practical, warm-hearted hostess, could not do enough for the entertainment of such a guest, and hastened about with excited energy, absorbed in preparations for His material comfort. Mary, too, was anxious to show their gracious Friend all honor, but her homage was shown in a different way. Knowing that Martha well able and well pleased to do all that was required for the comfort of their great visitor, and with a heart stirred to new life, realizing that never before had any one spoken such blessed words, Mary "sat at the Lord's feet and heard His word." As the time passed and still she sat there, seemingly idle, a little feeling of jealousy and annoyance which was unworthy of her really noble nature, stirred Martha's heart. Instead of speaking the word which would have brought Mary to her assistance at once, Martha, with what seems almost like irreverence hurried into the presence of Jesus to lodge a complaint against Mary. "Lord," she said, "dost

Thou not care that my sister has left me to do all the work alone? If Thou bid her do so she will help me." But the Lord's clear vision saw all the love and faith that underlay the sharp bustling manner, and His reproof was so gentle, in tone so tender, that while conveying a lesson to Martha, it did not humiliate or grieve the heart which was so full of affection for Him. "Martha, Martha," said the Master, "Thou art careful and troubled about many things. But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her."

To the great majority of the Christian world the vast mass of legends, documents, narratives and other matters pertaining to the early church and its happenings in the Holy Land, appear absolutely unknown. About a year ago an inscription in Doric Greek dating from the fifth century, it is alleged, was discovered in the ruins of the palace at Ephesus, in Asia Minor, the seat of one of the seven churches in Asia. That the inscription would be in Greek, was natural, for Ephesus was a Greek city. It is said that Jesus used the Aramean language, and that King Abgar, the Syriac or perhaps Aramean, who was King of Edessa. It is said that King Abgar Ukkama, chief of the country, wrote a letter to Jesus, and sent it to Him by the hand of Hananias, the Tabularius, to Jerusalem. It is said that Edessa became one of the centers of Syrian Christianity. Edessa was the capital of Osroene, a little district or kingdom in northwestern Mesopotamia. The city which now stands on its site is called Vifa. In 137 B. C. it became an independent kingdom. Its kings bore the name or title of Abgar, which means the mighty. There were eleven Abgars in all. Edessa was sacked by Trujan, because of the conduct of its rulers in the wars of the Romans against the Parthians and Armenians. In A. D. 216 it was made a Roman military colony. It was famous as a center of Christianity, had great schools of theology and over 300 monasteries. It is said that when King Abgar was afflicted with an incurable disease, that, hearing of Jesus, wrote Him, and Thaddens, one of the Seventy, was sent to King Abgar, and through him Christianity was established in Edessa. It is stated distinctly that Jesus left no written documents or letters, by St. Augustine and St. Jerome, and Pope Galasius, together with the Roman synod of A. D. 495. The fifth of the eleven Abgars is the Abgar Ukkama of the legend, according to Rabbi Gottheil. But he reigned from B. C. 4 to A. D. 7, eleven years. Jesus was but a boy when he died, and had not yet entered upon His ministry. And Christianity was not the dominant religion in Edessa until the reign of Abgar IX, who reigned from A. D. 179 to A. D. 214. The original religion of

Edessa was Sabaism, more particularly the worship of the goddess Atargatis. They worship the heavenly bodies as well as sacred fish, the symbol of the goddess, and the ponds still exist wherein these fish were kept. The Mohammedans all venerate these ponds which they believe to have been built by Abraham, and this accounts for their preservation. Now the coins of Edessa, previous to the reign of Abgar IX, all bear figures of the moon and stars, referring to the pagan worship; but his coins bear Christian symbols. It is a matter of history that in A. D. 202 Abgar IX visited Rome, and that this led to his embracing Christianity. Of Edessa it is said, "The city shall be blessed, and no enemy shall again become master of it forever," is as stated by legend, and on one occasion when Edessa was besieged by the Persians, a thick darkness covered the place and the Persians fled. In A. D. 502 the Persians again besieged the city; but although the gates were all standing open the Persians were unable to enter. It was believed on account of the inscription bringing them miraculous aid, and as an amulet to protect persons from danger. There is historic, if not potent evidence of this fact from Egypt and elsewhere, according to Rabbi Gottheil. Probably the inscription on the palace at Ephesus was cut with a similar intent to guard the royal family from harm. And, after all, that is the grandest and noblest style of religion in its sincerity and truthfulness of character which required through a Father's discipline, shall ever rise superior to adversaries and adversities, and gather its laurels from the mount of eternal peacefulness and rest. Few of us in this transitory life get over seeking and expecting to find the rainbow, and the mine of gold, or when their imaginary ship comes to port, rather let us now as we hear the voice that spoke by the Red Sea to Moses, with its imperative "Go forward." There may be hindrances and hard places before us, but he who has been our strength in the past will not desert us in our time of need. We have it in our power in some even small manifestations or to some great extent, to make life happy to others as well as ourselves, and while it does not appear as yet what we shall be, now are we not the sons and daughters of the Most High? Let us go forward bravely in the battle of life, showing bright, brave faces to the world and circumstance, devoted to the welfare of the fatherless, the orphan and the widow, and keeping unspotted from the world. May we not seek exclusively our own good, but that of our neighbor also, and thus in blessing and making others comfortable and happy, we shall also enhance our own happiness and secure to ourselves the approval and blessing of God. Our life of existence is not to be one of bonbons and chocolate cream, but one of

usefulness and industry, combined with cleanliness and neatness. It is wiser to joy in the beauty of the roses which open each morn, than to pass them by unheeding for fear of the prick of the thorn. It is wiser to count our mercies, the blessing which srew our way, than to languidly ponder the troubles we stumblie upon each day, rather looking at the sunshine that gladdens the sky overhead; and if so sorrow must meet us, and tears may oft times fall, yet ever will be this comfort, "His mercy is over all," and if we only wily count our mercies, we'll find that they far outweigh the thorns, the shadows, the troubles, were happened and intended for us to meet each day—these light afflictions which will work out for us, if we endure unto the end, a far more exceeding weight of glory, for God does not say to the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye my face in vain," and there was never a commandment but had a promise connected with it. May we say with the Psalmist, "Lord, I have hoped in Thy salvation, and have done Thy commandments." God is faithful and justification for our sins. "If from thence thou seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find Him." Some, mayhaps, are far from their earthly home, and have no relative or even friend in their dying moments to speak a word of comfort but Jesus; Jesus, He is bending near, lovingly and with out-stretched arms of love, of sweetest truthfulness and perfect purity. When Jonah was compassed about by the floods; when the billows and waves passed over him, he prayed to the Lord, and the Lord heard him. To Him let His children come, for He hath said they may. His bosom shall be their everlasting, for all-time home; their tears He'll wipe away. For all who earnestly and heart-whole seek his face shall surely taste His love. Jesus will guide them by His grace to dwell with Him above. True religion must not come from merely theory, or educational advantages, or apprehension of fear of future punishment and the judgment, or to be rid of troubles and difficulties strewn in our life's pathway, but rather from love to God. Though some may doubtless feel the natural love of life, yet never heard to express the smallest degree of impatience, rather calm and composed as their prospects of being restored to their friends decline habitual resignation united with serenity and composure, triumphal over death and the tomb's victory, and can say with the Shunamite, "It is well." These are they which come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple, and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the

throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Is our Christian life in accordance with true, whole Christianity? Would a stranger visiting us, recognize us as a Christian family? Is the sound of family prayer ever heard in our home? Is the conversation as becometh the Gospel of Christ—such that make it evident that high Christian principles animate us as a family? Does self-sacrificing service appear so that all may see that the model of our family life is Christ? Do we remember the table blessing? Pause, even the animals manifest in their soulless manifestations, their gratefulness and thankfulness to God. How good, He is the Giver. We would see Jesus, we would have Him with us, a Guest beloved and honored at our board. How blessed were our bread if it were broken before the sacred presence of our Lord. Is our Christian life a proof for our children and servants of reality of the Christian's profession? Is it so calculated as to make them desire it? What qualities of the Christian character do we see them striving after by reason of our example? If we see no product of our Christian life among them, is there not some doubt whether we actually have that life, that way, which is to be like heaven—leavening all that it toucheth? Can any amount of work for Christ outside of our immediate family be a substitute for neglect of our children and servants? Which do we care most for—to be an earnest Christian, Christ-like life, or to succeed in the world at the cost of our never dying souls? Do we serve the world, or do we make the world serve our spiritual life? Is there any Christian duty we neglect for the world? Does the late hour of fatigue from worldly enjoyment keep us from the worship of God's house? "God loveth the gates of Zion better than all the dwellings of Jacob." Does worldly enjoyment prevent and interfere with our private devotions? If all Christians were like me, what would be the repute of Christianity in the world? What do we from the heart mean that we will renounce the world so as not to follow or be led by it? What worldly thing, or does any whatever, impede our religious life; we are or have renounced joyfully for Christ's sake? If thou should'st go they way, and for earth's fame and merchandise, His great commands despise, beware, lest He in His royal wrath He swears, that thou shalt ne'er partake of His sacred marriage feast fare, and that He seek for guests who will not say Him nay. Some will say, "if you are not in the fashion, might as well not be in the world." Don't be too fashionable; the fashion of this world perisheth. There is a world yet to come, where the imperishable

robe of spotless white of righteousness ever remaineth. In the days of the prophets how simple their costume of cloak, tunic and sash and girdle; their minds were more stationary upon the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God of Israel, and how self-sacrificing they were: proof—for instance, Abraham offering up his well-pleased, great loved son, Isaac; and Jephthah, the Gileadite, his only child, so precious to his life being; and in the New Testament how our Heavenly Father offered up His only well-beloved Son for our redemption and salvation. The words for us are “watch and pray. What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch.” Remember the parable of the virgins; the wise did not forget to have their loins girded and their lights burning. The lights are the vivifying and illuminating Spirit of God. That Spirit in all fulness incomprehensible in glory. Christ as the anointed One. The Church is the oil in the lamp in its forms, and that Spirit, the things He lived for, died for and cares for, and distinguishes the ready from the unready.

MAY I GO TO THE BALL?

“Vexata Quaestio.”

Many discussions and arguments have been expressed and contested in reference to dancing. As a form of social recreation it may be by the real professor of Christianity, properly termed fashionable folly. Enjoyments are necessitously happy, pleasant and desirable when they are of an innocent, sinless nature so as not to harm us. Carnal pleasures, like bubbles, float on the surface. The pulse beats thick and slow—life’s brief taper burneth low. Personal sacrifice is to be lauded and modeled, but worldly pleasures are similar to atmospheric air—the higher we ascend the lighter they become; and they who participate in it at last imbibe the concealed bitterness of its fruits. The little span of existence allotted to us is of too limited duration even at its utmost lengths to be wasted in any kind of trifling pastime—foibles of the worldling. Is dancing a Christian grace? May we dance and yet be a Christian? The safest standpoint would be to abstain from it altogether, then if it may not be right we have not indulged in it and have lost nothing. The Christian does not desire to take advantage of the pleasure-seeker, in the argument: he only presents his own solid reasoning and opinion. We all have given us two masters to choose our preference from—the blessed Jesus, and the evil one.

and we will be rewarded or condemned at the judgment seat of Christ as our choice of decision has been made; then if dancing performances are harmless, the followers of it are innocent from its effects—if a sin, then punishment will be rendered accordingly, and it is probable that the converted who have still mingled in its allurements, will receive severer retribution than the non-professor for disobedience, broken vows and unfaithful promises to their heavenly Father. Does sin give you any pleasure? Does it do any good towards contributing to other's happiness? Dancing is frequently spoken of and referred to as a mutual pleasure, giving and receiving. Is it a sovereign remedy? Is it a concert of heavenly feelings and pure actions in which the mind is exhilarated on divine themes, and a mutual good will for eternity produced? Even if we feel that though it might not be altogether in a whole sense evil, can we from our souls admit that it is good? Can we pray with the same equivalent warmth of fervency as the Godly-fearing Christian, after we return from an evening spent in dancing? You may say that God hears prayer, but does He accept all? Does He answer those who do not obey Him? If we indeed genuinely love Him we will not disobey Him, and will gladly sacrifice any worldly pleasure for those of never ending security at his right hand and for His sake, and thereby receive His smile rather than his frown. The worldling asks, if there is sin in dancing tell me wherein it lies? We cannot always work and read; both mind and body would become wearied. When we seek rest after weariness we can then have time for meditation and self-examination, and thus profitably for a good end and purpose employ God's precious time bestowed on Him for His glory and the advancement of His kingdom. The worldling also admits that we are in a natural world, where pleasures and pains effect us in the natural degree most sensibly, and we must come down that we may go up, letting our natural joys have free course carnally, so that they may be changed into a joy that is higher or more spiritual and requires the debater to negative or affirm the logical truth substance. All things in their originality are good that are filled with the fruits of the Holy Spirit of God. Now what are the spiritual fruits we derive from dancing? Can we enumerate one? If so, what is it? Is it not like the barren fig tree, void of lasting blessings, and leaving in the end the heart depressed after its intoxications of butterfly, fairy-land visions and mocking dreams of enchantment are o'er? Is the real Christian to come down to folly that he may go up to righteousness? Is he to lower himself downwards to earth, that he may higher ascend to the paradise of heaven? Did not Nehemiah

of old say, "I am engaged in a good work, and I cannot come down"? Should not every true child of God say the same? Ascension is the Christian's glory; descension his destruction, final ruin and eternal death? How can religion and dancing have an affinity? What a gulf of contrast lies between them, thus separating one from the other. Have good and evil any affinity? Evil defined is a purpose to do wrong, and could we dance with good purpose, when we halt within the opinion that it may be evil? The most secure fortress would be when observing a group of merry dancers to not step over the threshold. *Principio obsta*. Perhaps an invisible thorn is stamped on every smiling brow therein, which may manifest itself in future years in heartfelt agony and despair. Outward beauty is not always inward happiness. The rose is beautiful, but it is surrounded with thorns; so is this world we live in. Elite society makes no difference as regards sin, which bears its native classification—death and perdition. The distinguished, the millionaire and the nobody, who commit and follow in its slippery paths, are equally punished. God makes no distinction; they only who work righteousness being accepted in His sight—not those that lead themselves and others afar from Him, until their souls dwell in the dark abodes of Satan. Therefore, beware what you make idols of, and how you grasp the fatal pleasures of a few short summer days. The modern dancer wanders away to his discredit, rather than godliness. He may not intend it for an evil, but simply his self-long gratification which he desires to enjoy at all hazards. He does not mean to do harm to his soul, and tries to banish any entertained idea that lurks within, prompting him to forsake all evil and cleave only unto that which is good; and before he is aware he is far off spiritually from his church and Christian associations, and is found mingling with the careless, unconcerned and dissipated of the beau-monde. Christians should carry so much of the suavity and purity of Christ, as not to lose character in any manifestation—tried, tested and established. They never re-crucify their Lord and Master, who loves them as a fond mother loves her absent child, whom she in truth, hope and faith idealizes. His power worketh through mortal life with a suaviter in mode will, that both redeemeth and ennobleth. God created us for His glory. The power of creation He has retained. It is sacred and incommunicable, and His glory will He not give to another. What are earthly joys in reality? Is it not the seeker after pleasure, in the broad run, brought home to God's temple and the fellowship of His people? Great should be the joy of the Christian over the ungodly one gathered into the fold, and over all missions and church prosperity.

For Christ's professors to add to the number in a ball room is casting a reproach on their Saviour's name, and the giddy, mayhaps, later censure them for the wrong example they set for them to follow. Are they the shining marks of unrighteousness? What are heavenly joys in reality? Are they not the tender sympathies of holy angels, with the work of our Lord? He came in great love to a fallen race, and gave at last His precious life as a bequest and every redeemed and saved soul brought to Him in heaven gladdens the heart of the angels. What a triumphant chorus of song is chanted in the highest as each saved one enters into eternal joys prepared for them by the Father. Who has done so much for our salvation because our souls are so infinitely valuable to Himself? "Many are called but few are chosen," is a solemn reflection for meditation. The Christian dancer may have been called; but by disobedience to his Master's requirements is he chosen by God? He decides by one self-denial, love and the godly life we lead for Him, if we are worthy to be chosen as an heir of His kingdom. "Blessed are they that fear the Lord and walk in His ways." Such honor have all His saints. It is an error to mistake the outward husk for the living spirit, if we anticipate inexpressible blessings. We must be content with what He requires, and be happy in His will. Then by and by we'll gather thornless roses that never pale, from a fairer and sweeter garden, where the angels open the pearl-gate and close us in with the blest. The undercurrent, the modern dance, swings the professional Christian slowly but surely from a spiritual life. No apprehensive sensation may be realized until too late, and the hidden rent is invisible. The under currents of this world do not point towards a holy living, but in opposite direction. How needless and with what worry, time and wasted expenditure is attached to a preparation for a ball, making absolute slaves to fashion, regardless of health or sacrifice. The cares of business or domestic affairs are light compared with the demands of the ball season's social round. And what comes of it all? How much substantial comfort and real eternal happiness is desired? Does any result from its bearing? Possibly some prickly thorns of vexation and disappointment. To sum up the total—the decision arrived at confirms the belief that dancing and its consequences attending are injurious rather than profitable to the interests of the soul, which to be acceptable in the sight of its Maker, must possess the attributes of immortality. What is called in these days being in gay society is a condition of servitude not worthy of sacrificing eternity for. It may drown many in self-remorse, if not the loss of their heritage. How much rather to have chosen that good part which shall

not be taken away. And for our companionship the communion of saints, whose well-done life secures an everlasting inheritance and the society of the blessed Redeemer of mankind, who saith, "If any serve Me, let him follow Me, and where I am, there shall also My servant be. If any man serve Me, him will My Father honor." The true Christian is a semblance of the faithfulness, goodness and power of God. Then how can any who have professed Christ delight to mingle with non-professors? Could their souls be stayed on Him? What have such to hold them up when the storms of adversary tempestuously assault them? God our Father sees the anchor of trust and faith down in the secret depths of His follower's soul. It is fastened securely to Omnipotence," which floats high above the rocks of temptation, and all life's trial tempest shall sweep earth, sea and sky, and when the fury is overpast, they are safely resting, piloted by the Holy Spirit and anchored to Jesus Christ.

ALICE.

A. L.

Sing a song of Alice,
Playful as Ben Bolt;
Coy and cute and cunning,
Sunshine of the house;
Pure and sweet and pretty,
Spotless as a dove;
Come to us from heaven,
Angel gift to love.

Sing a song of Alice,
Laughing in her glee;
At the window sitting,
Watching there for me.
While the dimples playing
Over features fair,
Pearl, her face with beauty,
Kissing golden hair.

Sing a song of Alice,
Playing in the hall;
While she waits for papa,
Eager for his call;

When the door is opened,
 Running to his arms,
 For a score of kisses,
 Brightening her charms.

Sing a song of Alice,
 Blithsome pet, so childish,
 Darling of the household,
 A wee queen herself.
 How we love the fairy,
 Winsome, true and gay:
 She brings us life's pleasures,
 Happy all the live-long day.

Mamma's baby girl. What a lovely little fairy she was. Her dainty head was covered with bright golden curls like imprisoned sunbeams, and dreamy blue eyes filled with a wistful longing that struck a chord of sympathy in the observer's heart, reminding one of a bird, more than anything else. When she sang it was like listening to the soft low notes of the charming sweet canary. The fair child was singularly religious, and a very happy domestic gift. When the treasure was gone for the time being, one would feel as though half their life had gone with her, the little dear one. Like the sinless soul of the cherub child that expires in its mother's arms, wings its way to heaven unconscious of the joy it might share here, as well as the many storm trials of which it might be called to share—too pure for earthly stay, to make one of that bright band of cherubines which encompasses in glory and in joy the throne of the living God.

MAY.

"Charming May has passed away, leaving Pluvius in charge,
 Now, gentle June, let the roses out of their winter headquarters."

Charming May hath come and found us,
 The hue that steeps the heavens is soft and blue;
 The dew is bright, the birds are gay,
 Earth with all its sadness, seems a happy place today.

It seemeth but a day
 Since the summer flowers were here;

Since they stacked the balmy clover,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

Oh, how rich with rarest beauty,
Is this summer world of ours;
When the virgin Spring comes blushing,
Like a bride arrayed in flowers.

When the wanton warblers waken,
Merry melody that seems
Like the gentle joyous music,
Wafted from the land of dreams.

Sunny days pass soon forever,
So the years they come and go;
Onward ever—each happy new one,
Flies swifter than the last.

How fair the lily grows,
And how soon it must decay;
The rose and buds and blossoms,
Must shortly pass away.

Thou of life and light, the Spring,
Songs of praise to God it sings;
And as the blossoms deck the May,
So every tender wish be thine.

Oh, who would guess that skies so cold,
Hold in their cloaks of gray,
The perfect blue and radiant gold
Of Spring's delicious May.

LULLABY.

Our Darling Hannah, an only Daughter.

Hannah N. Lawrence S.

What is this world's delight? lightening that mocks the night—
brief even as bright.

Sweet my mamma's voice is ever to my ear; ever soft it seems to
me—tell my precious darling mamma loves thee well.

Love me, mamma? Yes, I know
None can love so well as thou;
Was it not upon thy breast
I was taught to sleep and rest.

Did'st not thou in hours of pain,
Lullaby my head to ease again,
With the music of thy sweet voice,
Bid my little heart rejoice?

Ever gentle, meek and mild,
Thou did'st lullaby thy child.
Teach my tiny feet that way,
Leading on to heaven and God.

What returns to Jesus can I, mamma, make?
My fond little heart, sweet Jesus, take;
Thine it is in word and deed and act and thought,
Thine by constant kindness bought.

A LULLABY.

Our Darling Hannah's Dream.

H. N. L. S., an only daughter.

Sing me softly to sleep, dear mamma, for I dreamed a dream
I long to dream again.
I fancied I roamed in a woods, mamma, and rested as under a bough,
Then near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide:
And the night came on and
I lost my guide, and loudly called for thee.

Soon a white-robed maiden appeared in the air, and she
Tossed back the waves of her beautiful hair;
She took my hand gently, ere I was aware, saying,
"Come, pretty child, with me."
My tears and fears she calmed, mamma, and she
Led me far away.
We entered through a long, long vault of gloom,
Then passed out into a land of gloom.
And a fair blue sky of endless day.

Holy forms were there, mamma, and holy cherubs bright,
They smiled when they saw me,
But I was amazed, and wandering around—
I rapturously gazed and gazed.
And heavenly music I heard, and sunbeams blazed,
All glorious in the land of light.

Do you remember that poor old man, mamma, who
Came so late to our door?
And he told how he went to the Baron's stronghold, saying
"Oh, let me in, the night is so cold."
But the rich man cried, "Go sleep in the woods,
We shield no beggars here."

Well, he was in that glorious band, mamma, as
Happy as happy could be.
He needed no alms in those mansions of light, for he sat
With the patriarchs clothed in white.
And there was none that had a crown more bright,
Or a costlier robe than he.

Now, sing me softly to sleep, mamma, for I long to dream
As I dreamed before;
Sound was my slumber, and sweet my rest.
While my spirit in the kingdom of life was a guest;
The heart that has throbbled in the realms of the blest,
Can love this world no more.

AT HIS DOOR.

'Tis I, O Father, only I.
I thought myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
When lo, the toddling comes to lure
My parental ear with timorous knock.
My heart as cold, could it withstand,
The sweetness of my fairy's plea;
That timorous child-knocking, and
"Please let me in, it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,
 Regardless of its tempting charms;
 And opening wide the door I took
 My darling rosebud in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity,
 I like a truant child shall wait,
 The glories of a life to be,
 Beyond our heavenly Father's gate.

And will our heavenly Father heed
 The truant's supplicating cry,
 As at His door I plead,
 " 'Tis I, O Father! only I."

GOOD NIGHT.

One sweet, precious heart of love awaits me in Heaven, and when at last I reach that blissful shore, how beautiful will the greetings be. Such will our meeting be, so full of joy and such our meeting, too, on that bright shore. We have companioned together upon the earth and shared for many years, but still in sweet communion we are one. No distance of unmeasured space, no time as years and months and days are calendered in our chronology can always separate us by the narrow stream of death, but redeemed and marching onward into endless life of victory, as conquerors from the battle.

The sands of life they drop, full soon,
 The glass will empty be;
 Dawn creeps slowly into noon,
 The evening comes to thee.

And yet it matters nothing now,
 Peace broodeth as a dove;
 God has been very kind to thee, to me,
 Good-night, good-night, my love.

True, dark to me seems many a day,
 And long the dreary night;
 But God has blessed me all the way,
 And granted pure delight.

So many that are endeared to me
Are waiting just above—
Their beckoning hand I almost see,
Good-night, good-night, my love.

Hold me not back, 'tis better so;
Ah, languid are my feet;
My hands are tired, let me go,
Rest, darling, will be sweet.

The pastures are so green and fair,
The waters still and bright;
And love is there, for Christ is there,
Good-night, good-night, my love.

Round the altar the redeemed confess,
If these robes are white as snow,
'Twas our Saviour's righteousness,
Our Jesus' blood that made them so.

Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Crying as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings and Lord of Lords."

Listen to the wondrous song
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
"Glory in the highest, glory; glory be to God most high."
Good-night, good-night, my love.

REAL WORTH.

No loud praises do I bring,
No strain of fulsome compliment;
The language of the heart,
When simple, is most eloquent.

But I will breathe the earnest prayer,
That God may guard and guide our ways;
May love go with us hand in hand,
And happiness crown our days.

The virtuous will never lack for love,
Even in this, our giddy world;
And every heart will bow before
The queenliness of real worth.

TWO ANTIQUE RUGS.

Two rugs of matchless make and weave,
Both antique with age and wear,
Rest side by side, and both receive
Their share of praise and care.

They are treasured more as they grow old,
Time mellows and subdues
The colors bright, as frosts and cold,
Enrich the autumn hues.

One represents the artist-skill,
In texture and design;
Once priest and prince upon it knelt
And worshiped at their shrine

The other's but a braided, home-made mat,
The skill you'd scarcee admire;
Yet memory brings the weaver back,
Before the open fire.

Where mother sat and plaited,
Not Oriental hues,
Nor threads so fine, but did combine
The honest reds and blues.

For beauty this one can't compare
With the one across the sea;
But it became a rug of prayer,
The shrine, my mother's knee.

THE CHANCE BLOOM.

"Like the flash of a wave's phosphorescence or a glint of an emerald sheen.

Lost chances. They come and go; we call them back in vain.
Perhaps some other day? Oh, no, they never come again.
Like a dark shade they have o'er the diel passed.
For, ah, the dew is brushed from off the rose,
And the chance bloom no second springtime knows.

In passing through life we may encounter difficulties in our pathway. After the naturals come the bars of flats and sharps to glide over. If the sea was always smooth the mariner could never test his skill, or if he failed to watch the tide, he loses the chance to cross the bar into the harbor. In our disappointments, fears and dismal cares and trials, our heavenly Father tells us that He will safely guide us wherein we are tossed on this billowy world, so the waves of despair shall not dash us on the rocks. He will gently lead us by the hand if we give Him the chance. God will preserve us in body and soul. It is sad that many let their "chance bloom" of earth and heaven slip through like a little child does a handful of sand upon the seashore, until it is all gone. We should not permit discouragement to eclipse our courage, nor the clouds of disappointment to darken our path, but rather recall that the sky is blue ten times where it is black once. If we enumerate our blessings given to us by a kind divine Father, and our crosses, we will ascertain that the blessings preponderate in the scales, and even out of seven days in the week our Father in heaven only requires us to remember and reserve one of sacred rest, holy to Him. Although we may have many cloudy days, still far more sunny ones are tendered us. After the tears of the storm comes the bright colored arch of the rainbow. All may of Thee partake, nothing can be so small, but draws, when acted for any sake, greatness and worth from Thee, and if we obey Thy laws e'en servile labors shine with its hallowed toil and arduous work. Not despairingly, but with perfect trust, come to thy God. He knows them that are His. Thou wilt cause Thine ear to hear. The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble. Have confidence in God. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein." "The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want." God can give us both earthly and heavenly bread—we have nothing to want for.

They that seek the Lord shall not want for any good thing. We need never despair or possess sad hearts, weary and distressed, but rather rejoice that we have found the Messiah, and may our home blossom in gladness. And if the night hath been dark, joy cometh in the morning. Why then should we doubt or fear? Our Father's hand will never cause His children a needless tear. God is our very present help, "From blush of morn to evening star." The flowery spring, at His command, perfumes the air and paints the land; while with vigor shine the summer rays to raise the corn and cheer the vine. In autumn Thy hand richly pours redundant stores through all our coasts, and winters are softened by Thy fatherly care. The seasons are Thine at all times. We can trust God when the roses are blooming and the beautiful flowers, penciled by His hand, as well as when the icicles are pendant on our houses. Thou hast promised graciously to hear all those who cry to Thee, displaying Thy love and answering when Thy children pray. "If He were hungry He would not tell us, for the cattle on a thousand hills are His," but we must with humble heart and tongue come to Him and ask, "Give us this day our daily bread." And Thy love which bore the greater load, will not refuse the less. In want, Thou art our plentiful supply, in weakness our Almighty Power, in bonds our perfect liberty, our light in Satan's darkest hour. No troubles can our souls appal; Thou art our hidden source, of our life, our heaven, our all. Chances, like the tide, come, but do not wait, they pass and must be seized. They may come to us in times of sorrow, sickness, or in the midst of mirth, and in such a manner that it seems we must decide at once or they will be forever lost—at a time when all eternity is depending upon the decision.

"O quick, or eternity hides her sweet,

"Tis opportunity."

A chance lost can never be regained; lost knowledge may be possessed again by more earnest and persevering diligence, and lost character may be renewed by repentance and sincere promised resolutions to God, but a chance in its individuality, or self, comes but once; we accept and take it, or if we refuse, the chance to regain it is as the passing wind, or a vessel on a dark night, we hear or faintly see it for a moment, it passes and is gone. We cannot be too cautious to embrace that all important chance, which constitutes the eternal happiness of our future life beyond the grave, where the mortal shall put on immortality. Believing in, loving and following our blessed Jesus, is the principal one of all

chances, which if once irrecoverably lost can never be recovered, reclaimed or restored, any more than a lily that bears on its sweet white leaves a wound, by any art's necromantic can be restored to matchless beauty. A lost chance for eternity is a solemn, indeed, reflection for contemplation. Have you no words? Ah, think again. May our faculties let its powers be exercised where its loftiest flights can be productive only of benefit and enjoyment, namely, on the glories of the unseen world, and on the greatness of Him who is the Light thereof. The brightest dreams of fancy and imagination must fall far short of the reality of Him, and of His kingdom and the things that God hath prepared for them who love and obey Him. Those glorious sources of admiration and interest can never, like our earthly idols, change and fade to our view, or calling forth feelings of aversion instead of love, confidence and respect; but, while we meditate thereon, we shall feel our hearts animated to desire, and encouraged to hope, that through faith in the Redeemer we will at last be permitted to enter into those realms of glory where no change comes and where we shall behold the face of Him who is the same yesterday, today and forever. Is this a chance well worth not losing? If our present life happens to be cloudy, the sunshine of the future later on will burst through the mist, and joy and happiness will reign supreme. A chance may at first seem a trilling affair, but by and by, when the opportunity is gone, we will learn from our neglect to apply it to our advantage or profit that we have lost a gem now beyond price and possession. Kind words spoken too late are in reality not spoken at all; they are regretted opportunities that can never restore life, and chances redeemed, the echoless shore answers not our pleadings. Could we turn to a withered rose and with a smile bid it rebloom? Could we snatch from sleep its repose, or divert the grim grave of its gloom? Silence, or an answer in the negative responds to our interrogatives; neither can we clasp again a chance once dead, even though we gave world's to purchase it, if we possessed them. Trust in God. Thy grace and blessing give, and let our souls on Thee be cast in never-ceasing prayer. Inspirer and hearer of prayer, may we taste salvation in Thy name and antedate our heaven, and build an altar by the tent where we have met with God. Alas! how many a gem has been rudely cast away, that might have formed their diadem in everlasting day. We ought not to slight the chances that our indulgent Father so kindly gives us, and let them one by one fall unheeded from our grasp, not valuing

the gift, or else desiring something still more superior, and then regretfully we seek it in vain in after years. The echo of our own heart dies away with the sigh—nevermore. A chance offered us may be a golden moment, which might decide the destiny of our life. If we do not seize it when it comes, it passes on beyond our reach and view, through the tide of the river of life onward it rolls by, gone forever. Lost chances are like the dead flowers that return to us never again. "For, ah, the dew is brushed from o'er the rose, and the chance bloom no second springtime knows."

WHERE SHALL I SPEND ETERNITY?

This all solemn question comes to every one. Can you answer it? What scenes do eternity present? The years of life past, earthly connections dissolved, the secrets of all hearts laid open, souls saved or lost, Christ a welcome Saviour or a frowning Judge, all mistakes and errors in religion at an end, every false foundation undermined, a world in flames and consumed as though it had never been, time no more, eternal ages on ages rolling on in ceaseless bliss or misery. Oh, where then will my portion be, where shall I spend eternity?

To think of summer still to come,
That I am not to see;
To think a flower might yet bloom,
From dust that I shall be;
Oh, where then will my portion be,
Where shall I spend eternity?

To think when heaven and earth are fled,
And time and seasons o'er;
When all that can die shall be dead,
That I must die no more:
Oh, where then will my portion be,
Where shall I spend eternity?

SOLVED.

She has solved it, life's wonderful problem,
The strangest, the deepest, the last;
And into the school of the angels,
With the answer forever has passed.

How strange Emma should sleep so profoundly,
So young, so unworn by the strife;
While beside her, brimful of Hope's nectar,
Untouched, stood the goblet of life.

'Tis idle to talk of the past or the future,
And the rare might have been 'mid our tears;
God knew all about it, yet took her
Away from the oncoming years.

So now in the darkness be thankful,
One day we will say it is well;
God took from her forehead earth's laurels,
And crowned her with heaven's immortelles.

JACOB'S LADER.

"The clouds were all scattered, and the blue appears;
All Nature's rejoicing, she has dried all her tears."

Who could bear a cloudless sky?
Clear, unchanging blue;
No shading on the landscape,
No bright and deep dark blue.

How much of the beauty
Lies in the shadows flitting;
And to our feelings
How much more befitting.

Sunset's golden splendor,
Morning's rosier light;
'Tis the clouds and vapors,
Weave this rich delight.

All life's lights and shadows
Are like that little leaven;
They are Jacob's ladders,
Binding earth to heaven.

MY ANGLE SISTER.

Aged seven.

Farewell, my sister, love, farewell,
Thy young sweet voice is stilled;
A place is vacant in our hearts,
That never, never can be filled.

The years roll swiftly by on the wings of time, but the scene of my little sister's death remains indelibly stamped on my memory, never to be forgotten. Upon a couch of pain and fever lies a darling child, pale and suffering; death's signet is stamped upon her marble brow. To her earthly scenes were passing away, and another, a brighter world, was opening to view. Yes, Emma was dying. A sweet, angel-like expression rests for a moment upon her beautiful face, and then all was over, the immortal spirit had forsaken its earthly tenement. Precious child, youthful soldier of Christ, faithful daughter and sister. And art thou gone? Is thy earthly mission so soon fulfilled? Yes, a Father's merciful protection has been over thee. He has taught thee to lead others to the right way, and now His precious love hath called thee home, even to the sacred rest of Paradise. Not in vain the sweet child's mission on earth, brief as a flower's uncertain bloom, for motherhood's self was born at her birth, and fatherhood grew by her cradle and tomb. Forget-me-nots gleam o'er her tiny memory, and hope smiles clear through the rain of tears, and we thank our good God for the gift He gave, the angel-sister we shall meet in the brighter years. She came from God, the gift of His love to brighten our wintry day, but she wearied too soon for her home above, and with winter faded away. The crown was won without bearing the cross, the harbor entered without tempest and strife, the gain accomplished without struggle or loss, and rest attained without labor of life. Sweet child of budding innocence, thou wert too fair for earth. Wisely I deemed thee always as now, an angel in thy birth. Your soft little kisses and child-bright words, tender sister, have lit the chamber of my soul with transparent light, soothing fierce sorrow, helping me strive to win the goal. She was the embodiment of innocence, loveliness, beauty and sunshine. The pure, gentle memory and little deeds of the sweet, fair child linger immortal. Do I love thee? Ask the flowers if they love refreshing showers? "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such

is the kingdom of heaven." Lovely young sister, summer sun-beam glancing light, a matchless gem, a radiant face, that thine to me recalls of beauty's pensive tenderness, so delicately traced with the shining shadows of the sweet soft eyes; their life-like hue is now no longer night, but gone thou art from earth, a bud so pure and fair, to unfold in heaven and bloom thy loveliness there. Gone, no more with us to live; our fond hearts are breaking, darling sister. What would we give for your blessed waking? Ah, we must not weep, she still will be our precious little Emma.

Thy little life had perfect rest
At its faint dying close;
Not softer from her nest
The early robin goes;
Or fades the daylight in the west,
Or folds the evening rose,
Winging on pinions to an azure sky,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven.

A breath, a memory,
Brief love and long regret;
A lost delight forevermore,
Sweet sister, must thou be.
Thy dying look I seem to see,
As earth and heaven met;
And thy child-lovely face is still to me
With summer rose-bud set.

In life the lines she often repeated were,

"Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death."

What an encouragement is this for the young to seek Christ. "Of such is the kingdom of God," that is, His kingdom is composed of souls as innocent and pure as those of babes. The season of childhood is most fitting acquisition for religious principles; the impressions then made upon the mind are generally durable, and are seldom or never totally effaced. Thus marks of childhood are well worthy of our imitation, for if we seek to be true Christians it is absolutely necessary that we become simple and lowly-

minded. The youthful Christian will understand that the sincere followers of Christ are ever ready to administer to each other's company. Were this rule universally borne in mind and acted upon, how largely would the discord and misery now witnessed in the world be abated. They who live the child-life in this period of mortality will in a spiritual existence live the Christ-life of immortality. Reader, God has given you a mission to do, will you, like our little Emma perform it faithfully.

JOINING THE CHURCH.

A request solemnly enjoined upon every creature.

A man was once asked, Are you a believer in the Christian religion? Oh, certainly. You are a member of some church, then, I suppose? Member of church? No, indeed, why should I be a member of church; it is quite certain the dying thief wasn't a member of church and he went to heaven. Of course you have been baptized, you know the command? Been baptized, oh, no; that is another needless ceremony. I am as safe as the dying thief and he never was baptized. Surely then if you will not join a church or be baptized, you will do something in acknowledgement of your faith in some way of manifestation? No, I will do nothing of the kind. Let me remark before you go any further, there is a vast difference between you and the dying thief you refer to. If God chose to perform His will in the days of old, He may not do the same in your career. If you have not accepted Christ as your Saviour, is it not your duty to now confess Him before men and angels, and to join His church? Many excuses you may present, for instance, "I am not worthy," "I am not good enough." But the Bible requires not that we should be good enough, but that we should believe—"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." And then in communion with God's people we will be in the best atmosphere to become better and elevate those who tread the downward path that leads to darkness and despair. It would be a great mistake for a rose-bud, growing in the middle of the road, to refuse to be planted in a flower-bed, because it might feel it was not worthy. The only hope of it becoming a beautiful plant lies in its being transplanted into the flower-bed. There are a great many persons who believe in Christianity as a beautiful sentiment, but they don't believe in the church, and we occasionally hear those we chance to meet

express their opinion by saying that they respect religion in others, but that they, meaning themselves, are no professors of religion of any of God's visible churches, and adding that they could not keep the rules. Ah, that sounds terrible in a believer's ears. If the unconverted can not keep their heavenly Father's rules, could they then consider Him unjust if he refuses them life, breath, daily food and tokens of His kind providence. Should he care, watch over and provide for those who do not put their trust in Him? Then that honor Me I will honor, saith the Lord, and they that despise Me, I will lightly esteem. It is a solemn thing to offend our heavenly-Father. By disobeying Him we make a false step, lose our footing on the rock of righteousness, and disappear over the precipice. Suppose there may be, perchance, numbers of inconsistent church members, that does not apply to your case; we each have to give an account of ourselves to God for the deeds done in the body. Numbers are no mark that men of right are found; a few were saved in Noah's ark, and many millions drowned. The more we see wrong the more eager we ought to be to follow the right. Join the church of Christ and try and strive to make others, still unconverted, better. Because we might find one town governing laws corruptly, is that any solid or logical reason why those more honest and honorable of another place should feel exempt from the duties of citizenship, wherever they may be consigned or called? It would rather be better to make even a feeble or broken-winged effort towards holiness, than to stand on one side and lightly criticize church members who are trying to live the Christian life. It would be like the soldier who has shirked the battle, criticizing the torn uniform and broken armor and bleeding limbs of his comrade, who comes exhausted out of the fight. There may be some inconsistent church members, but it is generally on investigation ascertained and understood that the majority of the best men and women in any community are in the various churches. You may say, I am afraid I will not hold out. Leave that with God; you certainly will not hold out if you begin by disobeying His simplest command, and walking in your own ways, instead of your Creator's, whom you are taught to remember in the days of thy youth. Your heavenly Father who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ; therefore rest all with God, and give Him your never-dying soul and heart, and all shall be well, both for this transitory life and for eternity. An old sea captain was riding in the cars, and a young man sat down by his

side. He said, Young man, where are you going? I am going to New York to live. Have you letters of introduction? Yes, replied the young man, and he pulled some of them out of his pocket. Well, continued the sea captain in inquiries, have you a church certificate? Oh, yes, but I did not suppose you desired to look at that. Yes, answered the old sea captain, I want to see that first. As soon as you reach New York present it to your Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been many years traveling to and fro around the world, and it is my rule as soon as I get into port to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost me a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream floating hither with the tide amid the storms and gales which might intervene and destroy all forever. In the two thieves who were crucified with God's only Son, we see the two-fold effect of Christ's cross on the world, one continued mocking, only hardened by what he beheld and perished close by the cross. The other was touched, became penitent and was saved. So it is today, there are two classes of people who look upon the cross: those who are moved to penitence and cry out in the prayer of faith for mercy; then there are others who are just as close, and see the same exhibitions of love, and hear the same divine utterance of grace, and yet are unconcerned and remain unaffected and go on in sin, growing more indifferent, more hardened, more hopeless in their impenitency. It is possible to perish in the very sight of the cross, to reject Christ while looking at Him on His cross. Mere privileges save none, it is only when the privileges are approved that they prove blessings to us. After all, everything depends on our faith in God, no matter how dark the night about us, how lonely and deserted we may feel, we should never lose faith in our heavenly Father. Back of the thickest clouds His face ever beams with love. Let this anchor hold always. Christ died in vain for us unless we believe for ourselves. If we believe then we are saved for time and through the boundless ages of everlasting happiness and eternal glory and dwell with our Lord Jesus Christ, who reigneth and sitteth at the right hand of God.

WENT HOME.

The memory of the just is blessed. Blessed are the pure in heart. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, in the hope and joy of our Lord.

Dutiful daughter, sweetest of sisters, peacemaker of the household, the brightest, purest gem that ever clustered 'round our home's loved ones, the beloved child of our Jesus, whom she loved and served. The pearly gates were open; Jesus' gentle voice said "Come," and with farewells unspoken our sweet sister May calmly went home. O mourners, such the Lord declares, such are the children of our God.

May Schieffelin Ingersoll.

Oh, what has become of our young neighbor,
In the great house across the way?
A stillness stands resting o'er the portals,
A shadow o'er the slate roof of gray.

It was said that some were bearing a casket,
That held their precious young sister so dear;
The golden sun, in a shroud of glory enwrapped in a fold,
Shed a glow like the living semblance of truth her virtuous now
 silent lips ever told.

They bore her gently over the river,
To her kindred home 'mid the silent tombs;
And her spirit with awe-struck splendor,
Was divested from all earthly gloom.

From the vistas of watching and praying,
Thou hast passed from the mansions of earth to be
An heir to the beautiful city of gold,
In the mansions over life's sea.

In token that thou shalt not fear Christ crucified to own,
We painted the cross upon thee here, and stamped thee as His alone;
In token that thou shalt not blush to glory in His name,
We blazoned here upon thy forehead His glory and His shame.

In token that thou too shalt tread the path He traveled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame, and sit thee down on high;
Thus outwardly and visibly we seal thee for our Jesus' own,
And now thy brow that wears His cross, hereafter shares His crown.

GOD'S JEWEL.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." Mal. 3:17.

Thou hast found a region more brightly to warble sweet music, but glad us no more. Of all that is near thou art the nearest, of all that is dear thou art the dearest. Memorabilia in coco quies in pace. Be thou an example of the believer in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. And the night of weeping shall be the morn of song, and at the blessed Jesus' feet, adoring fall. He hast lead thee, precious sweet sister, safe through all.

Do I love thee? Ask the flowers if they love refreshing showers. She was all the world to me. Loveliest of lovely things are they that soonest pass away, and lives its little hour like the rose and lily, and prized beyond the sculptured flowers.

It is New Year. A day generally welcomed in with sounds of chiming rejoicing and mirth. Such has been the case from time immemorial. The early morn dawned clear and cold; the frosty air painted the ears and faces of those who ventured out, and quickened their pace. The soft snow was over all, everything was edged with it, slowly it had been falling on the last day of the old year, and as each foot-step passed into the delicate snow falls it caused the particles to separate like an angel-wing through an opening cloud is seen and then withdrawn. The sun rose throwing its amber light over all. It appeared like drapery hung in honor of the baby year. Happy New Year, exchanged the passers on the streets. Everybody seemed happy; sleigh-bells sounded merrily and joy reigned supreme. Suddenly a door opened and trembling fingers fastened to the door or bell a shadow, and then retired. A bit of crape and white ribbon was left floating there; it fluttered and waved in the wind, and the snow flying about nestled in its folds. Yes, it was a little shadow outside, but it told of a great shadow within as near as crape could tell. It is one of woe's signals, but the depth of grief it cannot, does not express. One sweet life had gone to Jesus, one of God's followers who had walked so closely to Him that heaven's gate shutting left her within its bulwark walls. Feet that had ceaselessly discharged tender errands of kindness and love; hands, the work

for Jesus those loving hands of integrity and sterling uprightness had done, and yet they were willing hands ever—never weary in well doing, and gone to a glorious reward in Heaven where the angels ever sing Allelula, they were folded now. Their labor is over. God needeth those little hands in His kingdom of love. That noble, generous young heart, so full of sympathy for others, always rejoicing with those that rejoiced and weeping with those who wept. Abounding with charity for all, so permeated with the spirit and love of Christ, and whose loveliness seemed almost supernatural in the soft moonlight in her sweet humility, loving trust and filial affection as becoming a child. Yes, the heart is still, but the young life is breathed in another world. Those once ruby lips, gentle, virtuous, resolute, have uttered their young council and offered their suggestions for the last time. Hearts that mourn may be breaking over them now, but the thin lips, silent in death, smile on. Gracious and winning without knowing or intending it, simply because her meek, dutiful, mansuetude nature, so peaceful, could not listen otherwise. And those lovely, soft, beautiful brown eyes, that look as if they had looked sorrow in the face. A nature that breathes of answered prayer. A voice so sweet, mild and sympathetic that one looks into the face of the amiable speaker to observe whether the voice appeals for or confers compassion. Her young life was over. Death touched her very gently, and she lay as if asleep with a sacred stillness of perfect peace and rest. She reposed within a white satin-lined casket, encased under white fragrant flowers. She was too much like heaven, a pure gold sister, and so God took her to Himself. She hath done what she could, and hath chosen the good part which shall never be taken away from her. Death loves a shining mark. A blessed darling sister. While our sweet sister May with us stayed, could we have loved her more? If the spirits of the just made perfect is permitted the consciousness of earthly things, we may rest assured that her faithful and true soul is now watching over that bereaved sister, who counts the long hours in their shattered separation, there to await the resurrection morn. She was a whole Christian, crowned with love and honor and esteem in this transitory life, and with glory and immortality in the life beyond. She was rich in faith towards God, the fond sweet child here for a season, the all-abiding, cherished child of a King in glory. Mourner, be faithful to the end, and our dear Lord will grant thee a blessed reunion in the land of joy and song. She is transplanted to bloom in angelic perfection in the

heavenly garden above to bask forever in the sunshine of God's love. "I love my heavenly Father's house, no more a wandering sheep, no more a wayward child. I love, I love my home."

Around her throng the loved ones, who before her passed to light. Whose graves made earth the loneliest and dimmed its glory bright: Oh, the rapture of the greeting where death can never part. Oh, the sweetness of reunion of loving hand to hand and heart to heart.

Our Father taketh her home where the bright angels stay, and the bereaved ones, surviving, must wait in patience. He may perhaps have something for them to do to the advancement of His kingdom, and then the angels will come for them. The fair, pure sister spirit in heaven where the angels stay, will not let Him forget when their work on earth is all done, to let them come where she is. She was a lovely jewel, a precious gem of priceless value. Gentle as a summer breeze, pleasant as the air of heaven, as it floats among the trees. Yet again we hope to meet thee, when the day of life is dead: then in heaven with joy to greet thee, where no farewell tear is shed. Blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it. Of the surviving deeply bereaved unseparable sister, what shall we say of her? The attached fond sister marked with a gold band devotion of unseparable, purest love. In death they were not divided: they almost breathed through each other's breath. Their hearts were buried in her sister's tomb,—her lovely, beautiful sister gone before. Did she realize it? Was there a great shadow fallen over her life? Does it hurt a vine to ruthlessly tear asunder its support, its all earthly gladness and joy? Let her alone: a grief like hers is too sacred, too desolate, too achingly weary to describe. Jesus knows what it is—"Jesus wept." All our sorrows and our tears mingle with His. In after years does the shadow in the bereaved sister's bowed low, crushed heart and over life disappear? No, it ever remained. The ache in the broken seat of the affections never went out. In sweet communion the loving attached sisters still breathe in each other's love as one. No distance of immeasurable space, no time, as years, months and days are calendared in our chronology can part them. Not always, but for a season, when our Father taketh His children to His glorious home above. Her now angel sister, whose child-like and Christ-like disposition, no selfishness possessed in sisterhood, meekly and sweet loveliness and beauty, princely and holy, her devoted sister can never forget. The righteous

shall be in everlasting remembrance. Those that know her only superficially might, mayhaps, call her proud, some willful, but they forget the ache in the sister's heart, that they do not allude and do not perhaps remember how the asundered little vine was left trailing on the ground, sisterless; willful she may be, but she daily prays for strength to say, "Thy will be done." In our bereavement when we give back to earth the fondly cherished form of the one so deeply and indelibly loved and served and prized and honored, the shadow of the bitter sorrow hides the bright sunlight of life; our aching hearts mourning the sore loneliness and forecasting the gloom of separation. With her the cloudless sunlight of God's presence, the "well-done" welcome of Him whom she had loved and served, the glad greetings of the loved ones gone before and the perfect assurance that for the fond surviving sister left on earth all things would work together for good to them that love the Lord. To her angel-sister the flowers of peace and joy in the presence of her Lord. With her the severe storm of separation. Sorrow is the shadow of the divine wing of love, eternal goodness underlies all. There is a hope anchored in the sister's heart that sometimes sends the sunshine across the sepulcher mausoleum monument hidden there. It was Jesus' love. There is a purpose in the sister's life that trims the broken shaft with pure white amaranths. God put it there, and words of some time ago came wafting on the air, and a sweet voice, now hushed on earth, sweetly, tenderly, sister-like it whispers, "We will not always be separated; there is room for my loved sister with me in the paradise of God's love, under the shadow of His wing."

RED RIDING HOOD, OR WON'T YOU BUY MY ROSES?

Where will you find a prettier bouquet of buds than that?

Roses, beautiful roses, O wont you buy my roses?
White flowers of all my treasure rare,
A lovely moss-rose of purest white,
Oft kissed by shining rays of light
And summer rain. O dear one true
Forever more while life remains
Wear the sweetest emblem of the train.

Please let this sweet rose be
A token of filial patronage to me:
I am rosy-cheek, Red Riding Hood.
Wont you buy my roses?

Roses, beautiful roses, O wont you buy my roses?
A creamy pink rose-bud so fair,
That I have watched with tender care:
Its beauty perfect, for I know
Its loveliness would rarer grow.
Beneath the gleamings of thy soft lovely brown eyes,
Far brighter than the blue of sapphire skies.
A sacred treasure it shall be.
A token of filial patronage to me:
I am rosy-cheek, Red Riding Hood.
Wont you buy my roses?

HARRIET LOUISE, OR THE ANGEL WHISPER.

Mamma.

Baby, my baby, where have you been?

Baby.

I have been to the spirit-land and am back again.

Mamma.

Baby, my baby, what did you see?

Baby.

Pretty winged angels, they whispered to me.

Mamma.

Baby, my baby, what did they say?

Baby.

We love you, we love you, come with us and stay.

Mamma.

Baby, my baby, I can't let you go. They want you in heaven, we want you below.

THIS INNUMERABLE THROUNG.

Rev. 5:11:12:13:14.

What are these in bright array, this innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day hymning one triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain, blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain new dominion every hour.

These through many fiery trials trod, these from great tribulations
came,

Now before the throne of God, sealed with His eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white, victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might, more than conquerors they
stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown; on immortal fruits they feed,
Them the Lamb amidst the throne, shall to living fountains lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs, perfect love dispels all fears,
And forever from their eyes God shall wipe away the tears.

Hark, their songs melodious rise, songs of praise to Jesus' love,
Happy spirits they are fled, where no grief can entrance find;
Every tear is wiped away, sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day, sorrow in eternal rest.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

My Father's house is bright and fair, nor pain nor death can
enter there,

Its glittering towers the sun outshine; a heavenly mansion shall be
mine.

My Father's house is built on high, far, far above the starry sky,
When from this earthly prison free, a heavenly mansion waits for me.

My Father's house awaits weary souls, by sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, where storms arise and
ocean rolls;

It is heaven for souls distressed, a balm for every wounded breast,
When all is dark and drear, but heaven.

My Father's house: faith lifts her cheerful eye to brighter prospects given.

And views the tempest passing by, and evening shadows quickly fly:
There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, and joys divine disperse the gloom.

Beyond the confines of the tomb, appears my Father's house in heaven.

THE HARVEST.

Jesus is the sower of good seed. It is by sowing the word of God that the Son of Man sows sons of the kingdom, because Jesus has sown them. The world is His field: he has purchased it with His blood, and it belongs to Christ. The sons of the evil one are sown in it, but they don't belong in it, and when the harvest comes they will be gathered out and sent to their own place prepared for them. Those who would be sons unto salvation must discover and improve their opportunities before it is too late, by especially conversing with Jesus, or converse with Him alone in meditation and prayer. Jesus Christ is Lord of the field, and the Lord of the harvest. When he ascended on high He gave gifts to the world. All that is good comes from Him in whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning. Ministers are instruments in God's hands to sow good seed unto eternal life. They are employed by Him, and under Him, and the success of their labors depends entirely upon His blessing. Jesus is the Son of Man, the Mediator in whom is invested all authority. The whole world or field is indeed Christ's field, for all things are delivered unto Him of the Father. This parable brings out very clearly the personality of Satan, the certainty of his existence, the malignity of his character, and the activity of his movements. Christ sows sons of the kingdom by sowing good seed, the word of God. Satan sows sons of the Evil One by sowing bad seed. Satan and his sons do their work while men sleep, he and his legions always act under cover of darkness, their choice, and while men are off guard; and he brings in the subtleness of disguised inndelity with his higher criticism and his masked pantheism, entirely in opposition to our blessed Saviour's divine laws of Christianity. The two classes—the children of God and the children of Satan—are not always distinguishable at the outset, but they will be distinguishable and separated, the former for heaven, the latter for perdition. History furnishes count-

less instances of Satan sowing tares among Christ's wheat, and both history and the word of God warns us against deciding that all that appears among the wheat must itself be wheat. While the tares are not perhaps distinguishable from the wheat until they begin to grow, they were tares from the beginning. The Master says, let them grow together until the harvest. The harvest is the end of the world. This world will have an end and time will be swallowed up in eternity. At the end of the world there will be a great harvest day, a day of judgment. At harvest all is ripe and ready to be cut down, it will be the harvest of the earth. At harvest the reapers cut down all before them, not a field, not a corner is left behind, so at the great day all must be judged. At harvest every man reaps as he sowed. Every man's ground, seed and skill will be manifested, and his industries of labor. The reapers are the angels. They shall be employed in that great day in executing Christ's righteous sentences, both of approbation and condemnation, as ministers of His justice. Then the tares will be gathered out, no tares shall be among the wheat. There is a great gulf fixed between the godly and the ungodly whereon no man can pass from thence; it separates the Godly-fearing from the evil-doer sons of Satan. The tares are gathered into bundles and cast into a furnace of fire, where they will now too late bewail the evil works of iniquity they did to the wheat on earth, growing so nicely until the tares tore it asunder. The wheat is gathered into the heavenly granary, it is the best production of the field, the most precious grain. God saith, "Gather My saints together to Me." No more exposed to the evil-doer, nor wind, nor storms, nor sin, nor sorrow, all is tranquility and peace, so peaceful and heavenly. Heaven is the garner for the wheat safely secured there, in love and faith and trust. It is not what men hear, but how they hear, that saves them. An eye for righteousness is better than an eye for beauty, and a memory of noble deeds is better than a memory for dates. The perfect Christian is the one who is breasting tempests and bearing burdens, and fighting battles for God, and his life bears the fruit of the Spirit, resting in Jesus and reveling forward in Jesus all in all forevermore throughout eternity.

MILDRED.

Beneath May apple boughs I stand,
With Mildred upon my breast;
Her tiny pink-blush hands within my hand,
Like fairy birds can make their nest.

I reached her down a blossomed spray,
Against her little heart she held it tight;
The dainty petals dropped away,
Beneath her kisses of delight.

While thus I hold the blossoms down,
And little Mildred is fondling them;
I kiss her darling baby gown,
Sweet speckled gown with grass-stained hem.

O little blue worn baby shoes,
O little stockings round and wet;
So dear, so very pretty too,
So darling, I like to look at you.

O sweet, pale yellow, silken hair,
O little neck so soft and white;
O little hands so pink and fair,
O apple-blossoms, my delight.

The fairy posies on the tree
Will turn to fruit ere close of spring;
And by and by my Mildred will be
No more a little baby thing.

The pale and rosy petals fly,
Good-bye, sweet May-bloom, almost done;
Ah, kiss my little Mildred good-bye,
Good-bye, sweet Mildred, little one.

LITTLE EMILY.

Emily Milbank Ingersoll.

There was a sweet but tender blossom,
That grew beneath the shade,
And budded 'mid the vernal bower,
Of some sequestered glade.

The Gardner fears the autumn storm,
And bears the tender plant away,
To skies which are forever warm,
To bloom in endless day.

There was a lamb as white as snow,
That gamboled o'er the hills,
Reposed upon their sunny brow,
And drank from crystal rills.

The Shepherd dreads the wintry blast,
And carries in His arms,
The lamb where springs forever last,
To screen it from all harm.

Thou wast, sweet child, that lovely bud,
Too tender and beautiful for earth;
Here bathed by the celestial shower,
A germ of heavenly birth.

Thou wast the lamb of Jesus' love,
That love which never dies;
Which trained thee for the fold above,
And bore thee to the skies.

Then should we weep since thou art at rest,
Or grieve since thou art secure;
Or should we mourn since thou art blest,
And thy salvation sure?

We weep, dear Saviour, wipe these tears,
For Thou hast wept at Lazarus' tomb;
Made like Thee, like Thee we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

When at last earth's glory star forsaking,
Homeward we shall close our eyes,
With a sleep that knows no worldly waking,
We shall rest and weep no more.

THAT OTHER WEDDING.

Suppose you were unexpectedly invited to a wedding, and were enjoying the great pleasure of your long and delightful anticipation of your white dress, so kindly prepared for you, of the honor, asked to such a wedding, of the day, and the sight of the gold and the jewels, and the marriage feast. Then again, suppose, just as you were dressing to go, some one would say, "No, you cannot go now, you must wait," and then days, and weary weeks would pass and still you must wait. I dreamed I was bidden to a marriage feast, gladly I heard the summons—wonderful! I exclaimed, can it be, I, a mere child, insignificant, unworthy, am asked to be a guest in such a mansion? yet it was so. The first conception that impressed my mind with anxiety was my dress. It was already prepared—the robe of my Saviour—righteousness. How calmly, how happily the days passed on. The feeling of reality that I was permitted by faith to view the golden streets, the pearly gates, the splendid jewels laid up for that day. The very sound of the harp and voices seemed in my ears. I bade a joyful good-bye to all, and a heavenly sweet voice, hovering near, gently said, "No, you cannot go now, you must wait," and I awoke and found that I had to wait, for I have waited, and still wait, days, weeks, months and years. If it were not for the love which I know will never forget me, and my prepared white dress, how could I be patient?

Dear Reader, have you a dress ready for that other wedding? without which, when the Bridegroom calls, you cannot enter in—into Heaven, the place above transitory things; where we are never sorry; where enduring rest reigneth eternally; where sorrows ever cease, and crowns of joy be given; where we will live in everlasting youthfulness and bloom; when the pearly gates of truth, righteousness and felicity, shall be opened to redeemed humanity, and we shall walk the gold paved streets, unharmed, sanctified and saved.

IN THE HARBOR.

The ships, the staunch ships with their masts,

And white sails gleaming like ocean-spray;

In strength and grandeur, through sunshine and blast,

In the harbor are coming, coming today.

The old ships, battle-ships, honored with scars,

Veterans dim, and true warriors gray;

With golden years crowned, bearing trophies of war,
In the harbor are coming, coming today.

Alone each wrestled with waves of the deep,
Together they end the long dreary way;
And while many a wreck in the dark waters sleep,
In the harbor are coming, coming today.

Oh, loving hearts watching and fond hearts that wait,
Weary your night has been, but the first ray
Of the bright morning whispers in accents of late,
In the harbor are coming, coming today.

And, methinks, there is a song in the heaven on high,
A greeting of loved ones, a triumphal lay;
For thousands from time's troubled ocean are nigh,
In the harbor are coming, coming today.

Coming, oh life, with its sorrows all past,
Life with its weight of bliss theirs for aye;
Safe from the storms of earth, conquers at last,
In the harbor of glory, are coming today.

This ship with taunt and straining sail,
Goes laboring through a leaden sea;
Bleak winds about it countervail,
And blackening skies bend sullenly.

The other ship gayly hugs the shore,
Across where noon its glory sheds;
While bright as Euxine waters bore,
A golden fleece of canvas spreads.

And yet upon one tide the two
Are hurrying to the deeps of night;
Who knows when later lost to view,
Which ship may bask in fullest light?

And in the "harbor of God's saint,"
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

Thou art a port protected,
From storms that round us rise;
A harbor intersected
With streams of Paradise.

No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

Tossed in our reeling bark
On life's tumultuous sea;
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And lift our hearts to Thee.

Jesus is nigh, who trod
Of old that foaming spray;
Whose billows own'd the incarnate God,
And died in calm away.

Look up, ye saints of God, nor fear to tread below,
The path your Saviour trod of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while in uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile shall welcome you above.

SEE THAT JESUS GETS IT ALL.

As the pure white moss rose-bud is plucked
From its slender stem away,
Little Emmie pale and dying,
On her couch at evening lay.

Jesus had washed her in the fountain
Of His all-atoning blood;
He had sealed her by His spirit,
He had brought her near to God.

Wasted by a burning fever,
Worn by restless nights of pain;
Patient through her keenest sufferings,
Never once did she complain.

She was walking in the valley,
Almost at the river now;
She could hear its waters rolling,
She could feel them on her brow.

Sister, quick, she whispered faintly,
In my little safe you'll see,
All the cents I've saved for Jesus,
Bring it, if you please, to me.

Listen! For I want to tell you,
Ere the shadows o'er me fall;
Sister, give it to our Sabbath mission,
See that Jesus gets it all.

What a lesson, the faith of a little child,
Do those simple, innocent words unfold;
May their precious truth be carried,
To the hearts of young and old.

Christian worker, art thou prospered,
Does the Lord increase thy store?
Art thou grateful for His blessings,
Dost thou share a tenth with His poor?

O'er the tomb of little Emmie,
While the tears of memory fall;
Still we hear the distant music,
See that Jesus gets it all.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

It may be too late to recall the past. It may be too late to set aright harm and intentional injury or wrong once done, to avert consequences, to stop the working of mischief that we may have placed in motion, but it is not too late, it is never too late, to come back to God. Darkness, envy, hatred and every thing impure and unholy must be put far away, and we must abstain from sin, and we should earnestly pray to the great Light of the world to fill us with His glorious light. It is not sufficient to put away darkness, we also have to put on light. The natural heart prefers and ever

L. C. C.

seeks the works of darkness, but not so with the Christian, whose heart is cleansed through his Saviour's redemption from sin, and filled with all goodness. He who said, "I am the Light of the world" can alone put within us the desire to be clothed with the armor of light. When we compare the calm and the peace, which the smallest and most imperceptible grain of faith gives the soul, with all that the world alone can bestow of joy or happiness, we feel that the least in the kingdom of heaven is a hundred times more blessed than the greatest and most elevated of the men of the world. To live obedient to divine laws is to possess the love of God, surpassing that of man. We know nothing if we do not comprehend that earth can produce no lasting portion or settled bliss. We know all things when we place our hopes on Christ's redeeming grace, who died that we might live. The course of evil begins so slowly and from such slight source an infant's hand might stop the breach with clay; but, let the stream get deeper and philosophy and even religion too, shall strive in vain if the heart remains insensible of its eternal need of a foundation on Christ, to turn the head-long current.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
Their chamber in the silent halls of death—
Then go, not like the quarry slave,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed,
By an unfaltering trust in Him who came
To guide thee to immortal joys above."

To find the beautiful we must carry it with us, as with the forest leaf, as with the Christian, the glory of its coming is eclipsed by the glory of its departure. Christianity scattered by the wayside is the sublime march to immortality. It is the teachable state of the mind and heart that easily receives what God says in His word: it does not assume to know beforehand what He ought to say: it hears God, and then believes what He says. God has lent us the earth for our life, it is a great entail, it belongs as much to them who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as it does to us. Virtue is not more exempted than vice from the ills of fate, but it always contains within itself an energy to resist them, sometimes an antidote to mitigate and soothe. We must expect life's harmony to have its discords, yet its music pathos is tempered into enjoyment

by the pervading spirit of beauty, so are all life's sounds tempered by love. How brightly do little joys beam upon a soul which stands on a ground darkened by the clouds of sorrow. So do stars come forth from the empty sky, when we look up to them from a deep well. Heartless sayings are as easily lost as the ocean's pearl slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, it is a tiny seed which when even dropped by chance springs up into a blossom. Kind words are bright flowers of earthly existence; evasions are the common shelter of hard-hearted when called upon to assist, while the tender, even alone, plan instantaneous help when perhaps their looks or words presage difficulties. The dark and crooked path in which we may have to grope our way in doubt and fear may be bent, the curve which in the daylight of a brighter world will appear to be the necessary finish of some rare jewel of exquisite brilliancy, the inevitable span of our majestic arch. The more perfect the soul the more joyous the joys of heaven and the more glorious to us that glory. Life will bring cares, and doubtless many of them may be heavy and bitter; still, if we trust God in the sunshine, we should also with patience trust Him the same in the shadow. He will never forsake us, in prosperity or adversity; the same all-wise ruler, yesterday, today and forever. The main object of the Gospel given to us from God is to establish two principles—the corruption of nature, and redemption by Jesus Christ. The mountains of righteousness should be to us a shelter in our sorrow, not a barrier. We need feel no anxiety how low the valley was, but rather how far towards heaven the peaks rose. It is true that frost and shower may work for ages on a granite ledge and their work seem almost in vain, but may not the earthquake rend and crush it if God command, in a few instants; and thus if we continue on in perhaps a long life of sin, God can in displeasure in a moment demand our never dying soul, and if we do not prepare for a holier existence in the future, a life yet to come of unceasing, endless ages, how would we be worthy occupants of those heavenly mansions of purity? Have we given our all, soul, body and talents to God through the blood of Christ which cleanseth us from all sin? Have we devoted our spare moments, which are the gold-dust of time, to His service? What have we done for the cause of our Master? Have we, upon solid or careful examination or investigation, done one thing? Have we been charitable to God's poor? Have we spoken a kind word to their desponding hearts, and helped them on their way? Have we bestowed a kind smile upon them to brighten their clouded pathway? Who can tell the value

of a smile that costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest and most obscure paths with gems of sunlight. A smile in kindness renders the true features of the face beautiful, as true proportion the beauty of architecture; and true measures, that of harmony and music. Only a loving heart can effectually present a loving gospel, as with loving words they soothe and comfort the hearer. Of all the portions of our life, the leisure moments are the most fruitful for good or evil; they are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul. If you cannot be what you might have been, yet you can still be something that Christ will love, accept and value, a humble, penitent heart. If you cannot serve God as you might have done, though you may have done wrong that you can never undo, yet you can still give Him what He values more than all, a will surrendered to His will. If it is too late for any thing else, it is never too late to join the service of Christ, to become His disciple. It is never too late to come back to God, even if late, it is better late than never.

THE RETIRED BANKER; OR, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

A London banker had successfully prosecuted his business and amassed what all bankers desire, an ample fortune. His estate indeed was a princely one. He had purchased a large and beautiful estate in the country. There is something in the pleasures of the country that reaches much beyond the gratification of the eye, a something that invigorates the mind, that erects its hopes, that allays its perturbations, that mellows its affections, and it will generally be ascertained that our happiest schemes and wisest resolutions are formed under the mild influence of a country scene and the soft obscurities of rural retirement and rustication, such as we may find among the rural hamlets of Rome and Paris. The banker had also built and furnished a splendid mansion in town, on the Surrey side of the river, and now that he was verging towards sixty, he concluded to retire and enjoy the remnant of his life in peaceful leisure. He negotiated for the transfer of his abundance-making business, disposing it for another fortune. He then retired. He had his halls, his parlors, dining rooms and drawing rooms, his library and cabinets of curiosities. The floors were covered with

the most mosaic specimens of Brussels, velvet or Turkey carpetings. The furniture was of the most complete and exquisite selections; the walls with splendid mirrors, and with classic paintings were adorned, and fine linen decorated all. Carriages, horses, grooms and servants were at his command. Books, pictures, statuary and engravings were at hand to interest him. The daily and weekly papers and other periodicals brought to his table all the news of the great world, and his friends and acquaintances paid him homage. How happy must the man be who has all this. However, he was not happy, he had no aim, no motive. The zest with which he read the papers when he was a banker he had lost; now he had ceased to be engaged in transactions of deposits and security concerns, in interests and judgments. A storm, a fleet, a pestilence along the Mediterranean shores were matters of importance before because he had investments there. Now they were of no consequence to him. The views and aims of government were watched by him before with searching scrutiny, because his destiny was bound up with theirs. The parliamentary debates were of the greatest inference before, as indicating British policy; but that to him ceased to be an object of importance. His fortune was achieved, his course was run, his destiny fulfilled. Soon everything and place appeared to him a uniform and universal blank. His beautiful apartments were unused, his carriages and horses unemployed, his books unread, his papers unopened, his meals unrelished, and his clothes unworn. He had lost all enjoyment of his life, and contemplated ending his own existence that his heavenly Father had created, and was tenderly caring for, and bestowing wealth and luxury in profusion. Saturday night arrived, and he resolved on Sabbath morning early, before the busy populace were stirring, he would make his way unobserved as possible, and jump or tumble off into the river from the Waterloo bridge. At three o'clock on the following morning, he set out on his final expedition, and had slowly reached the bridge, the shadows of the night protecting him from observation, when a figure stood before him. Amazed at being seen by any one, he turned quickly out of his path, when the form crouching low before him revealed a tattered, miserable man, bearing his head in abjectness. What are you doing here, inquired the banker in a husky tone, imperiously. I have a wife and family whom I can't help from starving and I am afraid to go and see them. Last night I knew they would be turned into the streets, replied the man. Take that, replied the banker, giving him his purse, with gold and silver in it, reflecting inwardly to himself—how much more useful this will be to him than in my pocket in the water. God

bless you, sir, God bless you, sir, exclaimed the man several times, kneeling before the astonished banker. Stop, said the banker, do not overwhelm me so with your thanksgiving, but tell me where you live. In Lambeth, sir. Then why are you here this morning, said the banker? I do not like to tell you, said the man. I am ashamed to tell a gentleman like you. Why so, replied the banker? Well, sir, replied the man, as I had not a single penny, and did not know how to get one, I came here to drown myself, although I knew 'twas wicked. The banker was completely confounded and appalled, and after a long silence said, my man, I am overwhelmed with wealth, and yet I am miserable and unhappy, that I came here this morning for the same purpose as yourself. There's something more in this than I can understand at present. Let me go with you and see your family. The man made every excuse to hinder the banker, but he would go. Have you lost your character, said the banker? No, sir, replied the man, but I am so suffering poor and wretched, and for anything I know my wife and children may be turned into the streets. Why are you out of work and pay, resumed the banker. I used to groom the horses of the stage coaches, said the man, but since railroads are becoming so universally general, stages and coaches are not in the demand they formerly were, and work is put down, and many a man like me has no employment. The banker and the outcast plodded on their way, two miles of brick and mortar piled on either side. At last they came to a third rate house, where a rough, coarse-looking woman was opening the door and shutters. As soon as she saw the man she let loose her tongue upon him, for all her hard lot in the world, instead of presenting at the outset her case to God, an all wise Providence, in prayer, and who turns none empty away that seek His overflowing favor bestowed upon them; but something which passed from his hand to hers, accompanied by a few thankful words, referring how good He was the Giver, hushed her in an instant, and observing the banker, she courtesied to him civilly. The man ran up stairs, leaving the banker and woman together, which afforded the former to make further inquiries about their condition of destitution. Having satisfied himself that absolute want was the crime of the family, he told the woman who he was, promised to see her paid, and induced her to set on and prepare a breakfast for the family, and supply them with everything necessary, which they needed. The man returned and the banker went up stairs, where the man during the brief interval had been arranging things as tidily as could be done with worthless chattels, to see for the first time a wretched family in rags, dirt and

squalor. He compassionately comforted them with hope of better days, and on the morrow took the man with him and helped with his own hands to load a wagon with bed, bedding, clothes, furniture and nourishing food for the family. The man was gone, and the banker for the first moment meditated on all that had passed. He was relieved of his misery by doing something for another, and out of mere selfishness he resolved on becoming a philanthropist to others in order to prevent the necessity for drowning himself. A beneficent person is like a fountain watering the earth, and spreading fertility; it is therefore more delightful and more honorable to give than receive. Some men are so covetous as if they were to live forever, and others so profuse as if they were to die the next moment. The banker employed the man in his stable, removed the family near, and placed them in a cheery and comfortable cottage—sending the children to school. Soon he sought out misery to relieve, and was led to consider the cause of all misery—sin. He turned to God and found Him, and sought to turn his fellow sinners. He aided every worthy cause and work, and was the humble teller of his own humble story. He had been a man seeking goodly pearls, and having found the pearl of great price, he went and sold all that he had and bought it, and the retired earthly banker became an active heavenly worker. That Sabbath morning's described incident had brought happiness to him, that served to fill his heart with the unsurpassing joys that delight only in pleasing their Lord.

GOLD KEYS.

A bunch of gold keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine;
“Good morning”—that’s the golden key
Which unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, “good-night,” I say,
And close the door of each glad day;
When at the table, “if you please,”
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me,
I’ll use the little “Thank you” key;
“Excuse me,” “beg your pardon,” too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkindly harm I've given,
With the "forgive me" key I'll be forgiven;
On a golden ring these keys I'll bind,
This is its motto, "be ye kind."

**OUR BURIED TREASURE; OR, WHY DID THE
ANGELS TAKE MOTHER AWAY.**

We'll meet our Mother there.

Oh, call my Mother back to me,
It seems so sad to stay alone;
The summer's coming with birds and flowers,
Can not my mother come?

She faded in her beauty,
As withered the white lily;
When its delicate petals droop,
Disappear and vanish from view.

She passed with a smile from among us,
And left us to mourn;
For the treasure we could not
With calmness resign.

The light of our home
Has grown dim since the hour,
It lost the precious presence
Of our fair angel mother.

Her spirit returned to its Maker,
It is resting securely with God;
And the lifeless cold body is all remains to us now,
Of our fair angel mother above.

Oh, would they could wait us,
Our treasure above,
Some tender remembrance,
And token of love.

A mystical sign that
Our fond mother does not forget;
A blessed, confirmed assurance,
She loves her children yet.

Or, is it designed,
That we hear not, or see,
One trace of our beloved mother
Till death set us free?

Do we pass through this earthly vale,
With its shadows and bright,
That the untold glory of heaven
May burst on our sight?

JESUS BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

Though we are but young and few, little clusters help to fill the
granaries too.

'Twas a lovely sight on which to gaze,
As the bright sun shed its brilliant rays,
On the verdant plains of the Holy Land,
O'er the Saviour and His chosen band.

And as He sat His truth expounding,
The mothers of Israel gathered 'round Him,
And raised their children in their arms,
To behold His bright and radiant charms.

The Saviour gazed with a kindly look,
On the lovely group, then a child he took,
And laid His hand on the curly head,
And blessed the young, the pure, the fair.

How the mother's heart must have beat with joy,
When the Saviour blessed her prattling boy;
It made her heart replete with love
When He blessed her little girl, her dove.

A lesson here we well might learn
Of the mother's anxious great concern
For her children so dear, and oft she prays,
That God may guide them in His ways.

Now children, grieve not your mother dear,
But every wicked, naughty action fear,
Because your deeds, like arrows enter,
And wound her heart, e'en to its centre.

Remember, too, that from above
Jesus looks down and smiles on those who love
Their mother, and He will bestow His grace,
On all who early seek His face.

SCHOOL DAYS.

Vice Versa.
The Turn Tables.

My dear little boy, said Horace Crangle to Rock Paxton, you have been very kind and useful to me ever since I arrived at this place, and I wish very much that—. Here the speaker, a youthful three years older than the child-scholar he addressed, who was a clever little juvenile in his tenth year, suddenly made a full stop, and his dark, but intelligent countenance was suffused by a deep blush, on observing which, Horace said, What do you wish? I am sure I will do anything to oblige you, for you have been very generous to me, and that is more than I can say of any other of our great boys. I wish much that you would be my little attendant all the time we are in school together, for I love you better than any other little boy. Rock answered in a rather displeased tone, I would not be your attendant, (supposing it probably was intended for some inferior service), nor that of any grown up man, for all the world. I beg your pardon. I did not mean anything that is not nice, that is not my wish, but I was told when I came here that I should have a little boy who would help me, and to whom I must in return be very kind. I suppose they said you would have a little assistant and friend. Yes, that was it; that was what I wanted. Well, I have no objections to be your assistant. Yes, I will be your little friend, too, with all my heart. Horace stroked up the light ringlets that fell about the fair face of Rock, as he said, All I mean is that I am a stranger, and find myself very ignorant compared to those around me in the academy, who are much younger than myself, and I want some one to help me, as you have already done, for which I would be grateful. Little Rock was an orphan, placed at school by a relation, who unwilling the expense of so genteel an establishment as the one his pride, not his affection, had selected, had in the providing been most sparingly, and subjected the poor child to many mortifications; his clothes were generally much shabbier than those of any other boy; he had no home, at the

holidays whither he could invite any of his school-fellows, and what was worse than all, he never had any pocket money, and though he had learned manfully to resist the temptations of cakes and oranges, he had by no means acquired the power of enduring the sneers which the vulgar and unfeeling indulged in on witnessing his poverty. At these moments his indignation rose whilst his little heart bled with sorrow, and he sought to hide his emotions in solitude. He had hitherto mingled so little with his companions that he had not made that connection with any which was generally resorted to by which the youngest claimed a protector, and the elder obtained an assistant, a friend. This circumstance had been favorable to little Rock's improvement, for he had often spent that time in reading which the others gave to play, and in consequence he was much in favor with the more judicious part of the teachers; but their kindness did not, of course, advance him in the graces of his school-fellows, who looked upon him as a person below their grade in society, and compelled to learn in order to supply his wants. Pride of circumstances is peculiar to narrow minds, and therefore all children are given to it, because they are all ignorant until properly informed by those who have the care of their education, and it too frequently happens that this information is neglected for points in fact of much less moment. Young Crangle was not aware of this; and although the son of a very wealthy man, since his father had no title, nor was spoken of as related to rank, the little community did not recognize him at first as entitled to consideration; and in the kind-hearted, though retiring little Rock, he perceived the first person who recognized his claims to kindness as a stranger. When he became sensible to his own deficiencies and Rock's willingness to save him from shame or blame, his affections increased tenfold, and it is certain that although he made a great blunder in his offer, yet it was in the mode only, for from the time of their bargain, his purse and his power were alike at Rock's service, and when his ample stores were known, all the rest were quite willing to share his friendship and presents. Rock soon found that his generous friend had excellent abilities, but great idleness, and he set himself, by every means in his power, to excite the former and conquer the latter. For this purpose, whenever Horace wanted him to write an exercise or do anything else for him, he used to show him how to do it, but positively refused to prepare it, and so far from accepting gifts for his service, he uniformly refused taking from him even an apple until the task was finished, when he would say, we can eat them together in pleasure. Horace would sometimes be

so vexed with his firmness as to be ready to abandon the contract he had made, but the remembrance of the little boy's real utility and affection prevented him. In time he began to feel the pleasure resulting from having conquered his difficulties, subdued his indolence and acquired the knowledge necessary for his station in life, and whilst he found himself the equal of Rock, he yet never forgot that it was to his influence he owed the advantage he had gained. Horace remained at school till he was nearly twenty-one, as his father wished to give him every advantage, but Rock was removed when he was in his fifteenth year, as his uncle desired to make him early useful, and being a tall, manly-looking boy, as well as an industrious and clever one, he soon became of importance in the counting house of his wealthy relative, who was a flourishing merchant. The two boys were thus effectually divided in person, but their hearts long clung to each other, and very hard did poor Rock consider it, when his uncle, who was a severe, cold-hearted man, forbade all correspondence with his old school-friend, as a foolish and expensive waste of time and money. Years passed on: the uncle died, and after denying his nephew during his life almost every indulgence, left him, at twenty-seven, a large fortune and extensive business, of which he was the uncontrolled possessor. Perhaps the sudden acquisition of so much property and liberty might have been injurious to a young man, and hitherto so closely confined in circumstances, if he had not at an early age, at a very early period, found a better channel for disposing of his wealth and occupying his leisure than in the dissipation and pleasures of the metropolis. One morning as he sat at breakfast his servant announced a stranger, and after earnestly surveying him, Paxton, throwing down the newspaper in his hand, rushed impetuously towards him, exclaiming, Surely, I have the pleasure of seeing my dear old friend Crangle? Yes: Rock, you see him it is true, unchanged in heart, but, alas, very different in circumstances. You are now a man, conversant in the affairs of life, you are well aware of the great and sudden losses often experienced by stock exchanges. My father, and, of course, myself, have been, by the failure of one, amongst the greatest sufferers. I am sincerely grieved to hear it, said Rock: but come, sit down, my dear friend, we can talk over these matters at our leisure. No, Rock, I will not sit down till I have told you all. My poor father is at this time settling all our affairs, and will follow me with the wreck of our property; this, I fear, will barely prove a sufficient support for us three, I include my sister, and therefore, I now come to ask you to change with me, as men, the relative situation we held

together as boys, take me to be an attendant, or clerk, or assitant, or whatever you chose to call it, in your counting house. I will take you to be all three, dear Horace, for one year, and then most gladly make you my partner, if you shall have found the duties demanded from you agreeable. In the meantime do not grudge me the pleasure of feeling I am your friend, my old friend of our school days. Generous, noble-hearted Rock, cried Crangle, as he threw his arm around him. Ah, how different is your reception of me to that of many others since the days when misfortune began to frown on me. Thankfully do I accept all your kindly-tendered offers, for I am well aware that I am in reality welcome to your house and your heart. You never flattered my faults as a boy, you never cringed to me in my days of boyish bounty, and therefore you will never wound me by your pride, now the tables are turned vice versa. Horace, my dear old school friend, remember also that I took freely that which you gave freely, and that I owe debts of kindness in return to you without end, which as a regular tradesman it is now my duty to discharge. How often have you slipped into my hand the ten cents I wished to give a worthy beggar, how many pretty instructive story books found their way into my desk from your kindness, what battles did you wage for me? Oh, Horace, my old friend, what pleasure we shall have in talking over our early school days. Pleasure of the purest nature were indeed theirs. Crangle became vigilant in business, and as his father eventually realized a considerable sum, he was enabled to enter into business with his friend on nearly equal terms. But this made no difference in the minds of either party, for they were alike generous and confiding, though prudent and industrious. With the talents and cultivation of polished men, they retained the warm affection, the simple kindness and enthusiastic friendship of early life, and many companions of that period proudly press around them now to partake the praise of being also the friends of the upright, firm little Rock and influential Horace, that they remembered in their school days. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.

"Vivere est cogitare. Sic transit gloria mundi."

You may wander far and wide on every side,
And learn, ah, me, that fond true hearts are rare;
And he that is best loved of all,
Has not one friend to spare.

When fortune shines our friends arise,
Like stars, and all is bright;
But when misfortune clouds, like suns they set,
And all in ebon night.

Ah, Friendship, thou art but a name,
Thy true worth is only rarely found;
And we learn, how very soon we learn
"All that glitters is not gold."

Then look upward from time and its dreams of delight,
Pass on to the land of possession and light;
Seek this, and this only, and all will be well
When our summer friends here below have all bid us farewell.

O blest are they who seek in Him,
A union to their Friend:
His love shall grow through life's decay,
And live when life shall end.

Beneath the fair dome we dwell,
By the same kind hand are fed;
And pilgrims in one narrow way,
Are by one Spirit led.

And blest be He whose love bestows
A friendship so divine,
And makes by oneness with Himself,
A Friend forever mine.

CONTENTMENT.

As the little violet bright,
Turns its face towards the light,
Lifting up its heart of gold,
From the blackness of earth's mould,
Nestling 'mid the soothing shade, no one of its life aware,
Save for sweetness on the air;
So would I contented be
With the place God giveth me.

The meek little forget-me-not, its blossoms seek the sky, which earthward bent awhile, turn as they ope to meet the sun's bright smile, and as hey upward gaze, first flush with pink, then mirror heaven's own blue, and every flow'et bears of sunny hue a crown of rays.

Those who pursue an undeviating course in the paths of daily life seldom complain of discontent, or the evil that befalls them; they rather bear the trials of afflictions which may overwhelm their purposes, and consider the losses and crosses as messengers sent from heaven to remind them of the end of all things mortal, and that those near and dear to us, who have suffered for our sakes and died, have not been taken from us in vain. If we slight with disregard the message, then as the barren fig tree we are cut down in the wrath of an offended God. He is merciful to the righteous; with them it shall be well; but to the wicked it shall be ill. The contented and resigned mind may connect what some might deem or term misfortune to their advantage. They do not rest their hope exclusively on ambitions, wealth or power, or regard either before virtue and contentment, which qualities are acceptable in the sight of God and man. They fear no adversary but sin, which they resist and conquer by prayer to Him whose eye ever watches o'er us. The one thing needful is of far more importance than to have our names enrolled among the sons of war and royalty. How surpassing honor's distinction it is to stand spotless and pure before our Maker.

"The sweetness of the bitter cup,
That to my lips so oft is pressed,
I'll gladly, gladly drink it up,
Content to get the sweetness with the rest.

Contentment is better than wealth, and we will ascertain that perfect earthly happiness is a phantom of which all are in pursuit, and which none are able to embrace. Most persons are desirous to possess earthly happiness and long for it, but it is mostly kept at a distance from them. It is a mere shadow, always flying, passing to and fro, though never caught. It allures only to deceive. It promises, but to disappoint. It is the great object for which the majority of mankind live, but perfect happiness no person living has yet found, and what none ever can find until they arrive at the inexhaustless source from whence it springs, the throne of God.

The contented enjoy all seasons, and they are calm and cheerful amidst the storms of winter as in the morning of spring. They consider the poor their brother, and though, perhaps, not themselves rich, their hands often relieveth the necessities of the afflicted. The contented in their frame of regularity and steadiness and unmolested state of mind doeth well, and fearest evil. Those can be said to live indeed who live for others as well as their own individuality. Their name shall flourish from generation to generation, and their adherence to God's precepts will be observed, noted and inculcated by the virtuous, and their merits exist upon the hearts of God's followers, written everlastingly, and which advancing years cannot eradicate, the sun of virtue, and unchanging contentment and resignation to the blessed will of God. Is it not a benevolent, contented disposition, with whom these rest? Who, as he looks around the world, views the habits of his friends or looks into his own heart, can answer? Who strives to be contented or benevolent truly? The politician cannot be contented until he has risen from the lowest station to the highest office and then he is discontented because he cannot go farther. The merchant is discontented because he cannot make money as fast as he could wish. So with the miser and so with almost all else, whatever the trade or profession. Those in power may, in exceptional cases, be unhappy because their power is limited; and those who have none complain for that reason. But discontent is not the only passion that renders man unhappy and disturbs his equanimity, for invariably it also brings with it envy, and thus each one looks with a jealous eye on his neighbor, deeming him more happy or prosperous than himself; while in fact that neighbor regards him with like feeling. Were happiness truly man's pursuit, each one would strive to be content with what he has, whether of money or power. We can scarcely analyze an action or saying, but we find vanity at the bottom to analyze an action to enumerate these sources would be almost ad in-

finitum. There is no passion deeper rooted in our nature, or with which our sympathies are stronger than that of love, and it is this that constitutes the main feature of contentment, having its foundation in sympathetic virtues, and touch the same chord in unison. Life is not a holiday. Life is a discipline. Our's ought not to be a doubtful love, and a discontented mind; it must bear a loving spirit, that soars up to our Master, having fought well; having come out of the fire of tribulation unscathed, having passed through affliction adorned with a more beautiful resignation and inspired with a more confident hope. When we feel discontented, the best panacea is to visit some one far worse off than ourselves and contrast their condition with ours. Not some piteous hero of an exciting fiction, but a real and well known sufferer, whose condition put the blush to our murmurings over trouble, which pales almost to nothingness before the sudden, more hopeless case rising before our eyes. We look on the dark, shady side of events, instead of looking off and beyond to where hope looms in the distance, lending strength with which to endure the appointed experiences of life. Jesus is a path, a robe and bread, if we be misled, unclothed, or chance to be hungered. Real Christians, those who faithfully bear the name of Christ in worthy acceptance of His rules, God hath caosen them, like a few quick-sighted men amongst a company of blind ones out of a crowded world. And He hath made them faithful, contented and patient. They are like a city set on a hill, like the light in Goshen, when all Egypt was dark besides; or like Gideon's fleece, only watered with the dew of heaven, whilst the rest of the earth was dry and destitute of His favor. Great cause or contentment indeed. Of all the lights that we carry in our face, joy is the one that will reach furthest out to sea. Life is indeed a voyage over a turbulent sea, and the light that will shine or reach furthest out is the one to carry. There is need of gratitude, combined with contentment. God is good, and His tender mercies are over all. His works and the kind Father will make our cause His care; He will hold us up so that we shall not fall, and will deliver us from those who oppress and wrong us. The moment the rain begins to drop upon the water lily, though it is rooted in water and has its chief element in water, its leaves seem to be clapping their hands, and the whole plant rejoices in the falling of the rain. A sweet lesson it is to us to look up in love and contentment to heaven, and give thanks. Why do the children of God suffer sorrow and affliction? It is the seal of sonship. To contentment and patient endurance God grants the most vivid and beauteous revelations of His grace. Who then would not

long to engage in the conflict when the guerdon is so rich in the case of overcoming? Our life should be one of contentment. Thanks for all God's blessings is only just tribute. There is no greater blessing than a contented heart. We owe a debt of gratitude, which we should always be praising God, never ceasing to our latest breath. Contentment is a precious jewel, a lasting treasure of the heart, pure and grand, and which time cannot make depart as the years go by, for it still blooms within the garden of our soul, charming its pathway to the sky. There is an inestimable blessing in a cheerful, contented spirit. When the soul throws its windows wide open, letting in the sunshine of contentment and presenting to all who see it the evidence of its gladness. It is not only happy in counterpart, but includes all, as it has an unspeakable power of doing acceptably in His sight; and to the other beatitudes may be added, Blessed are the joys of contentment.

Discontent may storm, complain and roar,
In midst of frowning wrath he beats the shore;
The sky of contentment, with its calm ocean blue,
With meek tenderness from its height looks down so true.

As it gleamed a radiant smile of reproof divine,
Discontent's anger green to contentment's sapphire blue with magic
skill
Did change, and the stormy ocean still'd,
And the sun of contentment did shine.

Pause thou thy heart, and the lesson learn.
When discontent's darkness falls, and mists of doubts burn,
Contented be, 'twill pass, and thou wilt know that the sun-rise,
till shines with fervent glow in contentment's unchanging skies.

BLUE SHOES, AND THE LITTLE WHITE ULSTER AND HOOD.

Tes Yeux Bleus.

There is a tiny figure enshrined in my heart, with great eyes of heavenly hue, that hold in blue disguise angels two, that 'neath white curtains of her eyes would peep at you, that showed so clear and fair, much of heaven showing there, and sunbeams for hair, and every time the vision now rises before me, my soul

goes out in an intense longing for the baby-bud that is blooming in the garden above.

There is a little grave on the ridge-side,
O'er which have no blossoms yet been;
Upon it the first rains have fallen,
And around it fell the first winter's snow.

Two plump little pink hands,
Always so ready at play,
Piling the silvery sand
In castles that soon drift away.

Or else gathering the roses so sweet,
To twine round in its own childish head;
While life's little hours seemed too fleet,
For soon on baby wings it bid us forever farewell.

There is a dear little chair by the table,
That vacant will be evermore;
There is a box laid away full of playthings,
Baby blue shoes and little white ulster and hood.

There is one more little angel in heaven,
How selfish we are to complain:
There are two precious little hands folded
Away from earth's sorrow and pain.

And no sin can never now touch Delly,
Or tarnish her soul pure as gold;
For her has dawned the glad morning,
That will never wane into the night.

Oh hearts that are empty and sore,
For little ones under the sod;
Hold fast to the sweet words of promise,
"Of such is the kingdom of God."

TELL JESUS.

Is there a shadow resting on thy brow,
Caused by the daily trials that none may know;
Trial, which little though they seem in one,
Oft fret thy life as water frets the stone?
Tell Jesus.

Is there a chord within thy aching breast,
More sensitive to pain than all the rest,
That oft is struck by cruelty and wrong,
Until thou fain would cry, O Lord, how long?
Tell Jesus.

And does thy spirit grieve o'er doubts and sin,
Thick clouds without and fiery darts within?
Poor tempted one, there is a never sleeping eye above,
Marking thee daily with a pitying love.
Tell Jesus.

And when dark waves of tribulation roll
In wild and surging billows o'er thy soul,
Oh, remember, amid the tempest's night of One,
Who cried in that dark hour, Thy will be done.
Tell Jesus.

And dost thou moan in solitary mood,
Sighing because thou art not understood;
That in the world there is no spirit-tone
To echo the sweet smile of thine own,
Tell Jesus.

OUR NEW CHURCH BELL.

Whither are the people walking,
Dear mamma, I want to know;
Some are with each other talking,
So we silently alone go?

'Tis to church, my child, they are turning,
'Tis our new church bell called them there;
Each one with a Bible in his hand,
Goes to pray at God's command.

O how kind was Christ in saying,
"Little children, come to me;"
Will you come, sweet child, and be His love,
Give your tiny self to Him above?

Then when you have done with earth,
And you are called to die;
In His loving arms He'll carry you to Immanuel's land,
To His fair home on high.

MOTHERLESS.

"Now on life's billows tossing wild, God steers my frail sea-shell."

Late Katharine Augusta Milbank.

My gentle mother, spirit blest and pure,
With pity hast thou watched thy orphan child.
Seen me with courage life's dark ills endure;
And on my brighter hour, propitious smiled,
Eternity and joy are thine above;
I do but claim my mother's love.

In the first hours of life, bereft of thee,
Reflect on how my childhood languished for thy care;
No fond maternal embrace, alas, awaited me;
No soothing lullaby and no holy prayer;
Yet still my heart invoked thee, mother dear,
My mother, dost thou hear?

In the pale moonlight at the twilight's close,
With all they told me of thy peerless bloom,
Haunting my solitude, thy image rose.
As thy sweet charms descended to thy tomb;
With by gone summers on thy beauteous brow,
My mother, an angel now.

Oh, my fair mother, what deep love untold,
Buried within my silent bosom lies;
Like crimson buds that never can unfold,
Chill'd by the clouds of our wintry skies,
As treasured gems I keep my deep love untold,
My mother, until we meet again.

For thee, my mother, what yearnings rise, thy love immense,
And its immortal power for the trembling girl, what bosom feels?
No gentle hand like thine my tears to dry;
Thy presence is what no friend or stranger can supply,
No pillow where my burning cheek could rest,
For me, no mother's breast.

My heart instructed me and nobly taught
The love that binds us, death cannot decay;
By God's own hand its golden bands were wrought,
My mother, mine, though only for a day;
And now on this earth I look above,
Confiding in my angel mother's love.

THE LAMBS OF THE HEAVENLY FOLD.

"He shall gather the lambs and carry them in His bosom."

'Mid the pastures green of the blessed fold,
Where never is heat or cold;
Where the light of life is the Shepherd's smile,
Are the Lambs of the Heavenly Fold.

Where the lillies blossom in fadeless spring,
And never a heart grows old;
Where the glad new song is the song they sing,
Are the Lambs of the Heavenly Fold.

There are tiny mounds where the hope of earth,
Were laid 'neath the tear-wet mold;
But the light that paled at the stricken hearth,
Was joy to the Lambs of the Heavenly Fold.

Oh the white stone beareth a new name now,
That never on earth was told;
And the tender Shepherd does guard with care,
The Lambs of the Heavenly Fold.

WILL SHE WIN HER WAY?

'Un bien fait, n'est jamais perdu.'

During a summer ramble in Dauphin, one of the provinces of France, before that country was divided into departments, and which now comprehends the divisions of the Isere, the upper Alps, and the Drome. The little village of La Bergere, in the latter of these is the scene of my narrative. Perhaps some day we may be "Americans Abroad," and see the village where my young heroine Josephine resided, and sit under one of the almond trees, and remember her and her brother Louis, knowing whether she succeeded in winning her way to the fulfillment of her eager gratification of the unwearied longings and the untired labors of her hands. The father of Josephine rented a small vineyard, the produce of which was no more than sufficient to procure only the plainest quality of apparel and food for their daily sustenance; but with this no one was discontented. Never did the members of the family of four assemble around the table, spread with bread, fruit and milk, without expressing the gratitude of the heart to Him who had so kindly provided for their daily necessities. Louis and Josephine were the only children of their tender parents, and Louis was older than his sister. No children were more united than Louis and Josephine, and it was a great comfort to their parents. While an infant, Louis had been her little guardian; he walked with her, and carried her across little brooks and sat down with her and weaved baskets of sainfoin for her. And when she passed from infancy into childhood he became her instructor and companion. One of the professors in the place having noticed the quickness and excellent disposition of Louis, had a sort of paternal affection for him, and had taught him those elements of knowledge which he, in his turn, was desirous to communicate to his sister. Time thus passed away. Josephine was rapidly advancing in her studies and approaching womanhood, and Louis' eighteenth birthday had arrived. Shortly before this period, a new conscription, which means an allotment of young men in the army, had been ordered by the emperor, and it was unfortunately the very day after Louis had attained his eighteenth year, that a return was to be made of all the youths within the department who had reached that age. Louis' name was given in with the rest, and unluckily the next day he was drawn a conscript. Josephine knew that this event was possible, for Louis had explained it to her; but, yet, when he was seen vaulting over the low wall into the vineyard in the evening, decorated in a some-

what soldierly appearance, the usual smile forsook her lips, she hid her face in her hands, and a torrent of tears gushed from her eyes. It was a gloomy evening within the once happy cottage of this loving family. The bereaved old father scarcely raised his head. His wife, the affectionate mother of Louis, scarcely did anything but weep and lament by turns. As for Josephine, she could not remain in the cottage, but strayed beyond the vineyard to a grassy slope, and sat her down beneath one of the almond trees, that she might the more freely give vent to her sorrow. She was at last recalled to herself by the voice of her kind brother, who came in search of her, to bring her home, as the dew was beginning to fall, and the damp moisture was rising. A neighbor, one of the richest in that district, was sitting in the cottage when Josephine returned. He, too, had that day a son drawn a conscript, and as Josephine entered the house, she heard him say that he had already agreed for a substitute for his son; and that the bargain would cost him five hundred francs which are equal to twenty sovereigns. And Josephine also heard that it yet wanted fourteen days of the time fixed for the march of the conscripts. Many a time after neighbor Albracht had taken leave and closed the door after him, did Josephine repeat to herself what he had said, and long did she ponder upon it after she had laid her head upon the pillow. Five hundred francs could save Louis: for, with the idea of his going to the wars, Josephine could not separate the certainty of his being killed. But how were the twenty sovereigns to be obtained. Her heart of perplexity almost sank within her. Josephine knew well her father possessed them not; and as for herself, she, poor thing, had only two sons. In brief, with a sad heart and swollen eyes she, after asking her Heavenly Father to aid her in her tender, anxious request, dropped to sleep, and as sorrows seldom pursue the youthful mind into the watches of the night, Josephine slept soundly and awoke on the following morning refreshed, not long after the lark had sung his first hymn at the gates of heaven. Josephine, ever since she had been a very young girl, not more than eight years old, had employed herself during her play hours in a pursuit that no doubt was to her a source of much childish delight. It was not painting that was Josephine's pursuit or accomplishment: there were no colors, no paints in oil or water, no brushes to be bought, no drawing master to be found at La Bergere, nor if there were, Josephine had not the means for paying for these; everything concerning it was natural rather than artificial, both in art and in the composition, which composed the substance. Neither was Josephine's pursuit the collec-

tion of insects, she was too tender hearted for this. For if she caught a beautiful insect, she would not torture it like some cruel boys and girls have been found guilty of doing such acts of unfeelingness; but it was with the light touch of gentleness only to admire its purple wing and let it go, that Josephine handled it, knowing what would be sport to others, would be death to the helpless insect, and she desired not to inflict a pain upon anything that God hath made for joy. Josephine's pursuit was to gather and preserve wild flowers, which she dried in so perfect a manner that almost every charm remained with them. But besides this, Josephine had found out the art of taking such perfect impressions from them upon silk, which was given to her every year by the Lyons merchant who bought the produce of her father's vineyard, that the grace, the tints, the freshness, all but the fragrance of the flowers continued to live in these lovely impressions. I am unable to impart by what process Josephine contrived to do this, it was in the result to prove profitable and delightful to her, who possessed not the means or opportunities of cultivating her own mind to her satisfaction. The kind-heartedness, perseverance and courage to the cause of Josephine's filial affection is highly creditable and recommending. Josephine, as I have said, awoke early and refreshed the morning after she had cried herself asleep at the prospective realization of being parted from Louis, and after having dressed herself and said her prayers, in which she did not forget to name each member of her respective family; this morning praying most fervently that He would open or provide some way that her dear and only brother could remain with them. Arising she happened to turn her eyes upon some withered mountain anemones, rare and beautiful plants, which she had plucked the day before, and were the first flowers she had neglected and allowed to wither. Her floral album was lying open before her, she took it up, and turned over the leaves, and many were the beautiful forms and various lovely hues that presented themselves to her eyes. "Can this," said she to herself, meditating seriously, "be of any value? Oh, that I had not neglected these anemones, the only ones I ever found." That day, and every day for more than a week, Josephine was absent the greater part of the morning, and every evening she applied herself, with more than usual care, to the occupation of filling her floral album. Her father and her mother, and Louis, too, wondered that she should withdraw herself so much from the society of one she so dearly loved, and with whom she was so soon to part, but something was evidently laboring in the mind of the youthful Josephine. At length her affectionate mother drew from her her

secret. "Josephine, my dear child," said her mother one day, as she came in with a handful of flowers, after having been so long absent, "your father was seeking for you today to tie the vines; but how is it, love, that when our Louis is so soon to leave us, you stay so little at home? You used to love Louis, Josephine." Poor Josephine, it was too much for her to be suspected of indifference to her beloved brother; she burst into tears, and hid her face in her mother's lap, continuing to sob bitterly. Her young head, with its coronal of gold, bowed as if with a weight of sorrow almost surpassing what her fragile form could bear. But when her mother gently raised her up and softly kissed her cheek, and told her she was sure she loved Louis, Josephine wiped her eyes, and told her mother all she had to tell. Her floral album, she said, she was most certain was worth something, perhaps a great deal. She would carry it to Valence and sell it, and in all these days she had been diligently occupied in seeking for flowers more rare and beautiful than those she possessed. For an hour at a time she would walk up and down a path where flowers grew and smiled in their marvelous beauty in the sweet May sunshine, gathering choice selections for further additions. She would not, could not, part from Louis; she would labor day and night to fill her album if she might but obtain permission or leave to go to Valence or to Rue d'Hauteville, Paris, and sell it. And here Josephine began to weep. No one spoke, but her father and mother exchanged looks, their eyes, too, filled with tears. Josephine was not an idle girl; she had been taught and trained that idle persons can never find time for anything, and the reason is that they have always a huge bundle of arrears to engross their attention. They can do little or nothing; they are always intending to do a vast deal, or more strictly speaking because they have always a vast deal waiting to be done. It is not well for the young to be too loquacious, rather they should listen to the counsels of their Christian parents, who know best that which interests their future welfare than they whose experiences in life are as yet untried. The pith of conversation does not consist in exhibiting your own superior knowledge on matters of small importance, but in enlarging, improving and correcting the information you possess by the authority of others. Neither the father or mother of Josephine saw any prospects of benefit from her project, and yet, when she ran and fetched her treasure, and spread out its beauties before them, Josephine's scheme did not seem to their simple minds so absolutely visionary. Josephine anxiously watched the effect of her exhibition, the collection of flowers her girlish hands had with loving tenderness fash-

ioned in artistic designs. She did not enjoy apprehending her floral labors would be appreciated by none, less than the youthful designer, and that the gain or purchase of it might seem too shallow, a certainty her parent mentally experienced. Josephine, seeing it favorable, beseechingly implored her parents to grant her petition. She had often, she said, walked farther in search of flowers than to Valence; if she did not succeed, things were no worse. But she was uncertain of success, and her mother had a relation not far from Valence, where she could remain all night. At length her father and mother yielded, more to gratify the virtuous wish of an affectionate dutiful child, than any other motive, and next morning was fixed for Josephine's journey. Josephine went early to bed, that she might be fortified by rest against the fatigues of the following day, and by sunrise she was ready to set out. Having carefully tied up her floral album, and put it into the little basket which she took to bring home some necessaries from Valence, she went softly down the wooden stairs that she might not disturb her parents. The wakeful mother, however, heard her and called "Josephine." Josephine was the next moment by her side, and with the kisses and blessings of both parents, she drew the door after her, and passed into the vineyard. There another embrace awaited her, for Louis was already at work, and watching her departure. He, although he tenderly loved his sister, and secretly wished to remain, yet felt some little pride in being destined for the pursuit of glory, and had never either thwarted or encouraged Josephine's proposed plan, which he believed would come to nothing. One more embrace, and "Adieu, mon frere," and "Au revoir, ma chere soeur," and Josephine had left the vineyard, and was on the road to Valence. It was as lovely a May morning as ever broke upon the beauties of Dauphiny. The fields were yet gemmed with dew, the woods stood silent in thick masses, the uprisen sun darting its yellow rays among their trunks, the deer were standing in the glades, snuffing the breath of the lovely appearing morning, and the little birds were trimming their moist plumes in preparation for their early soaring and matin-song. One could almost imagine they could see Josephine tripping along, her little basket slung under her arm, and now and then opening the lid, and assuring herself of the safety of her treasure. It was three long leagues to Valence, but Josephine hardly slackened her pace all the way. If at any time she felt a disposition to relax, the thought of her brother and the importance of her mission, immediately gave her strength and urged her on her way. Once or twice, indeed, she stopped to look at a flower by the way-side, and two or three times

to take out and open her floral album, that she might be more and more certain its contents were really as beautiful as she fancied them to be. It was market day at Valence. Numbers of girls were standing with baskets of vegetables, butter and eggs, and some few with flowers. Among the latter Josephine, the French flower-girl, took her place. Being a stranger to the market-girls, all of whom knew each other, and her little basket being closed, she was an object of some curiosity to them. For a considerable time she stood without any one taking notice of her, considering in what way she was to display her treasure to the persons who had now begun to look into the baskets and make purchases. At length one of the market-girls, who was standing nearest to her, addressing her, *ma petite*, requested to know if she had anything to sell, and what she had in her basket. Josephine drew forth her floral album, and was unloosening the string, when a lady coming by, asked the same question, which Josephine politely and lady-like answered by dropping a courtesy and putting the floral album into her hand; but after examining the leaves, she returned it to Josephine and passed on. Soon after another stepped up, and turned over the leaves of her album. One specimen was called "*joli*," another "*gentil*," and a third "*superbe*," but the lady never inquired the prices of them. Many others looked at Josephine's floral album: all praised the beauty of her specimens, some passed extravagant encomiums upon her ingenuity, but she only found one customer, an elderly gentleman, who calling her "*pauvre enfant*," gave her five francs for as many leaves of her floral album. At last poor Josephine was left almost alone, and as she saw the girls one by one leave their stations, having sold the contents of their baskets her heart quite failed her, and with tears in her eyes, she put her album into her basket, and went in search of the relation's house where she had promised to stay all night. But Josephine had only been once before in Valence, and going out at the wrong gate, she might have walked all night before reaching the hamlet where her relative lived. But Josephine still walked onward with a sad heart indeed, and every minute growing more weary and her feet more tender from the hard paved roads, which were very different from the meadows where she used to seek for flowers. The sun was near setting, and Josephine, entirely exhausted and beginning to be afraid, sat down upon a stone at the gate of a fine chateau, and began to cry in a heart-breaking manner. She had sat there but a very short time when a person on horse-back stopped at the gate. Josephine, with an instinctive civility of a French child, rose to open the gate, and at the same moment

recognized the old gentleman who had given her five frames for five leaves from her floral album, while he also, at once knew the little interesting flower-girl, who possessed so ingenious a method of preserving and taking the impressions of flowers. He was one of those persons who never sees distress without feeling a desire to relieve it, and when he observed Josephine's swollen eyes and trembling steps, he kindly inquired into the cause, and dismounting from his horse, and walking up the avenue, taking hold of her hand, he soon drew from her her little tale of sorrow. The Baron de Haven had no wife living but he had four daughters; two about or nearly the same age as Josephine, and two a little older, and the greatest pleasure and pride in the father was to see his daughters instructed in all that was virtuous and useful and accomplished, in all that was innocent and pleasing, and it was for their use in the study of painting that he had purchased the leaves of Josephine's floral album, while at the same time he felt a pleasure in rewarding noble, unwearied ingenuity. Josephine and her story was introduced to the young ladies at the same time, and nothing could exceed their admiration of the beautiful impressions on silk, which Josephine showed to them, except their admiration of the purpose for which she had carried them from home; nor could anything exceed their anxiety to become acquainted with so pleasing an art except their eagerness to befriend Josephine. "I am sure, my dear children," said their father to them, "you would like Josephine to teach you to make such charming pictures as these." Every face gladdened at the idea, and every tongue was ready to exclaim, "Thank you, dear papa," and to express delight at the proposal. Some fruit and delicacies were ordered for Josephine's refreshment, and quickly the little flower-girl and her four pupils were seated at a table, silk provided, fresh flowers brought from the garden, and every happy face expressive of the most delighted attention as Josephine, taking the flowers that were perfuming the room with their delicate fragrance, and the silk in her hand, began. "Voyez vous, mesdames." It needed but a little while to perfect the young ladies in the innocent art, and in less than an hour each had a sweet flower, graceful and glowing upon white silk, to present to kind papa. "My dears," said he, examining the specimens, "we are all much indebted to our young friend, but our thanks are not sufficient by way of payment. She has given to you a new source of pleasure, which, but for her, you might never have possessed. I am confident you are willing in return to continue to her a source of far, far higher pleasure, the society of a devoted, attached brother. Go then to your stores, and bring each of you

what you can afford." In a moment they were at the door, and presently, in a few more hurried minutes, their silvery voices resounded again in the room, and their girlish hands were about to present a handsome bead purse to Josephine, filled with silver and some gold pieces, when the baron said, "Hold, my children, I wished only to show Josephine that virtue is sure to find sympathy and reward, and to give her the opportunity of witnessing if my treasured daughters would as a voluntary, on their part, self-denial, present to her all their little bank's contents in return for the favor rendered to them, and tendered to her prized brother; but it is your father, my sweet children, who pays for your education. The purse itself, however, shall be a gift from you." The baron, then taking Josephine's floral album, put twenty-five louis d'ors into the empty purse, after handing his daughters back their gold and silver currency, and put it in Josephine's basket, saying with a smile, "Ten of them are for the floral album, five for teaching my daughters your pretty art and the other ten you are to return when you grow rich." Josephine all the while could not find words to thank them all, but stood, with burning cheeks, down which tears of gratitude and joy rapidly followed one another. Josephine, exhausted with the fatigues of the day, was soon conducted, after family prayers were over, to bed, by her young sympathizing friends. Joy for a while kept her awake, for her sorrows had turned into happy smiles, but she at length dropped into a peaceful sound sleep, and next morning, with the kind adieus of the young ladies, she was conducted on a gentle horse to within a short distance of her father's vineyard. Need I tell what joy followed the narrative of her adventure and her success, or what blessings were bestowed upon her? Picture the family group, and the questions and smiles and kind looks that passed among them. But there was something beyond this—their gratitude to God, the inward contentment which follows the happy accomplishment of a virtuous resolution. "*La vertu est seule noblesse*," and this Josephine felt. Some time after this event Josephine's father removed his family to a large vineyard on the estate of the Baron de Haven, where as he increased in wealth, he joyfully repaid the ten louis d'ors and blessed in the society of a beloved wife and two amiable children. Rosen passed the meridian of his days in tranquil happiness, acknowledging in his prosperity the hand of God. And that Louis who later on married one of the Baron's lovely daughters, ever continued to remember with sacred and whole-soul gratitude, and to repay with kindness the affection and the services of his attached sister, testifying, "*Un bien, n'est jamais perdu*."

RUTH.

The tiny princess of America. The sweet child grows more beautiful every day.

It was an Easter morning,
The sky was tinged with red;
When little Ruth came walking,
From her superb little crib;
Standing beside the bay window,
Some innocent child-like words she said.

The spring is long in coming,
So tardy, 'tis hard to wait;
Snow lies yet in the pathway,
Beyond the garden gate;
It seems the birds and flowers will never come
If winter stays so late.

Just then the sun arising,
The shadows put to flight.
The pretty face of baby Ruth,
Beneath his smiles are bright,
A blue bird on the lilac bush,
Began to sing with all its might.

My child, 'tis Easter morning,
Her loving mother whispered low;
The day the blessed Lord arose,
So many years ago.
Is that, asked little Ruth,
Why the bird is singing so?

My hasty longings and complainings,
I know, sweet mamma, were very wrong;
The birdie doesn't murmur,
That winter stays so long,
And though he has had no breakfast,
He sings a cheerful song.

In the wonderful child's dimpled velvety hand the unfolded rose,
childhood's fleeting emblem, glows,
And her face the fair impress wears of childhood's happiness;

Wherefore not? A wealth is the tiny princess, better than the
world confers;

Lips untried and always new, innocence of spotless hue,
And those treasures of the mind, which the lowliest heart shall find,
If its search be rightly bent, golden mirth and sweet content.

The childish hands grow tired of play, from the nursery its feet
speed fast away,

And never cease until she finds her fond mother's door is open wide;
And tightly clasped in arms so kind doth then abide.

What cares Ruth, mamma's little girl, its weary head is on her
breast,

For now she knows, " 'Tis sweet to rest."

GATHERING SHELLS ON THE SEASHORE; OR, MY NAME IN THE SAND.

Some time ago I strolled on the Raritan bay-shore strand.

A pearly shell was in my hand;

I stopped and wrote upon the sand.

My name, the year, the day.

As onward from the spot I passed.

One lingering look behind I cast;

A wave came rolling high and fast,

And washed my name away.

And so, mayhaps, 'twill shortly be,

With every mark on earth from sea:

A wave of the ocean's foaming tide,

Will sweep across the place,

Where we have trod the sandy shore

Of Time, to be no more for us.

The day, the month, the year, the name we bore,

To leave no track, no trace behind.

And yet for Him who counts the sand,

And holds the waters in His hands;

We know a lasting record stands,

Inscribed besides the lines below our name:

Of all this mortal part has wrought.

Of the good or evil fight our souls have fought,
And from these fleeting moments represent,
Our glory or our destruction.

Roll on, roll on, restless waves, that toss about and roar,
And roll across the stony wide bank,
And far across the sea-shell shore:
Why do you run back again over the pebbles,
When you have reached the golden sand?
Make haste, or else the tide will turn,
Flowing higher up the Raritan bay-shore strand.

MABEL.

“Now I lay me down to sleep.”

Written by request of an aunt of the late Vice President Hobart,
in memory of her friend's child.

Mabel left us when the song birds
Sang May's sweetest morning song;
And we listened sadly, sadly,
To their warblings all day long.

For it seemed they called our darling,
Called our Mabel o'er and o'er;
But we knew her voice was silent,
Silent here forever more.

Little Mabel, how we loved her,
But her Saviour loved her more;
And the angels bore her on their pinions,
Over on the other shore.

Bird-like songster, winsome fairy,
How we miss her day by day;
And the light from home has vanished,
Since the loved one went away.

All her playthings seem to tell,
Something new of her we love;
But we know that Mabel
Plays the golden harp above.

In her walks and in her plays,
And all her wanderings o'er;
Oh, while Mabel with us stayed,
Could we have loved her more?

Prospects, instead of easing, aggravate.
Ah, here she walked, there plucked an opening flower;
Turn, turn my eyes, nor irritate,
The wound that's now too deep for earth to cure.

But stop and pause, our child is not, hence will I go,
To God, who though He frowns, is still the same;
She was not always ours, though fondly we called her so:
He gave, He took, and blessed be His name.

Look neither inward, on thy griefs to pore,
Nor outward for relief from creature joys;
Look upward, to thy God, thence help implore.
And it will come, and come from Him.

What then? Her powers we hope will not expand,
Our views compared with hers, are childish now;
She needs not little toys to amuse her mind.
Christ Jesus whom she sought will be hers all to know.

Surely her sorrows and misery now to joys are turned.
Yes, sure her child-like cries are heard and sped;
Her tender hopes to blest fruition changed,
And all her little fears forever fled.

Return, our souls, the work of life attend.
A little while to labour here is given.
Until the resurrection of the just,
To draw us hence and fix our hearts in heaven.

THE GRAVE.

Tread lightly, tread lightly, above the quiet dead,
Crush not a vine or tender flower, beneath thy careless tread:
Breathe not a loud, discordant tone upon the night wind's breath.
Holy and pure and blest are they, who sleep the sleep of death.

Sometimes the grave is a link that binds those long separated
more closely together: and that but for their angel-like and

triumphant death, we should have forever gone farther away. We find hidden in the grave love sanctified, tried by affliction, and well tried by time, and as we stand across the silent sacred grave which contains the remains of a life once full of happiness, our hearts beat with remembered, tender, sweet memories. The mission of earthly mortality of our much-loved dead has been fulfilled; the struggles and conflicts were over; all cares on that fair brow are ended and the heart that had daily been upturned to Divine inspiration and Divine approbation is resting in a Heavenly Father's love and care. Perhaps we recall when our loved dead, when in life, (and with what an intense and agonizing grief we cling to our departed dead), with us tripped lightly and fairy-like over the same spot we are now standing upon, and in her gentle hand she held a cluster of white stars she had just plucked from the sod; her hair waving to and fro, like a ripple of sunbeams. Flowers are the holiest purest emblems we can tender as a tribute to our self-sacrificing dead. Have you never observed in a city of the dead a pure carrara marble shaft with a broken white lily carved in relief at the top? The majestic flower in its calm humility presents a sad cast, although still grand in its heartfelt sympathy and lowliness. A stranger lay there in her last sleep, but she was somebody's lily. When we walk past each silent sleeper, our words come not easily when the heart is full, and torn with grief, our eyes shining through tears, the tear-drops falling with every step that touches the walk. The true defining of the grave is the end.

Yet not thus extinct, or buried,

The vital spark shall fly;

For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,

To seek its kindred sky.

My ashes too, my little dust,

My Father's care shall keep;

Till the last angel rise and break,

My long and weary sleep.

"Weep for the mourn'd for, lifeless dead, weep softly,

She lieth like a statue, white and cold,

Like the soft marble, at the top of the sculptured column,

The dead have yet another tomb, the heart's enshrining;

There are the inward tears, perpetual shed;

Grief, with all other memories entwining,

And often deep within the unpitied tomb,
Lies all the heart had in this world for loving."

Some of us have stood beside a mother, when her infant bloom and morning bud was consigned to the grave, and have witnessed the deep intensity of her holy affections, as she bent over its lifeless form, livid and stiffened by the touch of death; and her sad sobs caused other tears to flow, as she turned away from this last remnant of mortality, lone, desolate and heart-stricken. Perhaps from the first moment of that infant's existence her heart-strings had been twining round her household cherub, and treasured every tender feeling that a mother's love ever knows. Every fond hope that a mother's love ever forms. Every cherished idea of purity, virtue and innocence were centered upon her only sweet darling, so that in its death she heard the knell of all her worldly joys; of all her bright visions of the future; the hope that it was to soothe her after years by its filial love was crushed; longed for expectations that it would watch by the bedside at the hour of departure, to close her aching eyes; to whisper farewell and give its departing maternal parent joy, as her spirit was entering into the harbor of glory, and her body placed in the realms in shade in the costly mausoleum, "requiescat in pace, in coelo quies;" was swept away now, and she is left with God. "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." The Comforter in every trial, small or great. The Consoler of the bereaved, to breathe a painful sigh to winds that murmur low their plaintive vigil, and tell her Father all her love and all her woe."

"Are the angels' hymn on high,
Softer than a mother's sigh?"

There is never a cross so heavy,
But the nail-scarred hands are there;
Outstretched in tender compassion,
The burden to help us bear.

There is never a heart that is broken,
But the loving Christ can heal;
For the heart that was pierced on Calvary,
Doth still for His people feel.

The flowers sank beneath the sultry air,
Thirsty, parched leaves fell dim and dry;

Nor passed the sun's unclouded glare,
Till night in kindness veiled the sky;
Then drank the flowers delicious dew,
The leaves in balmy coolness slept;
Sweet flowers, how many hearts like you,
Have pined uncheered till sympathy wept.

Beside the grave of infant bloom,
The early lost, the mother's flower;
Beside the hero's long, dark tomb,
The broken home, deserted bower,
Where memories that know not rest appear,
And aching hearts will solace find;
Like heaven's own dew, falls Pity's tear,
Sympathy, the last, best angel of mankind.

The fair mother, whom God in His just Providence saw best to lay His hand upon, and she is perfected in patience and suffering through the love of Jesus. With a face now turned heavenward, she patiently awaited the muffled oar of the great Rescuer, smiling through her tears, if in perplexity, not in despair, trusting in Christ's death, but revealing His life also; hope to her having given place to heaven.

"Hope is like dew on the blossoms of morning,
From out of the dreaming to be;
Or the blush of the fair azure sky.
The perfume of roses, the mist on the mountain.
The earthly waitings and longings and raptures,
Of mortal pleasures we never can keep.
The beauties whose life is to die."

With heroic devotion, depth of fullness of spiritual life, sweetness of spirit and amiability of character, were hers to an unusual degree: full of cheer: given to hospitality: responsive to good works: striving to make others glad. Overlooking her own sorrows and bereavements, she strove to cultivate the home amenities. They were the trophies she tried to win. Her charities more than hid her faults. Beautifully she adorned the doctrine of her Saviour in all things. Her home was the ideal Christian fireside. Seven children were given to call her mother, three of whom preceded her to Paradise. Her last two years of suffering blossomed into a life beyond of sweet buds of faith personified. So passed this lovely

sainted Christian wife and mother, with her dear Master's name on her lips in full assurance of eternal life. "She bore the cross; she wears the crown."

How precious to the child now were the teachings of that mother, whose sacred mortal remains it tenderly bends over; even with so many untoward circumstances that mother had been faithful to the end. Yes, yes, we will cherish her memory now, and love her still. Plant sweet, pure flowers over the grave, immortelles, that should bloom as their memories would her heart unto eternity.

The future is before us, and though for a short time the present may fill our minds; though manhood appears rife with bright visions, still the reflection will have place. There is a future beyond age, a future beyond the grave.

The very whispers of the wind have there,
A silvery flute-like harmony that seems to bear
Greetings from that bright shore,
Where none have said farewell, where no decay
Lends the faint crimson to the dying day,
Where the storm's might is o'er.

How tenderly we touch the tokens of our precious dear ones that once gathered around our loved unbroken homes. They are clinging sacred little treasures, which when we open a quick gasp gave sign of a vitality that seems as if it might be quickened to action, as the solitaire diamond of the first water, secured in a gold four leaf clover, lay there like a drop of sparkling dew, a diamond of exquisite purity, beautifully set within its emerald casket. We put the much valued treasure of our departed darling carefully aside, and take out a last letter, perhaps, grown yellow with time, and open it. A faint fragrance of rose leaves greet our senses, and a faded little bouquet, with part of its sweetness pressed out, falls from the folds of the paper, with a little forget-me-not and a delicate spray of the cypress vine twined in with the leaves. We fold the letter gently again with reverent care, deeper impressed with Divine goodness than we had felt for many a day gone by.

"These cherish'd faded letters,
That no eye by mine have read;
And I keep them bound together,
With a little golden thread."

We lay each little souvenir to repose, at last dropping a kiss, soft and fragrant as a rose leaf, with passionate fervid on their

purity, sacredness and quiescence, and there appears to be something heavenly and homelike in the atmosphere, whose breath subdued with sweetness, is laden with the delicate aroma or perfume of the hallowed flowers of our loved one gone before. Mingling with our fervent offered prayers for our fond, cherished angel, so pure and holy, so quiet and tranquil, we breath our petitions of calm sunshine and a holy shade of sadness, that give a halo of softness to a delicate mezzotint, like a scattering of white rose-bud blooms, with a fret work of azure or a summer's dawn gently wafted on a peaceful sea. We honor the footsteps of martyrs, and tread the pathway of the holy dead, and are mindful that God noteth and will reward for the remembrance of His jewels, as surely as the moon followeth the darksome night.

PROMENADE CONCERT LEVEE.

A levee included in the programme commencement exercises.

W. & J. College.

Una vo-ce. En masse?

'Twas commencement eve, and the college halls were ablaze,
In her dazzling beauty resplendent that night,
As the music dreamily rose and fell;
And I can see it yet in the moon-beam bright,
Like shadowly twinkles on a billowy air,
That rises and falls with its radiant smiles,
To a music that floats o'er my heart once more.

All, all a dream of commencement eve, musical reception;
I remember it well though by-gone and fled;
With memory's past, and I recall the glad scene,
How for weeks I had struggled with classics to win,
With visions imagination of fear or success;
Clouds of disappointment intermingled with the star of hope's
gentle ray,
All these smiled and frowned on our college days.

And again the musical voices of former colleagues I hear,
As the moonlight fall on the pavement gray;
And I can hear their merry laughing melody,

in the soft sweet music across the way.
We had entered then and won, with heads brim full of knowledge,
Though fate had seemed our bookish effort all
To set at stern defiance.

A college crew, we rowed our little fleet of boats o'er ocean's wave
 beaten shore,
Right up the hill of Science, we were only private sailors then,
Obscurity we were wrapped in;
But when we had served our college course as such,
We each came out a Captain.
And we packed our traps for our homeward raid at last:
Recalled to my heart are the warmths of the past.

And so I go plodding my work-a-day way,
If such is my fate, why I shall not say nay:
As a rule I shall take with sentiment bland.
Whene'er I see something I can't understand, it's a classic.
Resents, I allude with respect to the same,
For some that's cultured is sure to exclaim, it's a classic.

Two students met by chance after a lapse of twenty years, and the following dialogue took place. They were both sons of farmers, and in boyhood had enjoyed country life and its district schools, and its surroundings, etc. Upon Reginald Burden had been, at close of their college days, conferred the degree of D. D., Doctor of Divinity, and upon Richard Mortimer the degree of LL. D., Doctor of Law. The former collegian had entered the university, completed his course and entered upon his duties as a clergyman of a largely attended church in a fine city. The latter had also finished and prepared, and it were conjectured, to enter upon the business of the requirements of the law.

"Wen Reginald!"

"Well, Richard!"

"Glad to meet my unexpected old college friend of by gone days. What have you been doing since we parted?"

"I am just where I started twenty years ago, Reginald."

"Is that so? I am installed in a most beautiful church in a large city, and it is a great pleasure to me to be with my parish people."

"That's nice, Reginald."

"Yes, it is indeed. Now, how about yourself?"

"Well, Reggie, I after rather a long time married; having

finished my readings of legality and hanging out my shingle."

"That's nice; how did you prosper right along in the future, domestically and up-to-date matters in general?"

"Well, business was quite dull and she did not live very long, either."

"That was bad; sad news."

"She was wealthy; that is, she owned a fine very valuable house in the city."

"That was nice."

"Yes, she left it to me."

"That was nice. Was she a member of church?"

"Yes she left all her personal securities to it."

"That was nice."

"The house took fire and was totally consumed, and the belongings all went too?"

"That was bad."

"Yes, it was indeed, and I hadn't it insured; so, Reggie, I am about just where I started twenty years ago."

"You should have become a minister of the Gospel like me, Richard, of clerical order, and chosen Divine laws rather than civil laws of humanity, and you would never have had cause to regret the right step at the top of the ladder leading to heaven, and not to have to begin at the bottom of the ladder again of wasted life. It is very lovely to be about my Father's business—it far surpasses to me the wealth of a kingdom below.

Crowns and thorns may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane;
But the church of Jesus,
Constant will remain.

His reign shall know no end and 'round His pierced feet,
Fair flowers of Paradise extend their fragrance ever sweet.
All hail, Redeemer, hail! Thou hast died for me.
Thy praise and glory shall not fail, throughout eternity.

INFIDELITY.

The unbeliever is spiritually blind.

"Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

It is only to ask and believe. "Only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. He that asketh receiveth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened unto him."

"And that every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Oh, why is this darkness permitted to rest,
In minds that should beam with a heavenly ray;
O'er those which should be the holiest and best,
With Christ as their Saviour, the light and the way?

And why have they forsaken the ark of their Lord,
When He was their Pilot, 'mid rough seas before them;
When the storms that pursued them were hushed at His word,
And the dove with her emblem of peace rested o'er them.

But now they are tossed on the billowy seas,
Of quicksand and dangers too nearly a prey;
And the Arm that would steer them from trials like these,
And place them in safety they have driven away.

O turn to thy God, for yet He will take
The helm of thy hopes and would guide them above;
Those bonds that enslave thee He would joyfully break,
And shower down His mercy, compassion and love.

Then turn to the Lord, for why will ye die?
Avoid the perils that are by Satan begun;
And place thy reliance more firmly on high,
Believe in the Father, believe in the Son.

Oh ye that mock at Christian faith,
And scorn to trust the inspired Word's pages;
What passage would ye chose in death,
Of all the wisdom of your sages?

Those whose faith unquestioning,
Trusts the chart of God on storm-tossed billow;
Finds a joy in pain, and sings,
Its triumph on a dying pillow.

Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name. That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of all things, and things in the earth, and things under the earth. That every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father. Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven.

The wife of a certain man who was an unbeliever in God suddenly became ill unto death, and one in the house where they were stopping insisted much, desirous that the husband permit them to send for their minister to pray for the unbelieving, dying woman, but he refused, entreating his wife to be quiet and not worry, that she was mistaken, and that there was not anything to fear; but she heeded him not in her screamings, Lord keep me from dying. He endeavored to hush her terror, saying there was no one, no judgment, no resurrection, but her soul's eyes were opened and she beheld the horror and felt the sting of the unbeliever's doom, and she screamed the louder, Lord keep me from dying, and she was gone. Gone where? Can the unbeliever answer? Can the worldling answer? Can those answer not found worthy among the people of God? Careless sinner, what will then become of thee? But to those who have confessed, loved and served the Lord below, He will say, Come near, ye blessed; take the kingdom I bestow; you forever shall my love and glory know.

Mistaken! Say not so. Is this a dream?
Does love once burning with a fervent flame,
Die down to ashes and go out forever?
Has God in His wise ordering of things,
But mocked us with delusian and pretense?
And when our loved ones leave us and farewells
Fall heavy on our sorrow-stricken hearts;
And hushed the battle music of the strife,
And in the instant of our poignant pain,
A sense of heart-breaking loss bears in upon our hopes,
As some wild wave from out the vasty deep,
And is nothing left on thy rock bound coast save a sad wreck?

And shall we say everything is gone, and doubting
Shall we wrap ourselves in mantled gloom of grief with piteous cry?
Forbear such unbelieving folly, all within me cries,

And may every voice in our good God's vast universal globe
Respond. And unnumbered spiritual souls, a radiant throng
Redeemed and marching onward into eternal life to come.
Our own, who in triumph on some sunny morn,
Departed, flinging back their glad Hosannas of victory,
As conquerors from the battle come; their mortal bodies
Quiet in the hush of sweet repose, laid down at nightfall
To eternal rest. A mighty host from time's first breaking day,
Prophets, priests, martyred ones, and all the commonality of saints
Whose happy angel voices echo to our listening ears.

Life is one and we shall live forever with the Lord,
Our faith and hope in Him winged us immortal to the skies.
The bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem, the golden above.
O home of fadeless splendor, of flowers that fear no thorn;
O happy retribution, a mansion with the blest.
Midst power that knows no limit where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision shall glad the saints around,
And they that know and see Him, shall have Him for their own;
Shall behold Him and forever and worships face to face;
Faith antedates the glorious world to come and whispers of the
joyous greetings there;
Let unbelief forbear its mutterings, eternal souls with undeveloped
minds.

EXAMPLE; OR, THE SOPHOMORE TUTOR.

Exempli gratia.

It has been proven that brains and intellect have birth in the country as well as the more polished city, if developed. Look for example at some country youth, possibly at the beginning the personification of rustic bashfulness, and you would scarcely believe that by and by that very boy is destined to become a courtier, and to stand before kings without embarrassment. His story is useful, because it evidently shows that a free country like ours gives the individual, born in the humblest walk of life an opportunity to make his way to the highest. In the rural district where this boy lived there was a school just three months in the year, and at this school he acquired the power to read and write. Fortunately a certain quickness of perception combined with tact and an unselfish kind nature, attracted the attention of a sophomore student

from Harvard College, who officiated during his long winter vacation as the tutor of the referred district school. He taught the youthful juvenile the rudiments of Latin, and when obliged to return to Cambridge at the expiration of his leave of absence, gave him a little library of classical books. This handful of golden grain fell upon a rich, hardy soil. The bright scholar had a large fund of common sense and his conversation with the student tutor had served to show him the immense advantages conferred by learning, when there is practical ability combined with the learning. For wisdom is a defense, and money is a defense, but the excellency of knowledge is wisdom that giveth life to them that find it. Before his friend returned at his next winter's vacation, the pupil had acquired so respectable a knowledge of Latin by his unassisted labors that he was deemed fit to commence the study of Greek. Another winter's steady application at school enabled him to lay in a stock of Greek sufficient to form the foundation for a solitary summer's work on Xenophon and Homer: the poetry of Homer and Sophocles afforded him much interest and pleasure. He was the youngest and only remaining son of an aged widow, who, although poor, was able to allow him time for his favorite pursuits, and he encountered no opposition at home. He was accustomed on fine summer days to take his books under his arm and repair to a shady nook, overhung with alders, which dipped their branches in a sparkling brook: and there revel in the beauties of those classical poets who have left the most graphic description of rural scenery. It is not very wonderful that when at the expiration of the third winter his friend carried him off, and established him as a student at Cambridge, he should become distinguished for originality, punctuality, industry and refinement of taste. Once at college and recognized as a studious and talented youth, his fortune was safe. Energy, sound sense, and the liberal encouragement which the government of that rich institution are able to bestow on deserving scholars were sufficient to carry him forward to the end of his academical course, without taxing the scanty resources of his mother. Learning, once made popular, is no longer learning, it has the appearance of something which we have bestowed upon ourselves, as the dew appears to rise from the field which it refreshes. A man's genius is always in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others, and it is only after frequent trials attended with success that he dares consider himself equal to those undertakings in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind. Noble acts desire to be placed in the light, but notwithstanding this, the greatest theatre for virtue

is conscience. In youth nature is then as a magnificent picture; the affections of the heart a dream of love, with hopes bouyant as a spring morning, and full of that animation and romantic delight which care to look on the sunny side of things. When attendant on green spots and sunny knolls, on scenes and on persons which endeared life, which awaken thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears, and pleasant remembrances of what hath been, never to be again; too fair to be pondered on except on a bright holiday. The past, once the young present, how serene and beautiful are those oft recalled days to us. In our mind's mirror we view them, but with a fainter tinge than when they shone with life's refulgent ray. The birds singing in the fields, and the wayside traveler trodding his way whistling in vacant joyfulness of heart. The sythe of time makes changes and dreadful havoc. The high hearted, passionate stripling becomes transformed into the sallow valetudinarian; the almost penniless youth into the man of substance. The old pass away like a tale that is told; the mature at last bend under the weight of years; boy's jocund thoughtfulness gives place to the frowning of care. How this collegian attracted the attention of a great statesman and lawyer when he won the first prizes of oratory and composition in his senior year; how he became the great man's business partner; how he went to Congress and made a distinguished figure; how he was appointed charge of a foreign court, and traveled at the expiration of his term of office to the four quarters of the world; is it not written in the books of the chronicles of this great republic where the people are kings. He entered college at an earlier age than that of the average of his class, and was graduated before he was nineteen. When not twenty-one he was honored with the post-graduate degree of Master of Arts, and not very long afterward his Alma Mater bestowed upon him the highest possible academic distinction, that of Doctor of Laws, or LL. D., an honor rarely tendered to any but distinguished men of highest attainments and unquestioned personal worth, with sterling honor, of broad mind, of liberal view, of wide public information, of great business capacity, a parliamentarian, satisfactory to men of recognized ability and high personal and political character, and no better evidence could be had as to his reputation for impartiality and fidelity to the principles of justice. This self-made collegian, with all his success and promotion had never been puffed up into an arrogant, self-sufficient upstart. He had too much sense, composed of substance and solidity, for that. He retained the original sterling simplicity of character with which he started in his brilliant career. He goes now to shoot the partridges and

gray squirrels every summer in the woods where he studied the Georgies, and to catch trout in the same brook on whose banks he used to recline, pouring over the *Fons Bandusiae* of Herace, and all the village peasants and rustic artisans in the neighborhood declare that their native visitor is as nice a fellow as ever he was and not one bit proud.

On recalling boyhood's days, ponders this soliloquy:

Oh memory, how it thrills my heart, on looking back on boyhood's chart,

I see the home where youth was passed, those sunny days to sweet to last:

The flowers that on my pathway grew, the birds that singing by me flew;

The church that on the green hill-side was mirror'd in the streamlet's fishing tide;

The shady nook where oft I went and studiously passed

My hours till day was spent.

The mountain side where void of care, I've roused the squirrel from his laire,

And made the forest ring with glee, as seated on some giant tree, I set snare for some small game, as darting through our woodland came.

These by-gone days come thronging to my mind, and though they're past I now find,

The happiest moments ever I knew are gone, and vainly do I rue,

That they have passed so soon away, like rainbow's tints at set of day.

As o'er a bright and rapid rill, a self-enamored rose was bending, A loveliness more lovely still, the waters to her image bending;

An envious gust with ruthless power, of all her leaves despoiled the flower;

Her leaves the brooklet's mirror strewed, o'er which they smiled so sweet before;

The brook its heedless path pursued; they passed and were beheld no more;

And thus, alas, without a stay, the bloom of boyhood flits away.

The rare jewel, the "pearl of great price," a tiny pocket Bible his mother gave him, he had carried from the beginning and failed not to examine upon arising and upon retiring of each day. He carefully preserved it through life as a precious little keepsake. He read gladly its sacred pages when day's flush merges into sunset's bars. When night came his mind soared away beyond the stars, where per-

fect light flooded his soul, and he knew that He who supported the trembling wing of the lone dove and guided her in safety over whelming waters where no dry land appeared, can keep him and his, even until the end.

The extreme of wealth or poverty have generally a modifying influence in the formation of the character, the one by cramping the energies, in denying those things necessary to their full development and the other by too frequently taking away the will to bring out in their full force, though there are some, who stimulated perhaps, by the noble example and wholesome teaching of a parent, have permitted neither the barriers, and oftentimes vicious associations or the former, nor the enfeebling luxuries of the other to hinder the full expression of their better impulses. When one has grown up with every correct principle strengthened by habit, and by the influence of pure associations, no after vicissitudes of wealth or poverty or separation from friends, or country, can destroy the character thus formed. The friendships formed in youth rank next perhaps to the influence of home in either forming new traits of character or altering or confirming these already springing up. We become attached to our true Christian friends, because we sympathize with them. We like their habits, their principles of action, and liking these, we naturally copy their example, and incorporate their sentiments with our own, and the taste of sentiments acquired from this intercourse of those we mingle with have either a refining and elevating tendency or an influence of the reverse character. Hear counsel and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end.

"The child is father to the man:" "Just as the twig is bent the tree inclined." There are probably forty proverbs to the same effect suggested, yet how few reduce the doctrine to practice. A man makes a fortune by persevering labor and self-denial, and brings up his sons in idleness and self-indulgence. He preaches all his lifetime the importance of educating children in such a manner as to enable them to make their own way in the world; and then educates his own as if each one was to inherit his father's estate. We admit that discipline, exact and punctilious discipline, is absolutely necessary to make a scholar, a soldier, an artist, a musician; but we forget that discipline is also necessary to make a man. And there is still an example far, far above these, or any known as having existed. It is the blessed Jesus. Who ever possessed the talent, discipline, wisdom and nobility He did? None. He is as superior to earthly mortality as gold may be compared to brass. All creation sinks into insignificance at His appearing.

and He only giveth us the power to become great and wise unto salvation. Accuracy enters into action as well as thought and into speech. In action we are apt to call it thoroughness, because doing what we wish to accomplish in our daily duties accurately and nicely in every point with nothing unfinished or untidy, but neat and methodical necessarily involves thoroughness, however large or small the work may be. It may also be admitted that one keep clean is worth a dozen make cleans. If we allow ourselves to be inaccurate in the minor details of action, if we leave the ends of threads hanging from our sewing, or turn the corners different ways in hemming a square handkerchief, spread the cover on a table hastily without minding whether the corners hang even or not, go to a closet or drawer for pieces and thrust the bundle in with the expression, "I will come and put them to rights by and by," to be careless or neglectful of beginning the day with God by offering up a prayer of thankfulness for preservation and divine protection during the day as well as the past night, and in also reading a portion of the Sacred Word, thus partaking of spiritual food for our soul, before satisfying our bodies with the temporal blessings. He loadeth our tables. Are we not haunted by a feeling of regret, or of shiftlessness, of wishing to go back and begin over again, or that those moments we wasted in trifling should have been sacredly occupied in religious devotion? A feeling so much out of proportion to the actual carelessness seems to follow us that we are forced to confess and acknowledge that inaccuracy is not a trifling fault. The same conscience condemns us when, after telling a story, in which we consider an entertaining way, for the edification of a friend, some one present would forthwith proceed to take the point off our tale by presenting it without the adornment with which we had endeavored to make it attractive. That one can be silenced by being told not to interrupt the person who began first speaking, but conscience does not so easily excuse, and if we have not from our inner knowledge related our tale with correctness, we feel again that there is something wrong. How then shall we set the wrong right? We find it comparatively easy to say to ourselves, "Oh I have a general idea of the matter, and when I have time I will think it out." But it is not so easy to take a concrete portion of the general idea and study it out carefully, and yet by so doing the smaller conception becomes completely our own, ready for use in any emergency, while the general notion is so large and so very general that we actually never find time to think it out, and thus does not become our own at all. The power of moral suasion proceeds from a virtuous example, and

the beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasion to religion which can be addressed to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow creatures, but none probably so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a real Christian life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. We can in numerous ways perform acts and deeds of goodness for our gratitude to our Creator, still we cannot call ourselves good for only one can be called good, that is God, and He makes us the instruments and agents of advancing His kingdom in the beauty of His goodness, and every Christian ought to be beautiful. The features may always correspond to the spirit; for have you never known Christians who have nothing of what is called beauty, yet whose faces are usually so pleasant to you because you love them for their virtue, for we find that makes the face pleasant, pleasanter, perhaps, than beauty would make it. It is moral suasion with its nobler deeds, that makes the spirit beautiful, and it is with our spirit we love it. There are some flowers whose colors and shapes are not beautiful, but their perfume is so delightful that they are general favorites. Beauty, mere outward beauty, is of no account. It is, for itself alone, neither to be coveted nor loved. The sweet fragrance of the homely shrub corresponds to that influence of moral suasion, which draws our love towards those who have no outward beauty. Such persons will appear in heaven in all the beauty of Jesus' loveliness. And it is there that our idea will be realized. There all that is virtuous and beautiful in spirit is of the most perfect beauty. A religion that never suffices to save others, is affective religion. That which does not distinguish a man from a wicked world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world. An ungrateful, selfish person, no matter what an amount of beauty in themselves their pride revels in, is not an object of acceptance to God. We ought to thank Him for all things—let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. How good God is, the Giver. Some say, bleak, dreary winter, you are an unwelcome visitor. No, no, the Christian replies to the unthankful quotation, it is the restorer of a tired earth; the benediction of an autumn passed; the overture of coming spring. Beneath the snow and ice next spring and summer are at work. The forces in nature's great reservoir are preparing to bless us with another golden harvest, and to lay us under new obligations to God, to be more active than ever in well doing. Winter at times reigns a despot, not, however, in the tropics, for in these snow does not fall, rain falls instead. Ice in Greenland is universal nearly all the year: but

the sailors in our navy call it a luxury at Chili. In our country we see winter generally with rare exceptions in his temperate moods. What funny pictures he stamps upon our bedroom windows. What a pyramid of ice he builds under the village pump spout. How he hangs glistening icicles from the eaves of our houses and barns and makes a floor of ice which gives joy to merry skaters. In all this the brightened spirit within lifts its thoughts above and exclaims, Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongue of angels and men. An excellent inheritance for a parent to bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved father, mother, relation or a near and dear friend is never more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept command, entreaty, expostulation or warning. Christianity itself owes by far the greatest part of its power of moral suasion, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to His own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth has done more to regenerate the world and bring in everlasting righteousness than all the other agencies put together, accomplishing more to spread the gospel of Christ and increase religion than all that has ever been written or preached on the evidences of Christianity. The straight gate is wide enough to admit any sinner, but too narrow to admit any sin. If we are firm in our duties and resigned in our trials, the wind and waves may beat against our rock planted in a troubled sea, but it remains fortified and unmoved, and we continue stationary at our post and our principles shine forth unmolested and undisturbed and unobserved. There is a glory and a triumph that we conquered. Our bright, virtuous example of moral suasion will be to the world what the light-house is to the mariner upon a sea-shore. It will guide others to the point of safety. Two things we should be thankful for and express our appreciation to God; first, that our precious Saviour died for us, sinners; second, that Jesus Christ is an all-sufficient atonement for our redemption and salvation unto holiness. What a privilege to possess God in all things while we have them; and all things in God when they are taken from us. May every one respond to the beautiful voice of the blessed Jesus, that in the spirit cries—Come. What a trembling thing it would be to be at last—out of the Ark. What more glorious is a whole family in

heaven, not one left out? How deeply sad it would be otherwise. This is a solemn reflection. How each will exultingly rejoice that is granted to "Come ye blessed of My Father." Inside the gate of heaven, even without harp or crown, but adorned in the robe of our Lord's righteousness saved, and be where Jesus lives, surpasses all earthly honors. Even to be least where all are great, is to be great. God is the Creator of all mankind. He is the Father of them who obey and follow Him, they being His children who walk in the light of God and bring their deeds to the light that they may be made manifested to the world, as a city set on a hill. Isaiah XX:22. The children of darkness hide secretly their deeds because they are evil and they fear man, and their doom, and not God, and there is a great gulf fixed between them and the godly. He calleth them workers of iniquity, and saith, "Depart, I know ye not." He hath no "well done" welcome for them, but separates the blessed wheat from the wicked tares, for their unquenchable eternity. He is their Maker. He is their final Judge of His own law. And we are to be doers of His law. He is our Pleader and our Vindictor, and He knoweth the secrets and evil deeds and He only rightly recompenses the evil doer. See Him as a little child. See Him as a youth, conversing with professional men of learning who were astonished at His marvelous ability, wisdom and doctrine, and were dumb before Him. His power proved His superiority over all men. Never before had they been present before such an all penetrating Judge, youthful in age and statue, though existing before the foundation of the world. Yea, the angels in heaven proclaim in sweet anthems His greatness and glory. Life and death lay in His hands. Earth and heaven are His, and all created beings were made for His pleasure and partakers of His kingdom. May His transparent example follow us through life, and on through the depths of eternity's ages, where a thousand years are as but yesterday in His sight. In Him we breathe, live and have our being, and through His death and rarest recorded self-sacrifice we are made children of His everlasting rest that remaineth for the people of God. To Him let every knee bow in heartfelt reverence, and all creation acknowledge Him Lord of all.

OUR ACADEMY; OR, MY STUDENT CHUM.

When I was seventeen years old I was committed to the care of a clergyman, at an academy, in one of the most delightful situations in Massachusetts. My student chum was deeply versed in classics and mathematics, but profoundly ignorant of the world. For the rest, he was of mild temper and amiable manners, and although somewhat of a disciplinarian in school hours, he was often our companion and occasionally our play-fellow for the remainder of the day. At every other school where I had been placed, learning was a labor to me, and it was, consequently, of slow and irksome acquirement; but under Mr. Linton it became a pleasure. Many a time during the summer months he would take us, (there were twelve boys, including myself, who attended our academy), out upon a lawn which fronted the study and commanded a rich and varied extent of country, and there hear our classical lessons under the shadow of a magnificent oak; and so much was the scene in accordance with the subject of our studies, that I could almost fancy myself in the midst of that Arcadia which the bard of Mantua so sweetly sung. Well I remember too after we had construed the prescribed quantum of the *Aeneid*, our revered preceptor would read the corresponding portion in Dryden's translation, which was an old folio edition, and exhibit to our delighted vision pictorial illustrations of that beautiful fable. Many years have passed away since that volume closed upon my eyes for the last time, but I seem to have at this moment vividly before them the print of the wooden horse with the javelin of Laocoon in its ribs; and I believe I could accurately trace upon the paper before me the circumlocutions of these referred serpents on the limbs of the devoted priest and his sons, as depicted faithfully no doubt in the engraving. Again the representation of the shipwreck of Aeneas, with all its minutae of detail, the visible winds breaking against their cheeks, and the *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, appear to my mind's eye, similar to personal reality. In the intervals between the hours of study we were allowed much liberty and were wont to explore the enchanting country around us in every direction. O those delightful woods in which we have gathered nuts and wild flowers and strawberries; and the spacious park of which the owner so kindly and generously permitted us the range, where we were accustomed to pick up chestnuts, the castanese molles, which we seemed to relish the better because Virgil had given us a classical name for them.

This play-place of boyhood was graven on my heart,
In rare paradise colors that now must depart:
The old school house is in decay, the fair vision is fled,
And I weep o'er its wreck as I do for the dead.

Unclouded one shone Hope's brilliant beam,
With bright celestial ray;
And like a lovely fairy dream
Boyhood's hours flew away.

Ah yes, they flew, those happy hours,
Bright blossoms quickly fade;
And the sweet dreams of boyhood,
Are all too soon decayed.

They cannot last, but memory remains,
To tell of pleasure fled;
And little things that then were as naught,
But now will be our all.

Days, months and years, that long have passed,
And the scenes that seem forgot,
Rush through the mind like meteor light,
As we linger on the spot.

Those were indeed happy days and I thought them such at the time; so happy that I was a rare instance of a youth quitting school, if the world, on which I was about to enter, would afford me an equivalent for the peaceful pleasures that I was called upon to resign. *Dil tempo felice nella miseria*. Experience, long, bitter and sad experience, confirmed my misgivings; and now, "*post tot naufragia*," having anchored in the haven of domestic happiness, I often look upon the young and bright and innocent countenances which are smiling around me, and sigh to think that they are doomed to gather of the same tree, and it may be to find the fruit as bitter as I did. O may the young who are enjoying the sanctuary of a paternal home, or the guardianship of kind and competent instructors, who in a worldly sense have no thought for to-morrow to disquiet our minds; who have a ready balm for every wound, and the truest sympathy for every sorrow in thy mother's prayers and caresses. I would not cast the gloom of foreboding over your future path. I would not check one youthful hope, or repress one generous aspiration; but rather I

would guard you, that when you leave the sequestered walks in which you are now treading into the highways of the world, you will see many gorgeous and tempting flowers about your path: but you will find none of them so sweet as those which sprang up in the quiet valley of home or academic retirement.

If in the mazes of by-gone days, ere on this earth we trod, to us were given to read the magic scroll of coming fate and scrutinize the fixed decrees of heaven: whilst on our startled gaze appeared the measure dealt out to man below of pain and pleasure, 'morceau de salon.'

When after years of toil and pain, we greet some well known spot again,

Where boyhood's years have passed away, as bright, as brief as summer day,

Where field and brook, and bush and tree, recall by-gone scenes of mirth and glee,

And every flower that woe's blast seems fragrant of happy by-gone days past.

We dwell not on the care, the strife, the trials of severer life,
The cherished few who cheered our way, now mouldering with their kindred clay;

The loves grown cold, the friendship's lost, the views the wishes blighted crossed,

Ambition's longings unfurled: fond aspirations yet unstilled.

Hopes that seemed of heavenly birth, but which scarce formed,
were dashed to earth,

For one short space are all forgot, save the bygone genius of the spot.

And often memory wanders to those by-gone happy days,

When Hope's sunbeams shone brightly and lit our path with golden rays.

But those day's were short and fleeting, fleeting as earth's brightest flower,

Dying e'en of very sweetness, in the summer's gladsome hours:

By-gone days, oh, do not quite forget them: often dream them o'er again.

When the heart is torn and bleeding, this perhaps will lull the pain.

'Tis a power high, eternal, breaks the happy, blissful spell,

Let no murmuring wish awaken for He doeth all things well;

Though I'm dreaming, wildly dreaming, of the buried by-gone time.
And its death-note lingers round me in a sacred funeral chime.

No more your spreading mossy sward, this wayward wandering
 foot may press,
Nor in your great shadow trace nature's unwritten loveliness
That smiled at early morn and met
My footsteps when the sun had set.

And you, ye fragrant flowers that grew around the crystal fountain's rim,
And stooping o'er it seemed to view your virgin images within;
While from above each pearly star,
Smiled on ye from its home afar.

And thou, old cottage, in whose calm and quiet shade I used to
 sleep,
And found in boyhood's dream a balm for ills that else had made
 me weep;
Though Father Time hath mossed thy portals o'er,
Still thou art lovely as of yore.

Farewell, my loved, my native home, within thy calm and quiet
 breast,
Kindred and friends now cease to roam, enjoy thy sacred peaceful
 rest;
Ay, sleep away the silent years,
Unconscious both of grief and tears.

All, all, farewell, no more the joy of earthly years can cheer my
 heart,
The scenes that blessed the careless boy, and were of very life
 a part.
Must pass away for those more new,
Which open to my wandering view.

Six things are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and neatness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up with the love-light of cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day, while over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God. It is ascertained by the sunny joyous present that sped

so quick away, when we would have endeavored hard to lengthen out its joys and bid Time's hand to stay. Boyhood's joys are too sweet to last; its hopes bloom but to die. On recalling boyhood's day we ponder, but the daily duties in life's pathway urge us onward move, and leave the happy present and the darksome past, with all its changing scenes and clouded observations, buried in the repose of fond memory's urn. And those severed lives deplored will one day once more be linked in love. It is not much that the world can give with all its subtle art; and gold and gems are not enough to satisfy the heart. But, oh if those who cluster round the altar and the hearth have gentle words and loving smiles, how beautiful they make earth. A home full of gentleness, how beautiful. Call it a home-life picture of a happy family, the dear ones of the domestic little group linked closely together from morn till eve, nothing but gentleness. The fair, balmy, fragrant suavity of gentleness is all prevailing. The fruit of the Spirit is gentleness. When we read the marvelous story of false witnessing against our blessed Jesus, we have for our inspection a picture of gentleness. "Jesus held his peace." May God grant that this perfect peace of mind and gentleness of our adorable Redeemer may be imparted fully to each of us, and as grace is given; may it prove a tested blessing in life's trials, amid the world's wild tumult, strong in the strength which God supplies, through His eternal Son. The air of generosity renders gentleness most beautiful to those that hold it most dear. In life's tasks, each day usually presents two handles, one rough, the other smooth; the gentle way is the easiest mode, whether the duty be pleasant or difficult. Some may do so dexterously, while others the same evident labor with impatience, void of the symbol of the refined inner grace that the chosen few possess.

 "What is the past, with its changing sky,
 And its life of yesterday?
 Grasping the stars that it may not die,
 With its feet on the trodden clay;
 Moulding the soul for Time's great test,
 To prove the lights were true.
 Diamonds delved from the mountain blest.
 That the world might wear it on its careless breast,
 The gems of the chosen few.

At a short distance from the place in which our school was situated, and in a delightful and romantic woodland district, there

was a little hamlet, consisting of some six or seven humble cottages. The smallest, although the neatest of these was the dwelling of a widow, whose name was Sterrett, and her daughter May. From the superior manners of Mrs. Sterrett, it was conjectured that she had once filled a more elevated station in society. The occupation of herself and daughter being at the period of which I write, that of embroidery-making, exquisitely done, by which, as they found a ready sale for their manufactures among the neighboring gentry, they were enabled to glean a modest, although with reference to their limited wants, a competent maintenance. Now, among my school-fellows there was one young gentleman at our academy, between whom and myself there existed a warm friendship. He was an orphan, but was under the guardianship of an uncle, and heir to considerable property. Fred McKenna, at the age of nineteen, was one of the finest youths I ever beheld, and his very handsome person was set off by elegance, but at the same time with neatness of dress. Methinks I see him now as then with his dark hair curling over a forehead on which the seal of intellect was set as plainly as the finger of the Creator upon the face of nature. His family connections were of the first order, and as Lear styled himself every inch a king, so was Fred every inch a gentleman. There was nothing vulgar in either his mind or his manners; he was open and generous, and although very mild in disposition, he was as brave as a lion. Many a time when the aggression of what we termed the town boys, although there were not twenty houses in the place, provoked us beyond the power of endurance, has he led us to victory against superior numbers. He was, in fact, a hero, a very beau-ideal of a school fellow. It happened that one Saturday afternoon, it being a holiday, Fred McKenna and I had gone on a fishing excursion, and were watching our floats with intense interest, (as we sat pensively gazing upon the blue sky and tumbling waves of the emerald lake), having chanced upon a shoal of perch, when our attention was diverted by a loud laugh, proceeding from a path which intersected a meadow about a hundred yards from the bank of the water. There's that ruffianly fellow, Buzz, the gardener's son, exclaimed Fred, cannot find any better employment than tormenting that poor girl, who if I mistake not, is May Sterrett, the embroider-maker. Hallo, continued McKenna, raising his voice and addressing the boy, who was proceeding to be still more rude, be so obliging as to let that young woman alone, or I will acquaint your father with your conduct. The boy replied with a laugh, and persisted in his annoyance. Charlie Macrae, said my chum companion, we must never stand this; and yet there is not work enough for

two of us, though the fellow scarcely deserves fair play. Please mind my rod, while I go and try to rid the poor girl of this cowardly rough. Fred was making his way to a gate, which opened into the meadow, but an outcry from May, almost blinded by the fine gravel the unmanly boy had scattered towards her eyes, altered his purpose, and he immediately leaped the fence, with the agility of a deer, and the boy found himself sprawling upon the grass before he was well aware of the presence of his antagonist. McKennan then approached the frightened May, and with a grace peculiar to him, offered the protection of his arm, and walked off with her in the direction of her cottage, which was about half a mile from the field of action. Presently I saw him come running back, bounding over every obstacle in his way, with an activity which indicated an exuberance of spirits, produced by the excitement of the scene in which he had performed so conspicuous and manly a part. When he came up to me his only observation was, after taking out his gold watch and ascertaining that the entire interval occupied fully thirty-seven minutes, Charlie, May Sterrett is a much more refined and genteel girl than I had any idea she was. But I could perceive that my school chum, although he had gained a victory, had lost his heart. From that time Fred McKennan, although on every other point was as open towards me as ever, was cautiously reserved upon the subject of that afternoon's adventure, but whenever May's name was mentioned I could discern a kindling in his eye and a general lighting up of his noble countenance, which he had not the art to disguise. But Fred's reserve upon this point did him infinite honor. Young as he was, he had discretion sufficient to feel convinced that the difference between the stations of May and himself was such that any indication of his predicament could not but induce animadversion and animosity and perhaps greater annoyance upon its subject. It was not very long after this occurrence that I was strolling by myself one beautiful summer afternoon, rather between twilight and evening, when I was startled by the voice of a female singing within a few paces of me. It was a simple and somewhat melancholy air, but was poured forth with such sweetness, and there was such touching pathos in its cadences that nothing I have since heard of the sublime or scientific in music has ever penetrated so deeply into my heart. I advanced a few yards into the woods by which I was surrounded, and from a position in which I was myself unseen, obtained a view of the singer. It was May Sterrett. I had approached the cottage before I was aware of it, an inadvertence which, from the wooded situation of the little village with its small cluster of houses, I was very likely to

fall into. She was sitting in front of the cottage, in the midst of a flower garden, with her feet upon a low stool, and the snowy white napkin on which she was making embroidery spread upon her knee, while the household dog, which was crouching beside her was watching, with pricked up ears and eager eyes, the swift movement of her fingers as she cast her stitches. The front of the cottage was nearly covered with shrubbery and trellis and around her were flowers in great profusion and variety; but she was the loveliest blossom of them all. She was apparently about seventeen. I have seen beauty adorned spreading out every lure to fix the gaze of foppish wonder and to draw the incense of adulation from the lips of the flatterer, where every attitude was studied and every smile a counterfeit, and I have sighed to reflect that vanity should deform what heaven had made so lovely. But here was beauty unadorned, natural and powerful in repose; conscious of no human gaze and with no incense around her but the innocent breath of the flowers, which filled the place, and consecrated by her presence, appeared to be emanations of her loveliness. How sweet and refreshing were the breezes which swept across the fertile valley, stretching to the feet of the lofty South Downs. What an expanse of view: what brightness and clearness of atmosphere and serenity; what calm; what comforts. How she hailed always the approach of spring with delight; for the long weary winter no doubt at length wore away and the warm breath of gentle spring unloosed the mountain torrents from their icy chain; the rocky glens echoed once more with the joy of waves. The snow wreaths melted before the influence of the sunbeams; and the earth, though perhaps tardily, put off her snowy vest and came forth like a bride decked with fresh flowers. In early youth there is a buoyancy in the mind which grief cannot entirely subdue, and which inclines us to seize with eagerness every glimpse of joy that presents itself in our path.

That happy gleam of vernal brown eyes,

Those locks from summer's golden skies

That o'er thy fair brow are shed;

Those cheeks a kindling of the morn:

That lip a rose-bud from the thorn.

I saw, and fancy sped to scenes Arcadian, whispering through the
soft air,

Of bliss that grows without a care: of happiness that never flies,

How can it be where love never dies: of promises whispering where
no blight,

Can reach the innocent delight: where pity to the mind conveyed,

In pleasure is the darkest shade, that Time, unwrinkled grand-
sire flings,
From his smoothly gilding wings.
What mortal form, what earthly face, inspired the peneil lines to
trace,
And mingle colors that could breed such rapture, nor want power
to feed.
Fair maidén, no idle flower has been thy mind, or to truth and
sober reason blind,
Mid that soft air and pretty rose-bower my sweet illusion might
have hung for hours;
Life's daily tasks that touchingly bespeaks thee born,
Do weigh the blessings they entreat from heaven and feel what
they repeat,
While she give utterance to the prayer, that asks for daily bread.

Perhaps I gazed upon May under the excitement of feelings that the romantic scene in which I found her, and the susceptible temperament of youth were calculated to inspire; or it may be that at this distance the mellow tints of time have fallen upon the picture, and I have overcharged the description; and yet, methinks it was impossible to do so. The spell of her beauty was upon me, and I know not how long I might have remained under its influence, had I not attracted the notice of May's faithful dog, which flew barking toward my covert, and I was compelled to make a precipitate retreat. It was some few weeks after this occurrence that on the evening of a very sultry day, May and her friend Carrie Despard, who were sitting at work in the little garden which I have already described enjoying a soft reviving breeze had sprung up in the afternoon, while Mrs. Sterrett, as trim as could possibly be imagined, and the model of a tidy home-matron, was cheerfully engaged in some domestic concerns within doors. Now May was a very excellent young woman, and was most affectionately attached to her friend; but in virtue of her seniority, she being a whole year the elder, she was wont occasionally to assume the office of a mentor, and to give May the benefit of her more extended experience. May had been relating to her friend the gallant behavior of Fred McKennan in the adventure of the meadow, and when she had concluded her narration, Carrie observed, upon my word, May, you are very eloquent in the young gentleman's praise. I should be very ungrateful, replied May, if I were not. Well, well, said her friend, with a ringing, girlish laugh, I would not have you ungrateful, May. He is a kind youth and a gallant, I will allow, and it is probable that any one possessed with like qualities would

have done as much for you, and he doubtless would have performed the same for any other young woman who had been placed in a similar predicament. Oh, yes, that he would, exclaimed May, he is far too generous to make any distinctions where his humanity is concerned. Indeed, May, continued her friend, you seem to have acquired a wonderful insight into his noble qualities upon a very brief acquaintance. But perhaps your introduction to him is of earlier date than the notable achievement which appears, in your estimation, to have elevated him into a hero. Well, Carrie, rejoined May, whatever opinion others may entertain upon the subject it does not become me to undervalue the appreciated service he has tendered me; but I assure you I never saw him before, although I could not go in a cottage in the village without hearing of Fred McKennan. You, yourself, known well enough how charitable and generous he is to the poor, and that not a month since, when the widow Clark's horse fell into the mill-run and was drowned, he raised a subscription among his school-fellows to buy another for her, and put down ten dollars towards it himself. His virtues are not likely to remain a secret for want of a trumpeter to proclaim them, said Carrie, that is very certain. He seems to have engaged a very zealous one, and, no doubt, has improved the acquaintance to which his valor introduced him. How absurdly you talk, replied May, somewhat impatiently; you know, or if you do not, you may ask my mother and she will tell you that he has never been within our garden gate. Because he is tall enough to look over it, my dear, said Carrie, dryly. And pray, when and how often does he honor you with a visit? I know not if you can correctly call it a visit, Carrie, answered May; but I think we usually see him on a Saturday when he goes to fish in the mill-stream. I fear, rejoined Carrie, that he is more frequently angling over your palings than in the river, which, you appear to forget, lies about midway between his school and your cottage. But, seriously, my dear, I would gently caution you not to attach too much importance to his attentions: for, believe me, any sentiments he may be silly enough to entertain for a village maiden, will, it is supposed, be discarded with his Greek and Latin when he leaves school, which I understand he is about to do sooner than he expected, since the recent death of a relative, leaving him sole heir to one million dollars. Besides if your mother were to discover it, she would be exceedingly angry. It is possible that May might have paused to cogitate upon the fact of its not being absolutely necessary that Fred McKennan should pass the cottage, it being almost a mile out of the direct road, on his way to the mill-stream, the academy students' fishing pond; or

that she might have reasoned a little upon the alleged analogy between love and the dead languages, and methinks the former can scarcely be classed with the latter; but the imputation conveyed in the closing sentence of Carrie's very edifying lecture gave a different direction to May's reflections, and she instantly replied with considerable warmth, no, Carrie, you indeed mistake and greatly wrong me if you imagine for a moment that I have one secret from my loving mother, and I repose all in confidence to her counsel and wishes. Carrie, she has tenderly cared, and unceasingly watched and nursed me in sickness; has borne with the petulance of my childhood, and the waywardness of my youth; has ever been my truest, kindest, best of friends next to my heavenly Father, and shall I in return treat her with less confidence than many a sentimental girl gives to her school fellow? If I should ever harbor one secret, which I should fear to confide to my own dear mother, I shall be sure that it is a sinful one and I will pray earnestly to my good heavenly Father to deliver me from its power. With regard to this young gentleman, other than kindly I cannot feel otherwise towards one who has conferred upon me an obligation which I may not deem a light one; and should I ever entertain for him sentiments which I cannot cherish with propriety or safety, my mother, to whom my whole heart shall ever be wide and entirely open, will not fail to warn me of my danger. Carrie, who really dearly loved May forgetting the monition in the friend, threw her arms around her neck, implored her forgiveness for having unintentionally distressed her, and promised to never allude to the subject again. In a few months after this conversation Fred McKennan left the academy for the university, and year after year passed away, and each succeeding one found the circumstances of the widow and her daughter materially changed for the worse. The fashions had altered, and the articles of embroidery from the manufacture of which they had once derived a comfortable subsistence, was no longer, to use a mercantile phrase, in demand. Sweet May, who was a pattern of filial affection, then resorted to her needle in articles of sewing and uncomplainingly submitted to numberless privations in order that the reverse of their little fortune might not be so greatly felt by her mother, whose age and appearing infirmities required attention and many comforts which were more than ever now beyond their reach. Still, notwithstanding all, pure love-lights brightened up the clouds that over-shadowed the sunshine, and real life bursted through the mist, disclosing its pretty picturesque unseparated ties.

In pictures are rendered the fairest that canvas an image of one
may impart,
But it cannot give what is real life itself, the look, the expression
which springs from the heart:
Ah no, though the figure and feature appear, yet not life, no pencil
on earth can be given,
The smile, tone and manners, the mind which endears are alone to
to be traced by the fingers of heaven.

One fine evening in the spring May was sitting at her needle-
work in the garden, almost resigning herself to those gloomy
feelings which her unpropitious circumstances so naturally produced,
and which only religion, powerful as was its influence upon her
heart and conduct could mitigate.

Look, behold her as she sits where the light wind sighing flits,
through the trees whose boughs have made coolness and a pleasant
shade,
Far behind the mountain blue fadeth in the onward view,
And the distant mill-stream wanders by with its summer melody:
Overhead are cloudless skies; flowers of everchanging dyes;
Gem the verdant turf below with a rich and varied show.
Patient child, meeting sorrows darkest hour with a calm and
gentle power,
Till the lengthened trials past, honor crowned her May queen at last.
Beneath the flotsam of the years, harsh ruthless wrong and disap-
pointing ill.
Behold, the flowers of joy and peace to clasp at will.

She was contrasting in her mind the present season of difficulty
and apprehending distress with those past and happy days, when
she had little care upon her mind. Among other objects which the
retrospect called up to fancy's view was the form of Fred McKenman,
and she reflected upon the merry look and the courteous smile
with which he was wont to greet her mother and her on a Saturday
afternoon. But he has forgotten me, said May mentally, for the
memory of their noble deeds dwells not long with the generous.
She sighed and looked up towards the well and oft remembered
spot in the fence of the garden, where he was most generally dis-
posed to post himself with his fishing-rod in his hand and basket
belted under his arm, when lo, an apparition met her eyes which
occasioned her to utter an exclamation of intense surprise and
dropping her work, that she had been hastening to finish, she with

rapid steps and bewildered brain, hurried into the cottage, exclaiming, I am sure I do not know what there was to be so exceedingly alarmed and frightened at, for she might have paced the little village from midsummer to Christmas and not have met with a more handsome apparition. It was Fred McKenman in very flesh and blood. The occurrence of the few weeks which followed this encounter I am endeavoring to narrate, my clum made best use of his time, quite evidently, by the result proving most satisfactory to himself in carrying off the prize. The young millionaire was looking remarkably well as every one admitted that knew him as a school-boy of some by-gone years. How many warm hand-clasps were exchanged with the brave old hero of the academy; how happy all were to greet him again. He had come so unexpectedly and in an unostentatious manner to the village. Just like his characteristic, avoiding, if possible, publicity and parade, on his arrival had set out direct for the widow Sterrett's cottage, when May, upon perceiving a shadowy form advancing slowly and quietly towards her, and being startled by its sudden appearance, fled tremulously within her home; but shortly, when a gentle knock was heard at the cottage door, and observing her dog welcoming the stranger to its greatest delight, she began to believe that it must be her oft remembered friend, and so it proved, when she answered the repeated rap. How rejoiced she in reality was cannot be expressed in words, rather than "weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning." He had not forgotten her. But could a man learn to love a woman in an hour? Love at first sight does not penetrate deep enough for true hearts. It floats on the surface, containing no substance but air, and the bubble soon bursts and disappears. All these years it had taken for Fred McKenman to build his enriching foundation of love. He became so lonely, so forlorn and miserable, absented from the object of his sincerity, and the remembrance of her gilded into his life like a sunbeam in a cell, to brighten his sorrows and enjoy his wealth of love and possessions. Some may deem it unreasonable, inexplicable, absurd, perhaps, but he loved her, loved her with all his heart. He thought of her sweet face with the crimson flood rushing over it when he in a polite way offered to conduct her home safely, after his encounter and gained conquest with the unmanly boy; and how modestly she with thanks accepted the protecting offer, and reached her destination without further molestation. Oh, it did not matter how suddenly or unexpectedly he made his appearance, it would not have mattered if he had never written at all before, she belonged to him, and he should claim her. He

went to call on her the next night and the next night, and the next. She did not seem astonished at the suddenness of his passion. It appeared to them both as natural as the blossoming of the rose. They understood each other without the need of many words. She gave him her love frankly and gladly. He was so happy that it did not seem possible he could be the same man. It was not like the same world either. His promised wife, everything. She was too pure and amiable for aught than his tender love and strong, protecting shelter. Sweet May, with her meek, dutiful grateful disposition, and as pretty as a picture. Two round velvety pearly cheeks, smooth as the sunny side of an apricot; two lovely, dreamy eyes of loveliest brown, shaded by long darkest silken fringes and hair of brown lighted with gold—a beauty of simplicity's budding into womanhood, in her charming, girlish loveliness personified. The snow drop of innocence and purity of the lily, and peaceful as the gentle dove. He asked some questions testingly and delighted in her answers, which told him in a dozen different ways how much she loved him. What would you do, he said, if you should hear from the most credible witness that I was faithless and unworthy of you? May looked at him for a moment, her dreamy brown eyes shining with love and trust and a smile beautiful as an angel's irradiated her countenance. A smile such as had never before rested upon it since Fred McKenman had left their humble hamlet. Fred, she said, if the whole world unjustly represent you. I would not believe it. He looked at her expressive eyes, sparkling with lustre, pondering upon the great love which the woman beside him gave to him, in silence, dumb before the miracle of such a possessed love, and then he remembered that just such a love was his to her, and a great flood of thankfulness rushed over his soul, accompanied by a look of gratitude that was almost adoration. The academy boy's fancy had developed into the man's ideal. Noblest and best of women, then indeed there is nothing else for which I could wish. And you are now mine, all mine, May, forever and forever. I think he continued, that God has let true, lovely women love us in this world, adding reverently, to teach us about Him. This love which had come and made a new heaven and a new earth for him, this love, the most blessed holy thing in life. May's long lashes swept her glowing cheeks, the curls of gold veiled the half averted face; her mind was gradually unfolding beneath his judicious guidance. The love prompted contestant wins the race. Love is a gentle prompter to kind words and gentle smile, and earnestly and perseveringly she sought to prove the truth of the saying. She to him confided her hopes and aspirations, fears

and regrets. She wanted to make herself a worthy mate for her refined, talented and wealthy fiance husband. Very sweet was the sympathy and encouragement that she received in return. Her heart gave a great throb of joy at the realized happy possibility when Fred shortly would take her back to his own land, laden with honors. He will not be ashamed to acknowledge her who walks by his side as his wife and companion in the face of an envious and critical world. With the minuteness of a sun picture arose before her the scene in the eastern porch of the very first evening of his arrival; the descriptive of the day and landscape, and her girlish sensations, after her timidity of the apparition in the garden, in the enjoyment of these, the innocent thrill of the sensitive bliss that crept through her young limbs and veins, and moved her heart to recall the rhymic, soothing verses of the refrain she had then been humming in her solitude, the impassioned languor of the intonations that declared yearnings and unrest would now be things of the unforgotten past. Then she folded her hands together as she had done in childhood at her valued mother's knee and breathed within her soul the simple prayer, Helper and strength of the weak, succor those who strive to act aright, and make me a loving, faithful wife to him whom I have vowed to love; and that nothing might mar or deface the beautifying transparency of character; the obvious tenderness of emotion that constituted one of her rarest elements of loveliness that lingers between earth and heaven. In their lives she beheld a symphony of bloom, a springtide fief.

“Breathing the allegro from each wave,
Of glowing pink, while pulse the bars,
Of andantino, where arise fair saintly stars,
Of white whose pure unsullied tones
Speak an evangel to the soul.

Love and joy had arisen in her breast after what had seemed to her to be the very chill of death. Now to them both heaven and earth appeared one. The bond of love between them never slackened; for each other it has been a mutual solace, and their joy lacks words to measure by expression or description. She was very winning. With all the sensitiveness and delicate perceptions of a gifted mind; with the nice sensibilities of a virtuous mother's training; the varied mental endowments of the carefully cultured which was rewarded by a dear and blessed daughter.

When the voice is low and tender like to sweet celestial lyres,
And the soft brown eyes are gleaming bright as holy altar fires:

When the pearly cheek is glowing richly as a crimson rose,
At the sight of one, ah surely, these are tokens each one knows.

So that our hearts are one and true, the world may smile or frown,
For you and me, we ask no gift but love, sweet love;
'Neath moon of silver or sun of gold,
Go where we will your hand in mine,
And dreamy brown eyes before me shining thus,
Through joy and ill, through storm and shine,
There is a little world of love for us.

How fair and sweet she was in her costume of rich dark blue silk velvet, with plumed hat of similar material, bringing out the bright gold-brown of her silken hair, the rose and lily of her dazzling fine complexion, and completed with her sacque of seal, a charming life of beauty. No wonder he had given his trust and love into the keeping of this radiant vision. O what a happy foresight of life it was: to the last hour of their lives they remembered it.

The beauty of life in all its forms cannot be separated from its excellence. It is the fleetness of the greyhound; the strength and spirit of the horse; the gentleness of the dove that makes them beautiful in our eyes. The human countenance will ultimately portray the soul that dwells within and the constant presence of love will transform it into beauty long after the roses of youth have paled their bloom. So is it with character. Certainly nothing can be added as an ornament after character has been established. It is the simple and natural expression of goodness, which can be no more imitated than the rainbow in the sky. When right doing ceases to be a painful duty, and comes to be a delight preferable to others, then doth the beauty of character flower forth in rich and fragrant profusion.

THE LOG HEARTH.

Our old home farm upon the hill,
Where the evening's shadows wing so dark and still;
And the Maderia vines wander sweetly,
O'er the white robed window sill,

And the sparrows, whip-poor-wills and bob-whites,
Eagerly and swiftly flew to greet me,
From their nests hid in the trees,
Down in the thickets of Wolf Run.

O the days that were so free from care,
And a paternal face there smiled upon me,
From that cherished Morris chair.
Now, alas, 'tis only visionary.

And that kindred face is from view hid,
Where the marble slab is gleaming;
And the tiny waving grass amid,
All, all in reality being.

And I may look and look around me,
Now there is no answer to my call;
And my father's voice I hear not, but the cricket's,
By his vacant, lonely log hearth.

There's no smile, no hand to greet me,
For 'twas his last home here on earth;
Oh, how oft his footsteps plodded,
Up the hill and down the run.

Then let me dream while life shall linger,
Happy visions of the gone-by past
Hover round me like an angel whisper,
Till I reach my heavenly home at last.

There God, our Lord, alone,
Possesseth empire without bounds;
With honor Thou art crowned, Thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

With light God doth Himself enrobe,
And glory for His garment take;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
The canopy of state to make.

He builds on liquid air and forms
His palace chambers in the skies;
The clouds His chariots are, and storms
The swift winged steeds with which He flies.

As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fills;
They have their sundry tasks assigned,
All prompt to do, in His name, their Sovereign's will.

'Tis God that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory, too.

Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name;
His praise your highest songs employ,
Above the starry frame.

Thou moon that rulest the night
And sun that guid'st the day;
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay.

His praise declare, ye heavens above,
And clouds that move in vaporous aeriform;
May all adore our Lord Jesus Christ,
Singing praises in His name.

By whose almighty word,
They all from nothing came;
And all from "dust to dust" return at last;
His firm decree stands ever fast.

And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full shock of corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Then let me wing my hallowed flight,
From earth-born trials, grief and care;
And soar above these clouds of night,
Our blessed Saviour's bliss to share.

**LOVE'S REWARD; OR, THE FOUR WEEKS VISIT
TO RICHLAND.**

You go on your visit today, brother Reward, I understand, and I want the keepsake you promised me, said Coral Merritt, a bright-eyed, rosy checked girl of sixteen, to her brother, who was fixing a small pocket pistol while around him lay a pair of ball-moulds, a shot-pouch and a powder flask. But what are you doing You are not going to take that old pistol with you surely, dear, dear brother? Yes, but, am, sister, replied he. This old pistol, as you call it, I expect, perhaps, will be the means of making my fortune. Be the means of your death, more likely, I am afraid, retorted she sorrowfully. O don't take it with you, brother. Some accident may happen. It may burst or go off and kill you. Reward Merritt stopped a moment and looked up at his sister, who stood by his side, and he saw tears standing in her eyes. Why, Coral, said he, what dangers you imagine. You need not fear. The old pistol will never do any hurt to me. I have not yet loaded it or fired it; but I want to when I get to my uncle's in the country. But here, you may take a lock of my hair for a keepsake if you are afraid you will never see me again, and he laughingly held his head towards her. May our heavenly Father grant that I will see you again, replied Coral; but, brother, that would be a choice keepsake, and she took her scissors, which hung by a silver chain from her belt, and clipped off a lock of Reward's hair, the longest she could find. There, said she, I will keep that until you get married and make your fortune, and then give it to your wife, if that old pistol does not make a cripple of you and prevent such an event. I do wish you would throw the useless, dangerous instrument away. Coral, I tell you this old pocket pistol will be the means of affording me a great deal of pleasure, and the instrument, probably, of making my fortune. Remember sister, what I tell you; and he continued his work of cleaning and fixing. His sister turned and left him, saying she could not conceive what pleasure could be derived from an old pocket pistol, nor any prospects of its being the means of making his fortune or any other person's. Reward and Coral Merritt were the son and daughter of a respectable hardware dealer in New Jersey, who though not rich, yet was well off and doing a comfortable business. Reward was about twenty-two years of age; had graduated from college, and ere he commenced the study of law, a profession he intended to pursue, was going to spend a few weeks in the country at his uncle's, living in the interior of Richland near the Pennsylvania line. Fishing, hunting and rambling through

woods and fields he was not much accustomed to; yet he anticipated fine sport, and left home in excellent spirits for an absence of four weeks. The old uncle whom he visited had no children, and he had been a widower for some ten or twelve years, having with him as housekeeper, a widowed sister of his deceased wife, a Mrs. Arlington. The old gentleman, Reward's uncle, received him with all the hearty welcome of a man fond of his relations, and more particularly so, as Reward was a favorite, being named after him. He had not seen him for several years, and was surprised at viewing a handsome, dignified built young man, large enough, as he said, to lift a barrel of cider into the wagon, or to mow all day; and he chuckled and laughed heartily as he turned round, exclaiming, Reward, my boy, you are stout enough for a farmer. No doubt I am, uncle, replied Reward, and you will find I can do justice to farmer's fare likewise, as just at that minute Mrs. Arlington announced that dinner was ready, and he followed his uncle to the table, where a large dish of beef, with sundry kinds of vegetables, such as turnips, potatoes and cabbage were smoking by its side. The uncle had no fault to find with his nephew for not doing ample justice to his table, (after a blessing had been asked), as a day and a night's ride over a rough road, and several hours fasting had, though he was somewhat fatigued, given him a fine appetite; also the same for the later on served desert was enjoyed and partaken. After dinner the old gentleman retired and took a nap, and Reward sauntered off into the woods, and from thence strayed to a piece of woodland through which murmured a purling brook, where on the margin he seated himself, watching the little ripples of the stream, and noticed occasionally the darting glimpse of a speckled trout which seemed to catch his shadow and then vanish from his sight. For some time he amused himself in looking at the stream and in witnessing also the gambols of a gray squirrel that alternately leaped from the trunk of a fallen tree that was near and then ascended the body of one that was standing, and after an absence of a moment would be seen again on the fallen tree. He remembered his pocket pistol and wished he had brought it with him, imagining he might shoot the nimble animal. At length he arose, and crossing the brook, wandered through the woods until he came to a large tract of cleared land at the extremity of his uncle's domains. As he leaped from a fence into an open field he heard a sudden scream, when looking forward he saw a young woman, her golden tresses streaming from her head, and her calico bonnet hanging from her neck, running as if for life, uttering loud piercing cries. In one hand she held a

basket and in the other a stout stick behind her. From the distance he was off he could see nothing. Her screams, however, aroused him, and he sprang forward to meet her. As they neared each other he discovered an enormous black snake of the racer breed with his head erect. He had a white ring around his neck, and was close upon her. The snake seemed to move with velocity, about one-third of its length erect above the ground. Its eyes shone like two sparks of fire, and with mouth open and forked tongue protruded, it seemed intent on its victim. Reward had never seen a snake of this species before, but he knew that their bite was harmless, yet their powerful coil dangerous. The country lass, who he supposed, might be about nineteen years of age, seemed frightened almost to distraction. She was pale and colorless and appeared ready to drop to the earth, as he came up and sprang between her and the snake, seizing the stick from her hand as he passed. A few feet only separated the girl from the swift serpent as he jumped between them; and ere he was aware of it, the reptile was coiling around one of his ankles, and winding its way up his body. Reward Merritt was unused to fear, and in imagination believed he could face anything; yet a cold kind of feeling ran over him for an instant at the discovery that the snake was coiling around him; but he recovered himself in a moment and boldly seized the serpent below the head with one hand with a view of destroying it in his nervous grasp. On seizing it the snake instantly uncoiled itself from his lower limb, and in spite of his exertions gradually worked itself through his firm grasp by immediately coiling its lower part around his arm, winding its folds so tight as to pain him. Throwing down his stick in vain he strove to tear the reptile from his arm with his other hand, for its tenacious grasp baffled all his strength in the effort. As Reward sprang past the girl she had stopped and turned around and stood panting from the exertion of running, gazing with horror depicted on her countenance at the sight of the snake writhing and struggling in his iron grasp. Finding he could not tear it from his arm, Reward felt for his pocket knife; but with one hand he could not open the blade, and he held it towards her, requesting that she would open it. Trembling she approached, and putting her basket on the ground, took the knife from his hand and opened the blade. In the meantime Reward grasped with both hands the snake that was gradually slipping through his clutch. The young woman's terror seemed to abate now, and as he held the reptile with both hands, he directed her to cut it from his arm, when in an instant she inserted the blade of the knife between one or two of the coils, at once

severing the snake into three parts, which relaxed its tenacity, and fell to the ground where Reward threw the part remaining in his hands also to the earth and briefly dispatched all remains of life in the discovered pieces. He had now time to look at the girl, to whose rescue from a horrid death, perhaps, he had fortunately arrived. She was neatly attired in a home-made striped calico dress, fitted to her light graceful form. Her head and neck were covered by her sun-bonnet and cape, which were very prettily made of the same material as the dress. Her dark, expressive eyes now glistened with pleasure, as he stepped towards her and took up her basket, which he discovered was nearly full of delicious looking strawberries which she had been gathering. Without alluding to the recent scene he smilingly complimented her on her success in gathering so many luxurious berries, and taking three or four out, he ate them, praising their flavor. Still holding her basket, he then in a gentlemanly manner requested that he might carry it, and see her safe to where she was going. The crimson that mantled her face vied with the color of the fruit she had been picking, as she bowed and thanked him, modestly yet timidly replying that she was so frightened that company home would be a favor; and Reward followed the artless girl, and they crossed the field together towards the road that bounded the farm of his uncle. Where did you gather these delicious berries, Miss, asked he. Pardon me, I do not know your name, or I should address you by it. Love Joy is my name, she quickly replied. We live a short distance down the road. The strawberries I gathered in the field adjoining the one you saw me in, which I was crossing, intending to carry them to Mrs. Arlington for the nephew of Mr. Merritt, who she told me he expected this evening from Harlem to pay him a visit. They are quite a treat to people from the city. Indeed, then, Miss Love, these strawberries were intended for me: for my name is Reward Merritt, and I am the nephew of Mr. Merritt, to whose house you were going. Love blushed and looked down, casting a side glance at him, rather pleased, though a little confused at what she had said; and she tried to mend the matter by saying that Mrs. Arlington was going with her, but when she called in the morning she could not spare the time, and begged of her to not fail to bring all she gathered. Reward laughed pleasantly, and told her she could go with them yet to his uncle's, adding he should certainly now claim a part of her berries. And cannot you eat them at my mother's just as well? We have some very nice maple sugar and sweet cream, and mother, I know, will not be offended at my bringing you there, seeing how you have

been so kind to me. You will go, won't you, Mr ——? asked she, looking earnestly and innocently up into his face. Call me Reward Merritt, Love, I do not feel exactly old enough to be a staid Mr. yet. Yes I will go to your mother's with you; but you need not tell her about the snake, because I am afraid she will not let you go after berries again, said he, smiling at her earnest tenderness of hospitality to him. O never fear that, Mr. Reward, quickly returned she. Mother will let me go if she knows who my company is, and her handsome eyes sparkled with pleasure. There, there is Mr. again. Do call me plain Reward, and leave the Mr. off, exclaimed he, looking coaxingly at her. Well, then, Reward, Reward Merritt, which shall I call you; tell me? asked she, and for the first time her musical laugh rang loud over the fields. It is so odd to call a gentleman only just by his plain, first name. But Love, said he, I am no old man yet, and plain Reward suits me best. My sisters, Anna, when living, and Coral, always call me so, and now I am away from home I want some one to remind me of Coral. I think your red cheeks and your dreamy eyes resemble her's very much. Do they, answered she. Then I will call you Reward; and she blushed, she knew not why, as they passed along. Love was pretty. She was what may be termed a beautiful girl of the beauty unadorned type. In her rustic habiliments of simplicity, and the excitement of the scene she passed through, and the exercise of running, together with the warm weather, had given an additional color to her fine formed countenance, which, when she was smiling, showed two rows of regular, beautiful white teeth, peeping from beneath a pair of cherry lips, while a slight dimple played on one of her fresh blooming cheeks. Reward, as he gazed at her, was completely struck with surprise at seeing so much real beauty in the country. He considered his sister handsome, but Love was prettier just then in his eyes. As they walked on they talked of wild flowers and birds, honey bees and grey squirrels, until they came to the fence by the road, where they could see the little white house, the residence of Mrs. Joy, Love's mother. It was partly hidden by several large, noble bearing trees, but one white end was peeping out through the foliage. Here Reward handed the basket to Love, that contained the tempting strawberries, and clambered over, evidently evincing that he was a novice at the leaping of fences. Then he let down the bars with gallant politeness, assisted her through, and replacing the long piece of board in its usual fastenings, they went on. A moment or two now brought them to Mrs. Joy's cottage, and Love, pushing open the front door, took Reward into the best room, and handing him a chair, hastily untied her pretty

sun-bonnet, and holding it in her hand requesting him to raise one of the windows if he wished, while she would call her mother. Reward did as he was requested, and seating himself took a survey of the humble apartment, so different from his own spacious parlors richly furnished at home. In one corner of the snug little room stood an old fashioned clock, which was ticking away, the hour hand pointing to nearly five. Eight or ten wooden chairs, painted black and flowered with yellow were set around the room. Between the two front windows hung a mahogany-framed looking glass with a landscape painting at the top, and over the whole of which was a piece of green gauze. In the fireplace on one side of the room was a large bunch of green ivy bushes, interspersed with wild flowers, and on the bushes were fastened about a dozen blown egg-shells that had been dipped in melted beeswax, looking yellow and presenting the appearance of lemons hanging among the green leaves. On the mantel piece were two brass candle sticks, which shone like burnished gold, and standing by the jambs of the fireplace stood a pair of andirons with urn-shaped brass tops. A bright home-made striped rag carpet, looking as if just new, was on the floor; and under the quaint old looking glass stood a cherry table with a polish of beeswax, shining equal to any high-finish, while in one corner of the room stood a bureau and desk combined, it answering the double purpose, and on the top was a book case, about half-filled with books. These articles and an old fashioned round-top stand with a large family Bible covered with green baize constituted all the furniture of the best room. An ancient painting of a man with powdered hair in the olden costume of small clothes, shoes with large buckles, ruffled wristbands, a long-waisted coat with large buttons, was hung on the whitewashed wall, on one side of the room, while over the mantel piece were two or three gilt frames hanging against the chimney, containing profiles cut from paper and placed on black silk, showing the side of the form of faces. Reward has scarcely cast his casual survey over the room when Love again made her appearance, accompanied by her mother. The old lady was dressed in a black calico dress, over which was a check apron tied around her waist. Though her countenance looked care-worn and somewhat old, yet there were traces of beauty still remaining on her face. As she entered the room, Reward immediately arose and was introduced to Mrs. Joy by Love. The old lady bowed respectfully, smoothing down her trim starched apron as she took a seat apposite him. Mrs. Joy, like many old ladies, was talkative. The name of his was quite familiar to her. She remembered his father and mother when they were

married. What an interesting, pretty little boy he was when a baby. How handsome his father used to be, and it seemed to her that he resembled him uncommonly. All of which Reward listened to and laughed and humored the pleasant old widow lady, praising her tidy little house, and complimenting her daughter Love. In the interval Love had changed her home-made cotton dress for a new neat light colored lawn one, and was seen flying around in the adjoining room, and in a few moments came in and moved out the cherry table, spreading over it a table cloth that vied in whiteness with the pure snow and as if by magic soon had it covered with tea things, with the accompaniments of a blue bowl of rich cream and a huge dish of strawberries; and Reward also observed that her best dress was well protected by a white girlish made apron. Her hair, which had hung in dishevelled tresses when they arrived, was now neatly combed and hung down behind in one thick braid caught with a bit of scarlet ribbon, with a full blush rose pinned among a cluster of soft babyish curls on one of her temples. Love, I see, has set the table, said the old lady, addressing Reward. Her strawberries will be a treat to you, I presume, and leading the way they sat down and then the mother reverently asked a blessing. Love poured the tea and helped him to strawberries and cream. To say that Reward Merritt did not enjoy himself would be belieing his looks and feelings. He was perfectly enraptured, and after spending a most delightful hour, he rose to depart. Love and her mother accompanied him to the door, the latter thanking him for the kindness tendered to her daughter, cordially invited him to call at her house and receive a warm welcome if he chanced to be coming anywhere near in that direction. In return for the favor he made Love promise that on the morrow she would be ready to go with him and gather strawberries provided he would escort her safely home; she replied she would ask her mother, and she having no objection, consent was cheerfully given. On Reward's return to his uncle's the old gentleman was inquisitive and anxious to know where he had been, intending to send one of the farm hands in search of him if his absence had been further prolonged. But Reward evasively answered, telling, however, all the places he had wandered over, at the same time studiously avoiding all mention of his adventure with Love Joy. It leaked out notwithstanding the next day by the way of Mrs. Arlington, who early called on Love to go after berries, supposing by her not bringing any the day previous that she did not gather any; because she could not conveniently at the time being accompany her; and she artlessly told the lady about the

snake scene, and of Reward's accompanying her home. Every pleasant day, when not too warm, for a week or two, Reward and Love were off gathering strawberries. Sometimes Mrs. Arlington, the young widow housekeeper of his uncle, joined them. Each had a basket and Mrs. Arlington competed with Love in gathering the greatest quantity, always getting her basket full first; not so much as from her being more expert as from other little circumstances such as that if Love came across a spot where the berries were thick, she called Reward, who not being very dextrous, filled his basket slowly, and directed him to the thickest clusters and collections, and then half joking and other little innocent causes he would occasionally take a handful from her own basket and put them into his; and again she frequently had to stop and listen to some little story of his; and sometimes when picking side by side she was obliged to playfully push Reward away as his fingers were sure to come in contact with hers in every berry she attempted to have plucked for her basket, and enjoy the pleasure of eating them himself with smiling glances at Love. Every rainy and unpleasant day Reward was sure to go fishing in the brook which ran along near Mrs. Joy's house, and to be gone all day; yet he never caught a chub or trout, but might have been seen, instead of being on the margin of the brook angling for fish, to be sitting alongside of Love in the loom where she was weaving; helping her tie the threads, fix the quills in the shuttle; and when he went away would always boast to Mrs. Joy how much Love and himself had wove. But the old lady averred that with all his help Love did not weave scarcely any when he was there, and occasionally told her so when she went into the room and saw how little she had accomplished. The four weeks of Reward's vacation visit to his uncle expired, and he was to go the next morning. He never knew so short a month, and Love who dreamed of nothing but Reward, wondered why he should stay so short a time. Then I shall never see you again, cousin Reward, said Love, when he told her he was going; for they had added the endearing name of cousin to each other for that kind of feeling that existed between or as a substitute for a more tender title. And you will forget your cousin Love when you get to the city. I wish you had never come to visit your uncle. And she leaned her head downwards with a plaintive deep sigh. I shall never forget you, cousin Love, replied Reward. Have you no relations in the city that you might one day visit, because then I could come and see you. In that way I might have the opportunity and happiness of being your city cousin Reward, to first welcome your arrival. Alas, I know not, sobbed the heart-breaking girl, but

then if I had it would not be like seeing you here. I don't want you to go away at all, and then I am only a poor country girl, and you will move among the rich. It is right, I suppose, for us now to part; but Reward, you will think of me, and remember me in your prayers as I will for you, wont you? and the beautiful though sad face looked up into his serious one, with tears streaming down her cheeks. Yes I will do as you say, and love you too, answered he pathetically. At last he bade her farewell, telling her always to remember him and that he would never forget her. The next day by the roots of a stately old oak, (that king of the forest), and one of the large trees in front of their cottage, on the spot where she had so recently parted with Reward, Love found a small pocket pistol. She knew it belonged to him for it had the initials of his name, "R. M.," rudely marked on a small silver plate on the stock. She took it and put it in her trunk, resolving to keep it until she again perhaps saw him. She believed in her mother's faith that all things will work together for good to them that love and serve the Lord. The little newly discovered pistol would be a kind of remembrance, though she felt she needed nothing just then to keep him in her recollection. A little wad of paper was stuffed in the muzzle of the pistol, which Love was made aware of on examining it, as she put it into her trunk, and as it was probably put there by Reward she did not remove it, as everything now that related to him in her possession was a treasure to her. Love's parents were English, who had come to this country early and located on the spot where her mother now resided. They were in moderate circumstances and this was their only child. Mrs. Joy had been a widow about seven years, her husband having for some years before his death been out of health, so that when he died there was little left for his wife and daughter. They, however, with great prudence and economy and industry, managed to live in the same house, and with the help of a cow and about a couple of acres of cleared land, and the profits realized from weaving got along quite comfortably. This was their means and situation when Reward Merritt became acquainted with Love. About a year rolled on after Reward made his visit to his uncle. He had commenced the study of law, and amid his studies, healthful amusements and harmless pleasures, with exception of remembering Love, seemed to be engrossed in his own interests and pursuits to even during the elapse of time to have paid her a brief flying visit or a letter token. When the idea would come to him something would, as chance seemed, move in his pathway, would interfere and thus prevent all concerning. It is true occasionally some little incident

would remind him of the guileless, simple strawberry-girl, who had so enraptured him, and for the first time enlisted the tender feelings of love in his breast; and though at such times some misgivings of conscience would come over him for awakening in her gentle bosom of purity hopes of his lasting attachment; yet he excused himself and would as much as possible endeavor to banish the recollection of her from his mind. When he first returned from his visit he spoke in rapture of Love to his sister Coral, and described her as one his memory could linger on with delight. She would joke him frequently of his country lass, the love-lorn maiden and often reminded him of his extravagant encomiums he bestowed on her, indulging in not a little sport and ridicule, so much that he refrained from writing or visiting her. Nevertheless all the dear recollections of his visit would sometimes rise up before him, and he laughingly admit, though only to let his sister see it did not annoy him by her unfavorable remarks of his remembered one, that Love would one day, perhaps, become her sister. In the meantime Love, by the way of Mrs. Arlington, who still resided at Reward's uncle's, learned that he was studying law, and though she never expected to see him again; but true love works wonders even if it don't run smooth; she continued to cherish his image in her recollections. One day she was rather depressed in spirits. Her mother had gone to assist a neighbor in whose bounty they were continually sharing, and she was left alone at home. She went to her trunk for something which she wanted and in removing some articles to find it lifted out accidentally Reward's pocket pistol, which lay among them. It fell on the floor and suddenly exploded, startling her so much that it was some moments ere she recovered herself sufficiently to pick it up. She never dreamed when she put it there that it was loaded, and the reflection that something serious might have occurred made her feel thankful that she had escaped injury. Picking up the pistol from the floor, she stood looking at it, as she frequently did when visiting her trunk; and she remembered Reward, and the tears gathered in her eyes. All at once the smoke of burning paper arrested her attention and she ascertained that the wadding that had been discharged from the loaded instrument was smoking in one corner of the room. She instantly ran and put it out, and glancing on the floor near the now extinguished wad, saw the little roll of paper that was in the muzzle of the pistol. Looking at it a moment she carefully picked it up and discovering that there was printing on it, unrolled the kind of stopple and stood by the window listlessly casting her eyes over what was on it. It seemed to be a piece of an old newspaper, torn from

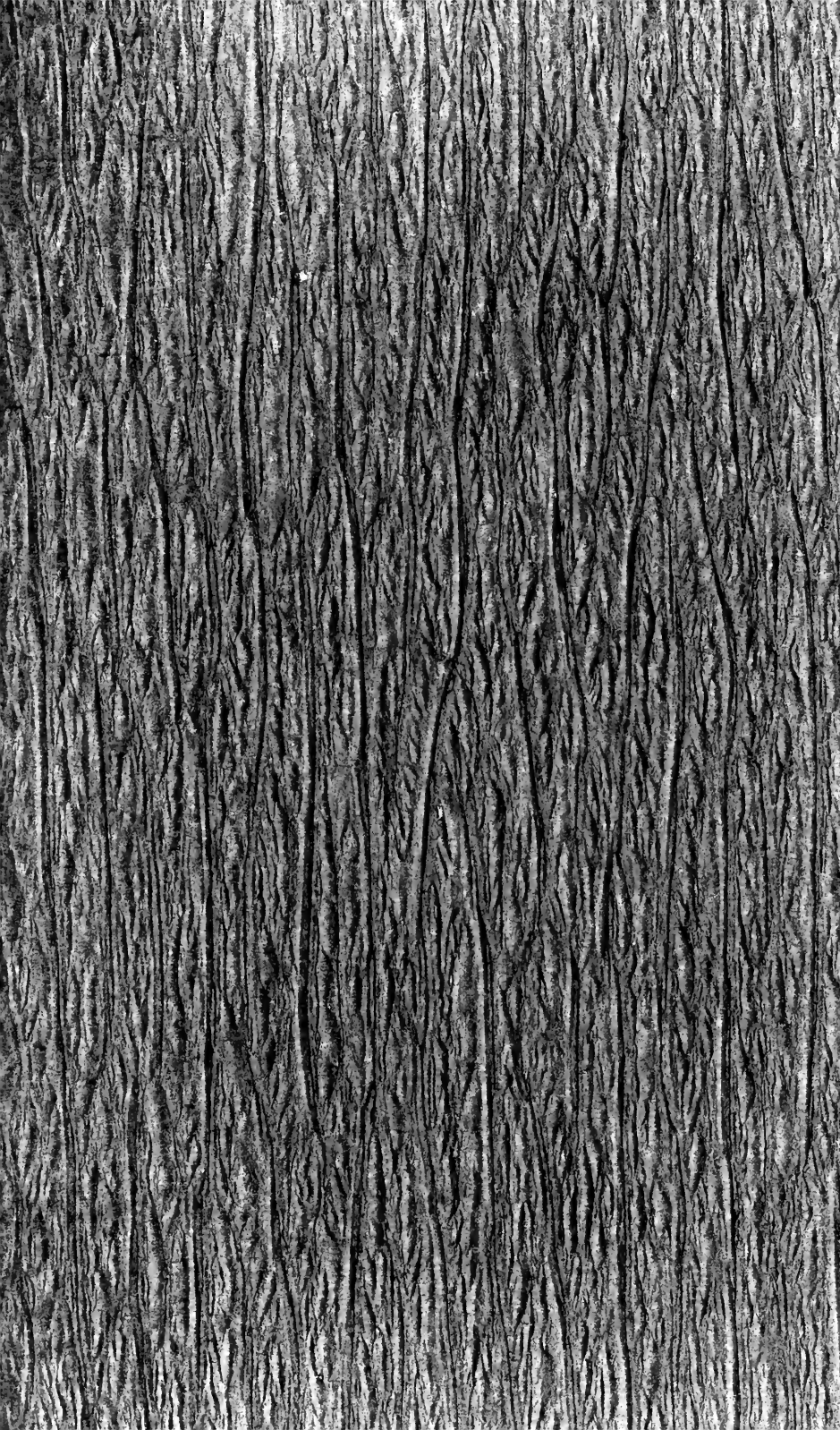
among the advertisements that had been printed a year or two previous. As her eyes thoughtlessly ran over some of the old notices they rested on the following: "Information Wanted:—Information is wanted respecting the whereabouts or place of residence of one Jeremiah Joy and his wife and child, who emigrated to this country from England some years since, the place of their location not being known by their friends. Any one knowing the family will confer a favor on them by sending information to this office or the family will learn something of great importance to them by calling at — Broadway, New York." This, in addition, was duly signed and dated as a public advertisement. What could it mean? The information required most certainly alluded to their family. Love was not born when they came to this country, but she had frequently heard her late father, and also her mother, talk of their friends on the other side, regretting that all communication was suspended, and they and their connections were at so great a distance from each other. She read the notice over and over again and longed for her mother to come home. As it drew towards night she stood in the door and watched for her coming, and so impatient was she that minutes seemed as hours to her. At length Love observed her mother far up the road, slowly wending her way home, and she could not wait until she arrived, but ran off to meet her. The old widow lady saw Love running towards her and could not for her life imagine what was the matter. Love soon, however, came up and in hurried accents communicated the contents of the referred advertisement she had discovered. Mrs. Joy was surprised beyond measure. There could be no doubt but that they were the persons sought for. Her deceased husband, she knew, was a connection of a wealthy family of the same name in England, and in his early days it was supposed that he would inherit an estate of some thousands on the death of a relative, but that relative they heard had died and it was said that he left the property to another. After a day or two advising it was decided that Love should proceed to New York City and make application at the place designated in the advertisement, and accordingly preparations were made for her to go on the important expedition. Unused to traveling and inexperience, Love knew nothing of the ways of the world. There were four passengers in the cars in which she took passage to New York, that were seated nearest to her, all males; two of them rather aged respectable looking gentlemen, and the other two were quite young men. Her youthful appearance and pretty looks attracted attention from the youths, and their curious gazes made her feel rather unpleasant and diffident, so she turned aside her

head and became interested in reading an instructive book she had brought along for leisure moments. After several hours, however, one of the elderly gentlemen, a Quaker from Flushing, Long Island, N. Y., who knew the conductor in the train under whose protection she had been consigned, inquired of him his young charge, who gave him full particulars. This old gentleman then felt interested for her, and when the train stopped at New York, was permitted to kindly take her under his charge, and in a Christian benevolent manner paying kindly attention to her, and what she needed during the several changes, as he lived in the city and was familiar with its surroundings, on their arrival in it the next day. Here her estimable Quaker friend, after getting her a room at the Astor House, one of the finest first-class hotels in the city for home comfort and respectability, (the same of the Holland House), and ordering her small trunk carried to it, left her, after giving her his card with name and address if she should require his services or advice, and he wished her and her mother success in their expectations. He then bade her good by and departed. Love remained in her room, and early in the evening, after committing her mother, herself and the oft-remembered one of by-gone days to the great Author if that Providence, "He who doeth all things well," soon was fast asleep, waking much refreshed and rested on the following morning. She arose early, so as to be ready to go out and transact the business of her journey. She soon finished her toilet, and beginning the day with God by reading a portion of Scripture from a Bible laying on a table in her room, and saying her prayers, she was directed by one who answered her bell to the spacious dining room, and partook of a most excellent breakfast. The room she occupied looked into the street, and was above the offices, and just as she had got ready to go out, she heard voices below, one of them saying, here take my card up to her. I know it must be a lady I have seen, and in a moment more she was surprised by a servant at her door, who handed her a card with the name of Reward Merritt written on it. O where is he? she involuntarily exclaimed, as she saw the name, and confused and overjoyed, she looked at the servant entreatingly. He is below, Madam, in the parlor, answered the servant. Shall I tell him you will see him? O do, she hastily and innocently replied, and the servant stared at her and left the room. How fortunate this is, joyfully murmured she to herself, and in a few minutes more she had closed the door after her and stood in the presence of Reward Merritt. Reward had come in from Manhasset and Moriches, Long Island, New York, early that morning, and accidentally stopping

at the hotel, saw the name of Love Joy on the register book and had immediately inquired for her. It took but a few moments for Love to tell Reward what brought her to the city; the circumstances of her discovering the notice on the piece of old newspaper, and the probability that it was for them, the name of her late father and the other members of the family in number all corresponding. After the excitement of their meeting had a little subsided, Reward accompanied Love to the place mentioned in the advertisement, and hearing the particulars, his surprise and joy were scarce less than hers, on ascertaining that the fact was a large legacy in funds had been left to her father in England. In case of his death it was to go to his heirs, of which Love was the only one. After putting her business in a proper shape, Reward took Love home to his mother and sister, introducing her, relating the object of her visit to the city, her success, and the prospect of her becoming an heiress to a splendid fortune. The Merritt family received Love as an acquaintance of Reward's, tendering her every attention possible, and as she had necessarily to stay in the city a few days she made their house her home. Reward's law studies, somehow, for a few days failed to draw him to the office. He found it more agreeable to be with his sister Coral and Love than to be pouring over musty law books. He was attending a suit at home, and he gained his cause, for ere Love left they had exchanged vows. The morning after Reward had won his suit, as he was making a confidant of his sister alone by themselves, Love accidentally came into the room just as Coral was saying to her brother, and where is that old pistol that has blown to light the fortune of your beloved? O where is my pistol, Love? asked Reward, looking towards her. I told Coral that it would be the instrument of making a fortune. Love blushed at the tell-tale looks of Reward as she replied, it has indeed been a fortunate instrument and she went to get the pistol out of her trunk. Love did not return home unaccompanied, and on Reward's third visit to see his uncle, some number of months later, she returned to the city with him as his bride. Coral, who had now indeed got a sister in Reward's pretty strawberry-girl, as she embraced her as his wife, delivered over the lock of hair, adding, here Love is your husband's keepsake to me. I was to hand it over when he got married. Love took the lock of hair, kissed and returned it again to Coral, saying that as she had Reward himself she could well spare that much of him, requesting her to keep it in remembrance of her brother and for her sake, and laughingly clipping off one of her own golden curls which she presented, told her she could now have a part

of each, hoping she would never love them less for the keepsake. Reward Merritt finished his law studies and became quite eminent at the bar. In after years, when a young black-eyed, cherry-cheeked little Blossom Merritt, who was playing with her handsome dolls and toys around him, and Love becoming tired of her playthings said, Come, papa, please tell me a pretty story. He related the preceeding, and when she had listened and asked the name of the story, he laughed and sent her to ask her blushing mamma, telling her he believed it was called "Love's Reward."





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